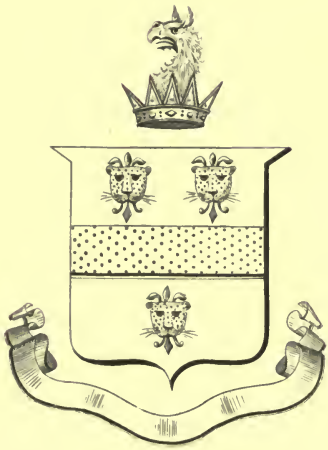

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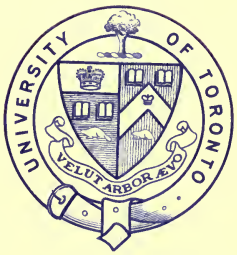

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MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT LAVALLETTE.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

SECOND EDITION.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

COUNT LAVALLETTE.*

A FEW days before the 10th of August, King Louis XVI. was reviewing the National Guards of Paris, assembled on the Rue du Carrousel; the monarch walked from the right of the front of the line, with a slow and measured step, distributing encouragements and praises, when from the opposite end of the line, a young soldier rushed forward into the rank facing the King, and cried with enthusiasm, "Long live the King! Long live Louis XVI.! We are all for the King until death!" Louis XVI. stopped surprised, thanked the young man by

* This was published a few days after the decease of Count Lavallette, in the "Revue de Paris," Vol. XII. No. 1. 7th March, 1830.

a sign with his head and hand, and asked his name—it was Lavallette.

Soon after, the events of the 10th of August gave his impatient courage an opportunity of showing itself. Lavallette got the command of a post at the Tuileries. He defended it for a long while against the fury of the rebels, who seemed to multiply under the fire of the palace. But he was at last forced to yield. When the news came that Louis XVI. had retired to the Assembly, the massacre began. Lavallette, covered with dust and blood, was dragged away by some friends, and thus by a miracle escaped a glorious death; but his fate was not to end there.

Five years later, on the 19th Fructidor, a young officer in a brilliant uniform, wearing round his arm the tricoloured sash, quickly jumped into a cabriolet near the gate of the *Petit Luxembourg;* one of his former schoolfellows, passing by, recognised him, and after the usual congratulations, said:—

"Where are you going?"

"I intend to return to Italy as quickly as possible."

"Why in such a hurry?"

"Barras threatens to have me shot within four-and-twenty hours."

"Then I advise you to get away, for he is in the humour to do it."

"Who knows that better than I? I wanted to make some opposition to the barbarous follies of last night, and so they send me away this morning; but my conscience is clear, and Bonaparte protects me. Adieu! I go; if it please Heaven, we shall see each other again."

The very evening after that conversation Lavallette left Paris.

We shall leave him galloping on the road to Italy, and going some years back, we will follow his steps from the 10th of August to the 18th Fructidor; from a Royalist volunteer to a captain in the Republican army.

There is no doubt but the Revolution of 1789 was wished for by the great majority of the French. Nevertheless the cruelties that marked its commencement disgusted all honest minds. Neither the plunderers of Reveillon's stores, the murderers of Foulon and Berthier, nor the brawling rebels of the 20th of June, represented the wishes and feelings of France, and the party of Louis XVI. seemed at first to enlist all the patriots, irritated by such criminal acts.

While the public mind was thus disposed, the foreign war broke out, preceded by insolent

threats: it proved a powerful diversion to the difficulties in which the Republican party, then masters of the Legislative Assembly, were involved. They turned it to advantage in a skilful manner; and while the emigration of the nobles deprived the King of all his natural support at home, those whom generous feeling had rallied in his defence, now flew to the frontiers, and triumphed in the victories of Valmy, Jemmapes, and Savoy, with Kellermann, Chartres, and Montesquiou; they heard no longer, in the rumour of camps and the intoxication of glory, the cries of royalty in distress.

It was then that the throne fell for want of support.

Lavallette followed, under the standard of the Republic, the crowd of young men who, like himself, without fortune, name, or expectation, did not wish to speculate either upon emigration or terror. From the armies which remained neutral between the two opposite excesses, were destined at a future period to rise those new fortunes, those reputations so pure, so dear to France, among which Lavallette was to shine.*

* Lavallette was born in Paris in 1769, in the same year with his protector and friend the Emperor Napoleon.

His father, who was a respectable tradesman in Paris, gave him at Harcourt college an education which at first sight appeared above his station in society. In consequence, when his parents began to think of his establishment, they found nothing better than to devote him to the church; for he had no taste for entering into trade, and he had too much merit to pass his days in the idleness of a garrison. He, therefore, took holy orders, obtained the situation of under-librarian at St. Genevieve, and buried himself in books.

But the Revolution was soon announced by symptoms that could not escape Lavallette. His ambition was roused at the thoughts of the events that were preparing.

One day as he was walking arm-in-arm with two friends in the Rue Mazarine, the conversation happened to fall on futurity. That subject is a common one among young men.

"As for me," said Lavallette, "you think me very quiet, quite buried in my books; well, I can tell you that I wish to make my fortune. This Revolution encourages me."

"You, my friend! you will always be walking close to the houses, as you do now, for fear of being run over."

"Leave that to time; we can answer for nothing. I shall perhaps have the best part of the pavement in my turn, and then, my friends, take care I do not bespatter you. Will you bet that in the highway they are opening for us, I do not get on quicker than you?"

The bets were agreed to. The two companions followed honourably their several careers, but Lavallette advanced with giant's strides, and at thirty years of age he had won his wager.

The events of 1789 are known. Young Lavallette did not follow the church. A musket on his shoulder, he entered the National Militia which Lafayette was organizing for the defence of king and country. In 1792 he signed the Royalist petition of the ten thousand; but his conduct on the 10th of August appearing suspicious, he enlisted as a volunteer in the Legion of the Alps, and was one of the soldiers of that army of peasants and citizens which formed the coalition on the banks of the Rhine, between their mercenary bands and France. He served with great distinction during the whole campaign. At first named adjutant of engineers, he was afterwards chosen as aide-de-camp by General Baraguey d'Hilliers. But

when that General came to Paris to defend Custines, whom all his exertions could not save, he was persecuted himself, and deprived of his liberty until the 9th Thermidor, so that he could do nothing for Lavallette.

After the 9th Thermidor, the Revolution, tired of proscription, stopped. The inviolability of the territory had been secured, and the principles of reform were beyond all danger: a second period was beginning, in which the Revolution wished to get her rights acknowledged. She was mistress of France, and her fate urged her on towards the conquest of Europe; with those old and obstinate monarchies she could only treat sword in hand, and reply to sophistry by victories.

The Constitution of the Third Year opened this second and exclusively military period. France passed from the government of Terror to that of Glory: it was then that Bonaparte appeared.

At the sight of this hero of twenty-six, with his pale and melancholy countenance, his proud and calm deportment, his eagle glance, his short sentences, his rapid gestures which commanded obedience, his gravity, which, notwithstanding his youth, made him respected by the

oldest generals of the Republic,—at sight also of that firm and devoted army that was about to fight under his orders, of those young enthusiastic lieutenants who thronged around him, of that Italian soil which presented itself as a rich prey, it might, perhaps, not have been difficult to foretell, that the first act of this military drama, which began at Montenotte and terminated at Waterloo, would be the most poetical and most brilliant of all.

Lavallette was at first but coolly received among the staff-officers of the General-in-Chief, and was forced to conquer at the point of his sword the esteem of Bonaparte. It was on the field of battle at Arcola that he received from the General the title of Aide-de-camp and the rank of Captain. Being wounded in his perilous mission to Tyrol, he was complimented by Bonaparte, who said to him in presence of the army, "Lavallette, you have behaved like a brave man. When I write the history of this campaign, I shall not forget you!" He kept his word. In the mean while, our young officer gained the friendship of his General by other qualities as well as personal valour: he possessed solid information, a scrutinizing mind, wonderful sagacity, prudence, and perfect good

breeding. This latter quality Bonaparte liked above all things, and he distinguished Lavallette.

A few months afterwards he chose him for a difficult mission. The General of the Italian army, surrounded by his glory, nevertheless watched with anxiety the movements and struggles of the parties which at that time agitated France. In the conflict of so many passions, he could with difficulty distinguish the truth. He therefore sent to Paris his aide-de-camp Lavallette, to learn, through his reports, the real state of affairs. A cipher, invented by Bourrienne, served for their correspondence.

Lavallette, young and unknown, cast thus in the midst of the dangers, intrigues, and seductions of political life, displayed nevertheless remarkable prudence and firmness. He frequented all the societies of the period, but he connected himself with no one. At the Luxembourg, at Carnot's, in Madame de Staël's drawing-room, at the circles of Augereau, everywhere his ingenuity discovered the real aim of each party, through the veil of vulgarity or refinement which covered them. He saw the Directory in all the ridiculous glory of its magnificence, and never could forget the farces

performed by those tyrants, in whose government ridicule seemed to vie with cruelty. In 1829 he wrote the following to one of his friends:*—

"I saw our five kings, dressed in the robes of Francis I., his hat, his pantaloons, and his lace: the face of La Reveillere looked like a cork upon two pins, with the black and greasy hair of Clodion. M. de Talleyrand, in pantaloons of the colour of wine dregs, sat in a folding chair at the feet of the Director Barras, in the Court of the Petit Luxembourg; and gravely presented to his sovereigns an Ambassador from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, while the French were eating his master's dinner, from the soup to the cheese. At the right hand there were fifty musicians and singers of the Opera, Lainé, Lays, Regnault, and the actresses, now all dead of old age, roaring a patriotic cantata to the music of Méhul. Facing them, on another elevation, there were two hundred young and beautiful women, with their arms and bosoms bare, all in ecstasy at the majesty of our Pentarchy and the happiness of the Republic. They also wore tight flesh-colour pantaloons, with rings on their toes. That was a sight that never will be seen again.

* The author of this Sketch.

A fortnight after this magnificent *fête*, thousands of families wept over their banished fathers, forty-eight Departments were deprived of their representatives, and forty editors of newspapers were forced to go and drink the waters of the Elbe, the Synamary, or the Ohio! It would be a curious disquisition to seek to discover what really were at that time the Republic and Liberty."

Lavallette had no power to oppose such violent acts. He entered, however, a sort of protest against them, by refusing to Barras the money Bonaparte had promised him out of the cash of the Army of Italy. This raised against him the fury of the Directory and the brutal anger of Augereau. But, if he did not prevent the 18th Fructidor, he contributed, at least, to fix the General's opinion in regard to that *coup d'état*. Struck by a power at once violent and weak, oppressive and despised, and which had not courage enough to be equitable, from that moment the Directory was condemned in the eyes of Bonaparte. He saw that no futurity existed for the feeble Constitution of the Year III.; and from that day, even before the peace of Campo Formio was signed, his long-sighted genius formed the plan of the Egyptian campaign.

Having escaped from the threats of the Directory, Lavallette rejoined the General-in-Chief at the Castle of Passeriano. Bonaparte did not leave his zeal time to cool. A few days afterwards, Lavallette, his sash round his arm, and his sword in his hand, entered the walls of Genoa, which had insulted the French. The gates of the Senate-house were opened for him, and there, in the midst of the patricians, trembling at once with fear and rage, he, with a high hand and a loud voice, demanded satisfaction, and forced the Doge to abandon and disown all English influence.

After the peace of Campo Formio, Bonaparte crossed Switzerland on his way to Rastadt. Lavallette accompanied him in this triumphant journey, during which the people everywhere flocked to meet the young Conqueror of Italy. The General did not remain long at Rastadt. Disgusted at the protracted delays of German diplomacy, he left the place, where Lavallette remained, entrusted with secret powers, and placed in the most difficult position between the mistrustful plenipotentiaries of the Directory, who detested him, and the ceremonious German Ministers, who caressed in his person the name and influence of Bonaparte.

He was recalled a few months afterwards. It was then that Bonaparte, not daring to solicit from Barras a reward for Lavallette, married him to a young lady of the house of Beauharnais, a niece of his wife, and whose father had emigrated. Thus his kindness prepared the future welfare of his friend, and allied a plebeian name to the lustre of his dynasty.

Lavallette was no sooner married than he was forced to depart. Bonaparte resolved to send him to Egypt, that he might not be compromised in the trivial intrigues which were going on in France. Near him, high in his confidence, we still find Lavallette, with his soldier-like devotion, his open cheerfulness, his taste for solitary studies in the camp, his poetic enthusiasm for the distant and perilous enterprise. After the capitulation of Malta, he was commanded to accompany to the end of the Adriatic the Grand Master and his staff. On his return he visited the fortresses of Corfu. He was also to have carried assurances of peace to the Pacha of Janina; but the latter was then fighting on the banks of the Danube. On arriving before Aboukir, Lavallette had a conversation with the unfortunate Brueys, whom

he found moored in the roads, preparing for a battle, and inflated with the hope of a certain victory. He departed the day before the disaster, and, after having suffered a violent storm at the mouth of the Nile, he went to Cairo, and from that time he only twice left the General; first to accompany to Alexandria Citizen Beauchamp, at a moment when the plague raged with the greatest violence in that city, and the second to assist Andréossy, when he went to reconnoitre Pelusium.*

Lavallette was admitted to the intimacy, the conversations, and the amusements of Bonaparte; he was his table companion and his reader,† and he also shared his dangers.‡ He fought

* See the notes to Vol. I.—the Narrative of a Journey to Pelusium.

† Bonaparte was not fond of novels. One evening, however, he said to Lavallette, "Come, Mr. Enthusiast, read me that famous letter from La Meillerie!" It was at Cairo, and the heat was suffocating. Lavallette, to shelter himself from the insects, had taken his seat behind the muslin curtains of the General, who was in bed, and showed, as the reading advanced, the greatest signs of impatience: at last he stopped him, and bade him good night in the following words: "That is enough, Lavallette; this passion is too talkative for me."

‡ Bonaparte had brought eight aides-du-camp with him to Egypt; four perished there. Julian and Sulkowsky were

next to him at the Pyramids, and Mount Thabor; he crossed the desert by his side, and followed him to the murderous siege of St. John of Acre. This was a memorable period of Lavallette's life, and he was fond of recalling it to his recollection. His friends will never forget his narrative of the fourteenth assault commanded by Kleber, which he used to take so much pleasure in repeating. It seemed like a page taken from an epic poem.

The curtain that protected a great part of the town and the palace of Djezzar had been opened. The grenadiers of Kleber, brought back to the trenches by a strong fire of musketry, openly demanded a fresh assault. Bonaparte hesitated; however, pressed by these brave men, he gave the signal. The scene was grand and terrible! The grenadiers rushed forward under a shower of bullets; Kleber, with his giant-like stature and his thick head of hair, had taken his post, sword in hand, on the reverse of the ditch, from whence he animated the assailants. The sound of the cannon, the cries of

murdered by the Arabs; Croisier was killed at St. John of Acre, and Guibert at Aboukir; Duroc and Eugene Beauharnais were severely wounded; Lavallette assisted in all the hottest encounters, and escaped.

rage and enthusiasm of our soldiers, and the roarings of the Turks, were mixed with the thundering accents of his voice. In the mean while General Bonaparte, standing in the breach battery, followed the movement with a spying-glass resting on the fascines. A cannon-ball passed over his head, and the shock threw him down. In vain Berthier pressed him to leave his perilous post; he received no answer. At the same instant a bullet mortally wounded the young and unfortunate Arrighi, who stood between the General-in-Chief and Lavallette; others were killed by his side, and still he did not make the slightest motion to retire. All of a sudden the column of the besiegers stopped. Bonaparte rushed forward and saw the ditch emitting flames; thick grape-shot came from under the ground and beat down whoever dared to approach; the troops, however, persisted with incredible ardour. Kleber, enraged, was striking his thigh with his sword, but the General-in-Chief, convinced that the obstacle was not to be surmounted, gave, by a sign with his hand, the order for the retreat.

It was thus that the siege of St. John of Acre concluded. Bonaparte having left Syria and added to his immortal campaign the bulletin of

Aboukir, delivered the command of his army into the hands of Kleber; and after stopping at Corsica on his way, he was received on the shores of France by the enthusiasm of the citizens, carried in triumph to Paris, where he overthrew, as it were with a breath, the worm-eaten throne of the Directors. France applauded when the young hero, borne upon the consular shield by his lieutenants, appeared in her eyes as an umpire and a saviour. Lavallette had followed Bonaparte on his return, and was useful to him in the *coup de main* of the 18th Brumaire.

War, however, continued with Austria. The French Government wished to have near the eventful scene, a man capable of judging which moment would be most favourable for a negotiation. Lavallette was sent to Dresden, with all the necessary powers to treat of peace with Austria; but General Moreau was at Hohenlinden as the real negotiator for France. Peace was concluded, and Lavallette returned to Paris.

Here ended his military and diplomatic career. The First Consul, whose chief care was directed towards his reign, which had already begun, though under a republican form, wished

to associate with himself in the Government of France all those, among his companions in arms, of whose fidelity, zeal, and talent he had received proofs. Lavallette was chosen among the first. Appointed in the beginning Commissioner-General of the Post Office, he obtained at the establishment of the empire the title of Postmaster-General, to which Bonaparte, at a later period, added those of Count, Counsellor of State, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

M. Lavallette gave himself wholly up to the duties of his situation. His ambition was satisfied. So that when, in 1815, Napoleon offered him the Ministry of the Home Department, he preferred resuming the functions he had already fulfilled, in difficult times, with equal zeal and success. It must, in fact, not be forgotten that he had to organize the service of the Post-office at a time when France, bounded on one side by the Rhine, extended on the other to both the Peninsulas, and kept up armies over all Europe. He was, in some measure, the centre from whence motion and life was to depart and circulate over that vast empire. He constantly maintained, with a laudable ardour, the sacred connections of the soldiers with their mother

country ; the exchange of glory and enthusiasm between the army and the citizen. His elevated station put him in possession of many family secrets. Never could policy oblige him to reveal them. "With him candour and effusion of heart never carried any danger with them." *

We need not recall, then, the many famous events which filled up the period of the empire, but which have no connection with the present sketch. We may pass over the golden dreams of a man too strongly intoxicated with his fortune;—we may leave M. Lavallette, governing during twelve years the Post-office with a firm and discreet hand ; carrying to the discussions of the council of state his knowledge, clear judgment, and the inspirations of his upright conscience ; shining in the circles of an elegant and polished court ; and towards the decline of so much grandeur, when the soil began to tremble beneath the throne, giving to the Emperor the bold advice of a friend, which was proudly rejected. The world knows the rest.

The events of 1814 restored Count Lavallette to private life, from which he did not stir

* Words spoken by General Sebastiani over the tomb of Lavallette.

until after the return of Bonaparte to the capital on the 20th of March of the following year. Attempts have been made to place in a false light the motives that rallied him to the Imperial throne after the whole army had acknowledged the Emperor, and in the midst of such exciting circumstances. These motives, however, he drew from his conscience. "He was accused of having been prejudiced; *he* was convinced he had been faithful." *

His return to public affairs was marked by an act of moderation, of which he in vain set the example to his enemies. One of the chief clerks of his department came in a busy manner and presented him with a list of suspected persons; M. Lavallette let him speak out, and when the informer had finished, he said to him: "Pray, Sir, have you ever looked an honest man in the face?" The clerk, abashed, faltered out a few confused words—"Well, Sir, now you may learn who I am;" and taking the list, he threw it into the fire.

M. Lavallette was frequently called to the Emperor during the Hundred Days. He saw him in his councils and in his privacy. The Emperor was resolved not to continue at

* Words of Count Montlosier.

war, unless it were to defend the soil. The spirit of liberty had made its way to him; his table re-echoed with liberal professions that perplexed him. He said at one time to M. Lavallette, in the secret bitterness of a confidential conversation: "But what do they want? the liberty of the press? I shall give them more of it perhaps than they wish. Let them only suffer me to save France." France was again invaded; and the fortune of the Emperor expired on the field of Waterloo.

That event was for Count Lavallette the beginning of a series of unheard of sufferings. Secure in the persuasion of his innocence, he remained in Paris; but he was apprehended on the 18th of July, while at table with his friends. He was placed in solitary confinement. His trial began: the preparations were tedious and threatening. The fate of Labedoyère, then of Marshal Ney, were bad omens for his own. On the 19th of November he appeared before the jury, accused of having been an accomplice in the conspiracy which brought on the events of the preceding 10th of March; he defended himself in the most noble manner;* but after

* The celebrated Tripier helped him with his advice, and gave him proofs of the most generous friendship.

two days' discussion, overwhelmed by the force of the insatiable passions which had been excited by the re-action, and were daring enough to seek vengeance through the medium of the law, he was sentenced to death. He heard his sentence read with great calmness, and said with a firm voice to his sorrowing friends, "My friends, this is a cannon-ball." Then turning to the numerous clerks of the Post-office who had borne witness against him, he made them a salute with his hand, and said: "Gentlemen of the Post-office, receive my farewell greetings."

His voice, which resounded mildly, yet firmly through the court, amidst the general consternation, might have made people suppose he was resigned; but, when he returned to his solitary dungeon, the old soldier felt his heart quail at the thoughts of the death that awaited him. He wrote to one of his old companions in arms, who at that time enjoyed great influence at court, to beg he would solicit for him the favour of being shot. A cruel refusal was the only answer he received from his friend. From that moment, the consciousness of the injustice under which he suffered stimulated his courage. He endeavoured to reconcile his mind to the idea of that death at which he was so dismayed:

he listened to the description the turnkeys made of the humiliating preparations by which it was preceded, and of the horrible details of the execution. He made them repeat their story several times, and insisted on knowing all. At last, after having struggled for some time with the horror of these gloomy thoughts, which filled his days and agitated his sleep with frightful dreams,* he at last felt himself capable of tran-

* One dream in particular left very deep impressions on the mind of Lavallette, which time itself was not able entirely to efface. This is the manner in which he related it:

" One night, while I was asleep, the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve, and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry; but I fell asleep again immediately. In this sleep, I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honoré, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle. A melancholy darkness spread around me; all was still, nevertheless a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden, I perceived at the bottom of the street, and advancing towards me, a troop of cavalry, the men and horses, however, all flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the red flames of which illumined faces without skin and bloody muscles. Their hollow eyes rolled fearfully in their vast sockets; their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows, in dismal silence; low, inarticulate groans filled the air; and

quilly awaiting death; and all his thoughts were then directed to the comforting of his family and friends. "Why do you deplore me?" he said to them; "an honest man may die murdered, but his conscience follows him to the scaffold."

Days, however, passed on. The Court of Cassation had rejected his writ of error: a petition for pardon, presented by Madame Lavallette, and vainly supported by the cou-

I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety by flight. This horrible troop continued passing in a rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks on me. Their march, I thought, continued for five hours; and they were followed by an immense number of artillery-waggons, full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered; a disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me. At length, the iron gate of the prison shutting with great force, awoke me again. I made my repeater strike; it was no more than midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than two or three minutes—that is to say, the time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was severe and the watchword short. The next day, the turnkey confirmed my calculations. I nevertheless do not remember one single event in my life, the duration of which I have been able more exactly to calculate, of which the details are deeper engraven in my memory, and of which I preserve a more perfect consciousness."

rageous zeal of the Duke de Raguse, had also been refused. The day of execution approached. The unfortunate man had no hope left: the turnkeys themselves trembled, as they came near him, with pity and emotion. On the eve of that last day, the Countess Lavallette entered his prison. She had put on a pelisse of merino, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to wear when she left a ball-room: in her reticule she had a black silk gown. Coming up to her husband, she assured him with a firm voice, that all was lost, and that he had nothing more to hope than in a well-combined escape. She showed him the woman's attire, and proposed to him to disguise himself. Every precaution had been taken to secure his escape. A sedan-chair would receive him on his coming out of prison; a cabriolet waited for him on the Quay des Orfèvres; a devoted friend, a safe retreat, would answer any farther objections. M. Lavallette listened to her without approving of so hazardous a plan: he was resigned to his fate, and refused to fly from it. "I know how to act my part in a tragedy," he said, "but spare me the burlesque farce. I shall be apprehended in this ridiculous disguise, and they will, perhaps,

expose me to the mockery of the mob! On the other hand, if I escape, you will remain a prey to the insolence of prison valets, and to the persecution of my enemies!"

"If you die, I die; save your life to save mine!"

The prisoner yielded to her urgent entreaties.

"Now put on the disguise," she added; "it is time to go; no farewell—no tears—your hours are counted!"

And when the toilet was finished,

"Adieu!" she said; "do not forget to stoop when you pass under the wickets, for fear the feathers of your bonnet should stick fast!"

She then pulled the bell, and rushed behind a screen. The door opened; he passed, followed by an old servant of his wife, and leaning on his daughter's arm. When they arrived at the sedan-chair, the chairmen were not there. The soldiers of the guard-house had assembled to see Madame Lavallette, and looked on without moving! This was a fearful moment. The men arrived at last; the chair went off. A few minutes later, a cabriolet, drawn by a swift horse, rolled over the stones of the Pont Michel.*

* These particulars, and those that follow, are nothing

This took place on the 23rd of December. M. Lavallette remained concealed in Paris until the 10th of January. A singular favour of fortune gave him as a retreat the very roof under which lived one of his political enemies,* equally powerful by his name, his station, and his wealth. From the garret floor which Lavallette inhabited, he heard persons crying in the streets the police ordinance which prescribed search after his person. The barriers were shut; the deliverance of passports suspended; expresses, bearing the description of his person, were flying about on every side. In the Chambers, in the court circles, the utmost consternation prevailed among those who were convinced that all was lost if M. Lavallette was not retaken. Paris, however, rejoiced, while the police, falsely accused of connivance, burned with impatience to damp the public joy, and answer, by a feat worthy of its zeal, the complaints of the gilded drawing-rooms, and the reproaches that re-echoed from the tribune.

more than a very concise abridgment of the narrative M. Lavallette used frequently to make to his friends, and which appears in a complete state in the second volume of the Auto-Memoirs.

* This was a secret which he kept until his death, but which his Memoirs will now explain to the public.

In the midst of all these dangers, Count Lavallette lived, protected by a family to whom he was personally unknown, but whose courageous friendship helped him to bear the agonies of his concealment. His days passed on between agreeable conversation and diversified reading: a double-barrelled pistol, hid under his pillow, like a talisman, secured to him some nightly rest. This lasted seventeen days. Finally, on the 9th of January 1816, at eight o'clock in the morning, he went on foot with a friend to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings, and next day, at the very hour when a gibbet was being put up on the Place de Grève for his execution in effigy, he set off, dressed in English regimentals, with Sir Robert Wilson, crossed the barriers in an open cabriolet, and proceeded to Mons. During this journey, M. Lavallette, who did not know one word of English, was forced to keep a handkerchief to his face, as if he had been suffering from a violent tooth-ache, that he might not be under the necessity of speaking to the numerous English officers that stopped his guide on the road. Once, at Compiègne, having entered a public room in an inn, a travelling clerk of a trading house told him the whole history of his escape from prison,

accompanied by the most ridiculous circumstances, and adding between every sentence the words, " You may believe me, for I was in Paris at the time." Another time, near the frontiers, a captain of gendarmerie asked for their passports, and took them with him. M. Lavallette travelled under the name of Colonel Lossack.* The Captain came back a long while afterwards, saying that there was no Colonel of that name in the English army. Sir Robert replied, that he was talking nonsense; —that they were fools for staying so long; and, making a sign to the postilions, they set off at full speed. At Mons his generous guide was to leave him. M. Lavallette, deeply affected, pressed his hands while expressing his gratitude; but Sir Robert, still maintaining his wonted gravity, smiled without replying. At last, after half an hour's silence, he turned to M. Lavallette, and said, in the most serious manner possible, " Now pray, my dear friend, why did you not like to be guillotined?" M. Lavallette stared at him, surprised at such a question;—" Yes," added Sir Robert, " I have been told you solicited as a favour to be shot."

* M. Lavallette did not take the name of Cossar until he arrived in Bavaria.

"Because the condemned person is placed in a cart, his hands tied behind his back; then he is bound to a plank which is slipped under the axe."

"Ah! I understand; you did not wish to have your throat cut like a calf."*

M. Lavallette crossed a part of Germany, and soon entered upon the hospitable soil of Bavaria. The King received him with great zeal, and protected him against the French Ministry, who insisted on his being delivered up to them. The Duchess of St. Leu offered him her house; and Prince Eugene lavished on him all the consolations of friendship.

In 1822, letters of pardon, granted by Louis XVIII. restored him to his native country. M. Lavallette thus hoped to enjoy still some happy days; but, when he arrived in Paris, in the midst of the congratulations that poured on him from all sides, one voice remained silent, and that was his wife's! From that decisive hour, when, with such overpowering energy, she had arranged his escape, and remained an hostage in his place, she had not seen him. And now she looked upon him without emotion and without tears. She knew him not!

* This anecdote is literally repeated in the Memoirs.

The unfortunate lady had spent all her reason in saving him!

This last trial surpassed all the rest. M. Lavallette was overwhelmed by it. He wrote to the King:—"Your Majesty has restored to me possessions I prized more than life; but all your royal favour can never counterbalance my misfortune."

His unfortunate situation traced to him the path he ought to follow. He gave up the world, where he had left such brilliant recollections and so many faithful friends, and devoted himself to complete solitude, which he only once left to go to London in 1826, and support Sir Robert Wilson's election. His life was one continued scene of devotion. He repaid his wife by daily care, and by pious and delicate attentions, almost as great as he had received from her; and when death overtook him, he expired tranquilly, for he left no debt behind him.

Study was the only comfort he had in his retirement; during all his lifetime he had cultivated literature with assiduity and enthusiasm. In the camp before Mentz, at the table of General Bonaparte, in the drawing-room of the Tuileries, he always passed for a remarkably

witty man and a most agreeable narrator. His misfortunes multiplied for him opportunities for study and reflection, so that, when he returned from exile, he had nothing to do but to follow the movement and progress of New France. Though far from his country, he had advanced with her; he had her manners, her enduring patience, her confident hope in future events,* her ardour for useful reform, her freedom from all ridiculous delusions. His mind possessed all the freshness of youth, and he viewed with enthusiasm the efforts making in favour of glory and liberty. The consequence was, that he was respected by men of all ages, but that he was more particularly pleasing to the young. They loved to hear him speak; all the past lived in his recollection, with its real colours, adulterated neither by enthusiasm, nor by regret for the high station he had lost. Numberless witty sayings, interesting and unexpected, flowed without effort in his rich and easy conversation. His imagination gave a colouring to objects; but fiction was repugnant to his just and accurate mind. His

* M. Lavallette should have lived a few months longer. The Revolution of July has realized his hopes, it would have fulfilled all his wishes.—Note of the French Editor.

lively discourse, like an amusing book, kept his friends by his side till night was far advanced, and cheated time in its rapid flight.

Death, however, unexpectedly aimed his shaft at his victim amidst his books and his unfinished labours. Even the day preceding his decease was devoted to study and friendship. Under the hoary frost of age, his mind preserved all its vigour; his heart was young by the warmth of his virtues.

This reflection comforts us.

Though he fell beneath an unexpected blow, Count Lavallette died in the sixty-first year of his age, surrounded by his family, and regretted by his friends.

If he had died in 1815, by the political sword which struck so many other victims, fifteen years of his existence would have been suddenly cut off (not the happiest surely): but what a cruel death awaited him, what a funeral! a scaffold on a public thoroughfare, a cart transporting his mutilated remains, and after the cries of the Grève, the solitude of Clamart.

But the victim escaped. Banishment defended him against death; by degrees passions are calmed; rage and resentment appeased. Thus, at one breath the whole edifice of a san-

guinary trial falls to the dust; the justice of the sovereign tears out the fatal page; an honest man resumes his place and rank under the same Heaven that serves as a canopy to his accusers and his judges; and when his last hour arrives, his soul leaves the earth among the endearments and blessings of his children; religion receives him; his country honours his remains; his companions of all times, his friends of all parties, throng around him; the salute of the brave resounds over his grave, and Fame repeats to France the farewell of friendship.

Manes of victims, of whatever party, who have been condemned for political crimes, and on whom the thunderbolt has fallen in the fury of the storm, let the fate of Lavallette comfort you:—you have all been restored to your rights in his person!

CUVILLIER FLEURY.

MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT LAVALLETTE.

TO THE READER.

I NEVER should have determined to record, in writing, the events which have passed before my eyes, nor even those in which I have acted a part during eight-and-twenty years, had I not been involved in so conspicuous a manner in the catastrophe that put an end to the Imperial Government; but I thought it my duty to leave, both to my family and my friends, an indisputable testimony of my innocence and general conduct. It would, moreover, be but ill requiting the interest with which so many honourable persons have favoured me, to maintain a silence which my enemies might misuse to justify their persecutions.

My first intention was to describe only late events; but having been for above twenty years attached to the Emperor Napoleon, it appeared to me that I ought not to pass over in silence one part, at least, of his glorious history.

Could I look upon myself at liberty to deprive posterity of any circumstances connected with a hero who will never cease to engross attention? He has been exposed to the insults of his ungrateful contemporaries, and it is my duty to oppose truth to those insults. No exertion has been wanting on my side to avoid being led away by the deep affection I shall cherish to the end of my life for a man who has been my general, my sovereign, and my benefactor. It is not, however, his public actions, and still less the wars which have shed a lustre over his life, that I pretend to describe. He has still friends left among the generals who shared his toil and his glory: to them the noble task belongs. I shall paint the private man. Few persons have known him as well as I have: and historians gathering materials, may place full confidence in my recital. I shall mention no other facts than those of which I have been an eye-witness; and I am much mistaken if my character will not prove a sufficient voucher for their truth.

Still, I require much indulgence. I write far from my country, in deep solitude, often depressed by misfortune, and deprived of the materials requisite for recalling facts, dates, and

names. The impressions are, however, still vivid in my memory and in my heart.*

Many persons seeing my name on the title-page of these Memoirs, will perhaps expect to find in them an abundant feast of anecdote and scandal: they will be mistaken. During thirteen years, I filled a delicate situation, thanks to which I have discovered some painful secrets of the human heart; but I will not disgrace my character by publishing them. It is not with rubbish that durable monuments can be raised.

It is my resolution that this work do not appear during my life. Not that I wish to escape criticism; but because a feeling which honourable minds alone can appreciate, makes it a duty in me to occupy the public attention no longer with myself. My unfortunate celebrity has been dearly bought, and I now want rest rather than pity.

* A great part of these Memoirs was written in Bavaria, during M. Lavallette's banishment, in his various retreats on the borders of Lake Starenberg, at Lichstadt, and at Augsburg. It will, however, be observed, in reading the conclusion, that they were revised and finished at Paris, or rather in the country near Sevres.—(*Note of the Editor.*)

MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT LAVALLETTE.

CHAPTER I.

My education and early tastes.—I witness the beginning of the Revolution.—Plunder of M. Reveillon's warehouses.—Convocation of the States General.—Taking of the Bastille.—Murder of M. Foulon.

I was born in Paris in 1769. My father having enjoyed a liberal education, and being sensible of its advantages, watched over mine with constant application. I went late to school, because my health was indifferent, and left it in 1788; after having, for eight years, filled my head with Latin, in which I never was a proficient,—and with Greek, which I have completely forgotten. My confessor was a most excellent man; but he heated my imagination to preserve my morals. He put into

my hands a great many religious books, and took a particular pleasure in making me learn the sacred orators by heart. I was so pleased with the sermons of Massillon, and the funeral orations of Bossuet, that I had no doubt but the church was my real calling. I tormented my family until I got permission to follow a course of lectures on theology; but the very first year was sufficient to disgust me. The method of disputing in bad Latin, the everlasting passion for proving both sides of the question, without presenting fixed ideas upon any subject whatever, inspired me with an aversion for that study. I could not conceive why so much trash should be deemed a necessary introduction to the eloquence of the pulpit. I resolved, therefore, in preference, to follow the bar. My father observed with satisfaction the turn my taste had taken, and it was decided that I should be placed, first, in a notary's, and then in an attorney's office. The notary's business appeared to me still more irksome than theology. I remained, however, nearly a year with him, after which I went to the legal practitioner, and was fortunate enough to find him a sensible man. His name was Dommanget, and his love of his profession was

confined to the profits he drew from it. He possessed a large and well-chosen library; and as I cost him no salary, he suffered me to pass my time among his books. There I read many excellent works, and gained a taste for literature that has never diminished. I studied, in particular, the History of France, of which I had not previously the least idea. A strange system of instruction prevailed at that time. Thousands of young men every year left the university, after having finished their studies, their heads being filled with republican maxims, their minds inflamed with admiration of the virtue of the ancient commonwealths, most cordially despising all monarchical governments, and at the same time shamefully ignorant of the history of their mother country. Not once during my eight years' studies did I hear the name of Henry the Fourth pronounced; and I must own, that at the age of seventeen, I was acquainted neither with the time nor the manner in which the House of Bourbon mounted the throne.

The events that preceded the grand drama of 1789 took me by surprise in the midst of my books and my love of study. I was then reading "L'Esprit des Lois," a work that

charmed me by its gravity, depth, and sublimity. I wished also to become acquainted with the code of our own laws; but Dommanget, to whom I mentioned my desire, laughed, and pointed to the Justinian Code, the common law code of the kingdom, the parliamentary decrees, and the statutes of our kings, accompanied by an immense number of interpreters and commentators. So monstrous a heap of folio volumes made me shudder, and I concluded somewhat rashly, but like many other people, that it was better to re-model the whole, than to load my memory with such obscure lore. To my graver studies I added the perusal of political pamphlets, which then began to be numerous. Thus my imagination was excited, and, wiseacre of twenty as I was, I thought I should do well to unite with the meditations of my closet the observation of those scenes of disorder that were the harbinger of the Revolution.

There lived at that time in the Faubourg St. Antoine, a wealthy paper-hanging manufacturer called Reveillon. This man employed several hundred work-people, who, being dissatisfied with his refusal to raise their wages, and probably instigated by the enemies of their

master, resolved to murder him and ransack the establishment by which they got their livelihood. The disturbance soon rose to a great height, and the *guet*, or guard of the town, not being strong enough to suppress it, a detachment of the regiment of the Gardes Françaises was ordered out against the rioters. Wishing to be a witness of the scene, I went to the spot, and was standing between the plunderers and the troops, when the latter arrived by divisions and fired. Many persons were killed, several were sent to prison, and one man was, I believe, hanged a few days afterwards. So brutal a manner of restoring public order exasperated me, and I soon understood that such is the custom of governments that wish, as the phrase is, to show energy and inspire respect; in one word, that it is easier to repress crimes by force, than to prevent them by wisdom and resolution. The inhabitants of the suburb never forgot this military expedition; and I have good reason to believe that it contributed greatly to keep alive the spirit of revenge and sedition that prevailed so long among the population of that part of Paris.

The resistance of the Parliament to the orders of Government caused great agitation in

the public mind. The magistrates would no longer consent to administer justice; the counsel and attorneys would no longer follow their suits; all the clerks of the bar assembled tumultuously, and sided openly with the Parliament. These young men formed at that time a corporation called "La Bazoche." They had their own chiefs, observed a sort of discipline, and wore a peculiar dress. Though I was not enlisted in their body, one of my fellow clerks proposed that I should join them, and I consented. We found them in the garden of the Luxembourg, several hundred in number, highly excited, and disposed to procure arms. I took it in my head to propose to several among them to attack the guard of the Théâtre Français, seize their muskets, and march against the battalion of the guards stationed in the Place Dauphine. My proposal was received with enthusiasm, and communicated to all the groupes. Some young men, more reasonable than the rest, and who probably had come there with the sole view of dissuading and restraining the others, expressed a wish to see the author of so wise a plan. One of them examined me from head to foot. The shortness of my stature made him smile, and he found

but little difficulty in proving the extravagance of a resolution, the consequences of which must inevitably be fatal to us. The most violent among us left the garden to proceed towards the Place Dauphine. The soldiers stood dispersed with their arms piled beside them. We looked at one another; and I know not what would have been the result, if the drum had not suddenly beat to rally the troops.

These tumultuous scenes had already lasted eighteen months, and by the ridiculous success obtained in the Faubourg St. Antoine, Government seemed persuaded that the armed force would be sufficient to answer all ends. The States General had assembled at Versailles, having been summoned at once by the Parliament, who wished to embarrass the Court and revenge itself,—by the Ministers, who knew not which way to act,—and by the majority of the nation, justly discontented with an incapable Government, and perhaps also tired of too uniform a tranquillity. The States General soon felt that the system and prejudices of the Court would be insuperable obstacles to the redress of the evil. They wished for a plan of government in which the rights of the nation at large, rather than those of the privileged

classes, might be considered. M. Necker, who was a clever financier, a philosopher, and by birth the citizen of a republic, encouraged them. But the King, yielding to the representations of his courtiers, and to a secret aversion he entertained for M. Necker, dismissed him from his councils. The news of this event reached Paris abruptly on the 12th of July, at a moment when the inhabitants were dispersed in the several public walks. It spread confusion and grief on all sides; whilst the busts of M. Necker and the Duke of Orleans were carried in triumph through the streets. Orators, mounted on chairs in the Palais Royal, drew crowds around them. "All is lost," they said; "the States General are to be dissolved. Already your most zealous defenders are obliged to fly, and soon you will groan under an insufferable load of taxes, and the sanguinary caprice of a horrible despotism." The agitation occasioned by speeches of this kind was considerably augmented by the presence of the Swiss soldiers. Government wanted to make use of the regiment of the Guards to disperse those whom they called rebels; but the soldiers pushed their officers back, and took the part of the people. A detachment of the regiment of

Royal German cavalry presented itself, and was hooted. They tried to charge the crowd, but they were fired at, and the Swiss encamped in the Champ de Mars were sent away. The mob, grown furious through exasperation, then fell upon their natural enemies, the persons employed by the Ferme générale for the collection of the excise duties. These persons were forced to conceal themselves, and the barriers were set on fire. In the midst of this disorder, a rumour suddenly spread, fearful even in its uncertainty, that robbers were approaching to ransack the capital. This was at best but a ridiculous joke, the inventors of which, however, seemed well acquainted with the character of the Parisians. The citizens, after remaining peaceful spectators of this great tumult, showed at last some signs of spirit, and on the 13th of July, above two hundred thousand men had armed themselves with whatever weapons they could find. The news of this general insurrection terrified the Court, and all the regular troops disappeared from the environs of the capital.

At length arrived the 14th of July, a day for ever famous, an era for ever memorable in the annals of France, and almost equally so in the

history of every other nation; for there exists no people whose political and civil existence has not been considerably modified by the French Revolution.

For the mob to pursue police officers, collectors, and spies is a natural thing; but how did an immense population first conceive the idea that their fate was connected with the taking of the Bastille, and persuade themselves that their victory was complete when they were masters of it?

The fortress of the Bastille was built in the reign of Charles the Fifth, at a time when fire-arms were scarcely known. Situated without the precincts of the city, beyond the Porte St. Antoine, it was evidently never intended as a check upon the metropolis. It was said the King meant to keep his treasures there; but the interior distribution clearly evinced that it was destined to serve as a state prison. This pretended fortress consisted of five towers, about one hundred and twenty feet high, joined together by strong high walls, and surrounded by broad deep ditches. Its entrance was protected by drawbridges, and on the 14th of July it was commanded by a governor, and defended by about sixty Swiss veterans; a few old guns, of

small size, were placed on the terraces of the towers. There was nothing very formidable in its appearance; but something like a superstitious terror pervaded the minds of the people, and most marvellous stories were told respecting the Bastille. For many ages, the most noble victims of despotism had groaned within its mysterious walls. Some prisoners who had been fortunate enough to escape from it, had published most terrifying accounts. Those formidable towers, those vigilant sentinels, who suffered no one, even by stealth, to cast a look towards them, — these numerous ferocious-looking guards, frightful by their appearance, and more frightful still by their deep silence,— all united to excite terror and anxious curiosity. Nevertheless, this state prison was not dangerous for the people: it was designed for persons of high birth, or for literary people who ventured to displease the ministry. But to the wish of satisfying curiosity was added a noble feeling of pity for the numerous victims supposed to be shut up in the fortress, and the whole population of Paris resolved to make themselves masters of the Bastille. A considerable number of muskets and some cannon were deposited at the Invalids. The mob re-

paired to that place, seized them, and rushed against the Bastille, headed by the Gardes Françaises. A few cannon were fired, but did not much injure the walls. The governor answered by some balls that were lost in the Rue St. Antoine. Terror and rage soon rose to the highest pitch. The governor had neither troops nor ammunition sufficient to defend himself. He had not even received any positive orders to that effect. It is said that he lowered the drawbridge to receive a deputation of patriots summoning him to surrender. Hulin, afterwards a general, who was one of the deputation, assured me, that on entering the governor's court, he and his companions were fired on. The governor was arrested first, the Swiss major afterwards, and the Bastille was taken. These two officers were dragged to the Place de Grève, and loaded with blows and imprecations. I was there with the unformed battalion of my district. The unfortunate major passed before our ranks: his stature was tall, and his aspect venerable. Two men held him by the throat, and cried with furious gestures, "Here is the villain!" The major strove to keep up a bold appearance, but dismay and agony were painted in his countenance. A few

minutes afterwards we heard the report of some fire-arms. A pistol shot had put an end to his sufferings. That terrible spectacle inspired me with a horror and disgust for the licentiousness of the mob, that nothing ever could allay; and the scenes I have yet to describe were but too strongly calculated to augment those sentiments.

I could, however, in some way comprehend, that foreigners who had killed Frenchmen might, in the first heat of battle, be slaughtered by ferocious conquerors, who had no idea of the laws usually observed in war; but I never could explain the murder of Messrs. Foulon and Berthier de Sauvigny. The former had been, I believe, Intendant of Paris, and the latter was his son-in-law, and successor in that employ. In the province, an intendant was, through his functions and influence, a considerable personage. His character, or abilities, might create esteem, or, as it more frequently happened, his incapacity might excite dislike. In Paris, on the contrary, the Intendant was in a manner lost in the immensity of the city. In times of scarcity, the people blamed the Prévôt des Marchands, the Lieutenant of Police, and sometimes the Parliament. The Intendant

not being a magistrate, was unknown to the multitude; and I dare assert without fear of being contradicted, that among the middling, and still less among the lower classes, no one was acquainted either with his person or his name. They knew at best the way to his office, where the taxes used to be paid. All of a sudden, however, a rumour was spread about, that the Intendant had said, and repeated aloud, that "hay was good enough to feed the Parisian rabble." Messrs. Foulon and Berthier had fled. Some zealous patriots pursued and overtook them at about twenty leagues from Paris. They brought them back, and some hundred wretches butchered them, under circumstances of atrocious barbarity. I crossed the Place de Grève to go to the Comédie Française: it rained, and there was no tumult anywhere but facing the Hôtel de Ville. I was standing on the parapet, when I saw raised above the crowd the figure of an old man with grey hair; it was the unfortunate Foulon being hanged at the lamp-post. I returned home to study my beloved Montesquieu; and from that moment I began to hate a revolution, in which people were murdered without being heard in their defence.

CHAPTER II.

Organization of the National Guards.—Lafayette.—Bailly.—The 5th and 6th of October at Versailles.—The King returns to Paris.

The tumult which on the 14th had been only a riot, next day became a decided revolution, the consequences of which were not to be calculated. The taking of the Bastille had elated the minds of the people: three thousand disciplined troops (the Gardes Françaises) formed the vanguard of an army above one hundred thousand strong, of which at least thirty thousand were armed with muskets. It would have been impossible either to attack or disband that army. The government, taken unawares, was forced to consent to its organization, and to the choice of M. de Lafayette as commander in chief. The Prévôt des Marchands and city magistrates had fled. In their place were put a mayor and common council,

titles already in use in several French towns. M. Bailly was elected. He was a celebrated astronomer and a clever writer. The States General had chosen him for their president. The whole organization was complete in three days; and on the 17th the King came to Paris, where he legitimatized by his presence and his speeches all the outrages that had been committed. This step taught his friends what they had to expect of him, and the partizans of the Revolution all they might dare to undertake. Rebellion had reached its highest pitch: soldiers and official persons had been killed in the exercise of their duty, and still the sovereign spoke hesitatingly on the subject of these crimes.

The provinces, encouraged by the example of Paris, hastened to follow it. The same couriers that brought down to the country intelligence of the revolution of the metropolis, carried back accounts of similar occurrences in the several places they had passed through. The States General, which had given the impulse, received it in their turn. The two first estates were obliged to unite to the third. The states took the title of a Constituent Assembly, and from that moment set themselves to

work to raise a monarchy where the nation was to be represented by its deputies. Then began the long struggle between new interests and uncurbed passions. The King was a stranger to all the ideas that had circulated for thirty years among his subjects. Bred in the maxims and customs of an absolute monarchy, he could not but observe with dismay the conduct of the Assembly; and if he rejected the violent measures he was pressed on to adopt, it was owing to the weakness of his character rather than to his wish to spare blood, and also to the hope that some more favourable chance might replace in his hands the authority that rebels had wrested from him. The only reasonable step would have been to awe the Assembly he no longer possessed the power of dissolving, by going still farther than they did; and to give of his own accord a constitution which would have maintained some of the privileges of the nobility, and determined the rights of the people. Such was, in fact, M. Necker's proposal: the King rejected it, and all was lost.*

* The translator cannot help remarking, that M. de Lavallette has been betrayed by his memory in several parts of this passage. 1. The Prévôt des Marchands (M. de Flesselles)

The plan of quitting Versailles, and establishing himself in some stronghold, appeared to the King the most advantageous one; but it was soon discovered, and the patriots felt alarmed. The inhabitants of Paris had not only organized their military force, but also their political institutions. The sixty head-quarters of the several battalions were at the same time so many centres of districts, each of them having a president, secretaries, and officers. There all the idlers of the middle and lower orders went to listen to the popular orators, who practised themselves in that flow of hollow words that afterwards proved so fatal. Three months later a rumour was suddenly spread in the districts, that the King was preparing to fly. The population of the Faubourg St. Antoine was soon set in motion. An immense number of people assembled before the Hôtel de Ville, declaring

had *not* fled; he was murdered at the Hôtel de Ville, on the 14th of July, whilst presiding over the electors of Paris. 2. The states did *not* take the name of *Constituent Assembly*, that name having been used for the first time two years later. 3. So far from rejecting any plan of M. Necker, the King, of his own accord, three weeks before these riots, (on the 23rd of June,) proposed to the Assembly a complete constitutional charter, in thirty-five articles, which the Assembly rejected without even vouchsafing to discuss it.

they would march to Versailles, and bring back the King. M. de Lafayette for a long while refused to put himself at their head; but at last, intimidated by their threats, and foreseeing that they would otherwise do without him, he sent word to the principal officers of the National Guards, inviting them to lead to Versailles all the reasonable citizens they could collect, to prevent if possible the fatal consequence he but too clearly anticipated from these disturbances. A great many National Guards, among whom were some incomplete companies of my battalion, went to the Hôtel de Ville, where I hastened to join them. There we found an enraged multitude exclaiming that they were betrayed, and stirring one another up to murder and all manner of outrage. At last the torrent began to move, thickening as it advanced. The commander-in-chief marched foremost, followed by cannon and caissons, driven by inebriated women, the refuse of human kind. Then came the National Guards, the pelotoons of which were continually broken through by those furious wretches.

My company grew dissatisfied, and received so ill those who came amongst us, that no one would venture to approach us. Our march

lasted eight hours, and night had closed in when we arrived at the avenue of Versailles. If the Court could have resolved to take violent measures, they must undoubtedly have succeeded. The National Guards did not amount to above six thousand men. The ruffians that preceded and surrounded them were in number about eight or ten thousand, but kept such bad order, that one charge of a few squadrons of horse would have been sufficient to disperse them, whilst a volley or two of cannon-ball would have effectually prevented their return; but the Court lacked courage, and the King thought his family safer in a badly-guarded palace than on a high road surrounded by faithful troops. The arrival of the rabble dismayed the palace, made the regular soldiers stagger, and satisfied the Assembly. Those members who influenced its decisions were not unacquainted with the insults lavished on them at Court, nor with the fate they had to expect if the King succeeded in escaping. The courtiers openly acknowledged that the most disgraceful death awaited the members who had begun to distinguish themselves in the contest. It was therefore resolved that the King should come to Paris and remain there; but in all pro-

bability no one knew by whom he was to be escorted, and what outrages were about to be committed. We halted in the great square facing the palace. The Flanders regiment was drawn up before us. The mob surrounded the military. Women, holding glasses of liquor in their hands, entertained the soldiers with vulgar tales and low jests. This was too strong a seduction for men indifferent to all political discussions. The want of discipline was too general for them to be able to resist such temptations, and all the exertions of their officers to maintain order were useless. The colonel either knew not what to do, or dared not come to a resolution, for he had no positive orders. M. de Lusignan, who commanded the regiment, and whom I knew at a later period, was an honourable man: but how could he extricate himself from so difficult a position, when, at fifty steps from him, the King was in as great a perplexity as he? The regiment being seduced, the monarch had no other defence left than the Life Guards, the Cent Suisses, and his unserviceable Court. The National Guards remained under arms until one o'clock in the morning, when they got permission to retire to rest, but with orders to be

ready at the first beat of drum. M. de Lafayette went up to the palace, where he strove to comfort the Royal Family, but was received with an appearance of distrust and coolness, at which, in fact, he could scarcely be surprised; for, having arrived at the head of a troop of enraged ruffians, he was in some way to be looked upon as their commander. He could not dissemble that the population of Paris, and even the Constituent Assembly, wished the King to fix his abode in the metropolis. The Court had therefore to decide whether they would consent to go there, or set out in search of some distant refuge. I cannot say whether or not these points were ever discussed. It seems that the King expected either military assistance, or a strong resolution of the Assembly, that might impress the multitude with awe. The proffered assistance of M. de Lafayette was rejected. The King declared that his guards were sufficient for his protection, and that far from accepting the service of the National Guards of Paris, who were extremely devoted to his person, he did not even require those of the Versailles Guards, over whom Alexander Berthier (afterwards Marshal Prince

of Neufchatel) was second in command. From him I heard that he was very ill-treated by the Court party; and though sincerely attached to the King, no one would hear his name mentioned from the day he had accepted a command in the National Guard.

At one o'clock we received permission to go to bed. I sheltered myself under the roof of a citizen, who granted me a chamber for my money. The man was attached to the King's household,—I cannot recollect in what quality: he pretended to be a warm patriot; and if I had lent an ear to all he had to say of the inhabitants of the palace, and of the Queen herself, I might have thought myself fully justified in mixing with the rebels. I enquired very coolly from whence he had collected all those infamous stories. My question at first disconcerted him, but he soon answered in an angry tone: "What I have been telling you is the talk of all Versailles; and yet if the Parisians take the Royal Family from us, they will beggar the whole town." I turned my back on the man, and went to sleep till six o'clock, when the drum beating the alarm summoned me to the square. The crime had already been committed in the shades of night.

The report was, that the wretches had entered the palace by a secret and feebly guarded door; they had murdered the guards that defended it, and pursued the Queen to her bedchamber, from whence she had but just time to escape to the King's apartments. I must own that so great was my surprise and indignation, that I joined in the hue and cry of some of my comrades against the Marquis de Lafayette. We had been summoned by him to come and protect the Royal Family and secure public tranquillity. Why then were we left to be witnesses of such horrible crimes? Why had we not been employed? Could there have been any doubt entertained of our fidelity? Surely one-half of the six thousand men we mustered would have been sufficient to defend the palace, and would not have been overawed by an ill-armed rabble, exhausted at once by fatigue and intoxication. But it was too late; the victims had fallen, and those who were doomed to perish next were as yet beyond their reach. The Life Guards had barricaded themselves round the King's apartments; their resistance had dismayed the assassins, and given General Lafayette time to come up. He took all the military he fell in with, and the rabble filled

the marble court, rending the air with their savage cries. I remained long in suspense concerning the general's conduct during that fatal night. The details of the proceedings instituted a short time afterwards against many persons who perhaps were not guilty, appeared to me far from satisfactory. I learned the truth at a later period, and Madame de Staël has published it in her Memoirs. The whole misfortune was owing to the aversion of the Court to the Marquis de Lafayette,—to the stupid opinion still entertained, that the Royal Family was sacred in the eyes of the multitude, who would not dare to look them in the face, —and above all, to the foolish presumption of the nobility, who wished to preserve their exclusive privilege of defending their sovereign. M. de Lafayette had insisted on guarding the palace with his faithful troops, and I venture to assert that he had brought with him all the members of the National Guards who were most distinguished for their honourable feeling, courage, and loyalty; but his offers were coolly and sarcastically rejected. However, notwithstanding that refusal and the insults that accompanied it, the general did not give way to culpable confidence. He visited the posts, and

showed himself everywhere, until midnight. Tranquillity then prevailed on all sides. The rabble lay dispersed and asleep. At two in the morning the deepest silence reigned in the courts, the great square, and the streets of the capital; nothing seemed to forebode the approaching outrages. The palace was attacked a little before day-break. All eye-witnesses have declared that the mob entered by one of the communication doors which had been left open; the unfortunate Life-Guards who defended it did their duty, for they were killed at their posts. But why was that door open so near to the Queen's apartments? The palace being of a vast extent, the Life-Guards were not sufficiently numerous to protect it effectually; but then, why not close all the outlets? or, rather, why not augment the guard with all the loyal persons that could be found? Why, at the moment of the attack, were not ten thousand swords drawn by that nobility, so clamorous in their speeches, but who never knew how to defend the King they so bitterly regret? Emigration had at that time not yet commenced. There were in Paris, Versailles, and the environs, more than twenty thousand noblemen, devoted by feelings of honour and

interest to the defence of the throne and the life of the monarch; notwithstanding which, Louis XVI. was forsaken by them on that fatal day, the plans of which had been openly arranged and proclaimed by those whose real aim was undoubtedly the murder of the Royal Family. I have not yet done with the nobility: their conduct on other occasions was more disgraceful than on this.

The mob crowded in the marble court, and wandering on the outside of the palace, began to express again their designs with frightful howlings. "To Paris! to Paris!" were the first cries. Their prey was promised them, and then fresh cries ordered the unfortunate family to appear on the balcony. The Queen showed herself, accompanied by her children; she was forced by threats to send them away. I mixed in the crowd, and beheld for the first time that unfortunate Princess: she was dressed in white; her head was bare, and adorned with beautiful fair locks. Motionless, and in a modest and noble attitude, she appeared to me like a victim on the block. The enraged populace were not moved at the sight of woe in all its majesty. Imprecations increased, and the unfortunate Princess could not even find a support in the

King, for his presence did but augment the fury of the multitude. At last, preparations for departure did more towards appeasing them than promises could have done, and by twelve o'clock the frightful procession set off. I hope such a scene will never be witnessed again. I have often asked myself, how the metropolis of a nation so celebrated for urbanity and elegance of manners — how the brilliant city of Paris could contain the savage hordes I that day beheld, and who so long reigned over it! In walking through the streets of Paris, it seems to me, the features, even of the lowest and most miserable class of people, do not present to the eye any thing like ferociousness, or the meanest passions in all their hideous energy. Can those passions alter the features so as to deprive them of all likeness to humanity? or does the terror inspired by the sight of a guilty wretch give him the semblance of a wild beast? These madmen, dancing in the mire and covered with mud, surrounded the King's coach. The groups that marched foremost carried on long pikes the bloody and dishevelled heads of the Life-Guards butchered in the morning. Surely Satan himself first invented the placing of a human head at the end of a

lance. The disfigured and pale features, the gory locks, the half-open mouth, the closed eyes, images of death, added to the gestures and salutations the executioners made them perform, in horrible mockery of life, presented the most frightful spectacle rage could have imagined. A troop of women, ugly as crime itself, swarming like insects, and wearing grenadiers' hairy caps, went continually to and fro, howling barbarous songs, embracing and insulting the Life-Guards. This scene lasted eight hours before the Royal Family arrived at the Place de Grève and alighted at the Hôtel de Ville, their first resting-place during protracted misery, that terminated some years afterwards in a horrible death.

Thus terminated the memorable 6th of October,—a day during which it is difficult to decide which is most to be regretted,—the imprudent weakness of the King, or the terrible necessity that forced the representatives of a noble nation to trample on the sacred rights of humanity, and the majesty of the throne, for the accomplishment of their grand design.

CHAPTER III.

I am employed by M. d'Ormesson, one of the Presidents of the Parliament.—His advice and influence.—I become a Royalist.—The Marquis de Favras.—Silly conduct of the Nobility.

THE impression that frightful spectacle made on me, taught me that nature had not designed me to play a part in the Revolution, and that I ought to keep carefully aloof from it. But the sight of the Queen so shamefully insulted, and the fate that was preparing for her august children, inspired in me feelings of loyalty which grew stronger every day. I could not bear to think of the situation of the Royal Family, and the success of the patriots had caused them to show a presumptuous exultation that made me hate them. At that period a lucky circumstance allowed me to resume my studies. The convents were suppressed, and a friend of my father got me admitted among some persons chosen to make out the catalogue

of the Monks' library. Some time afterwards, M. d'Ormesson de Moiseau, one of the Presidents of the Parliament of Paris, who had been appointed King's librarian, wished to employ a well-informed and laborious young man. I was introduced to him. He received me with a kindness that delighted me. He had been told that I knew a little Greek: he was himself deeply versed in that language; and to try my knowledge, he laid before me a Xenophon in two columns, Latin and Greek. I blushed at the sight of the formidable book. The hero himself, during his celebrated Retreat of the Ten Thousand, never was more perplexed than I. However, my courage revived when I looked at the President, whose amiable features inspired me with confidence. I owned that I had made but superficial studies in an obscure college; that I never had any share in the triumphs of the university; and that my utmost exertions in Greek had not gone beyond the explanation of some fragments of Demosthenes. He smiled at my candour, and began to read fluently the Greek in French, requesting me to follow him in the Latin translation. During the time, he placed his hand between the two columns, so that I might see he made

no use of the Latin. I could scarcely follow him. I had never met with so learned a Greek scholar, and I expressed openly my admiration. He appeared satisfied with me,—partly, perhaps, because he was so with himself, and he promised to provide for me. I felt completely happy. A part of the day was spent among dusty old books, but I passed every morning a few hours with M. d'Ormesson. All I had to expect through his influence was merely an inferior employment in the King's library: but I looked upon that as the highest pitch of good fortune; and often since, when in the most brilliant situations, I have sighed in thinking of the sweet obscurity I had been promised. We were then far from entertaining an idea that the same scaffold was designed for both of us,—and, in conscience I must own, for having both done our duty. The painful gratitude with which I remember the kindness of that respectable gentleman, will last as long as I live. I never hear the name of Ormesson without emotion; and whenever chance brought me in presence of some person of his family, I have felt an involuntary wish to address him, to speak of his unfortunate relation, and to solicit his friendship.

The generous kindness of M. d'Ormesson extended not only to my pecuniary welfare; he also gave me some excellent advice on the conduct I was to observe in the world—pointed out to me, with truly paternal solicitude, the different quicksands I might encounter. In speaking of the King, he showed himself a subject whose loyalty was carried to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, though he deplored the fatal weakness that hurled the Monarch down the precipice through torrents of blood. "The King," he said, "shudders at the thought of spilling one drop of blood; and all his most faithful friends will die without being able to save him. He has been warned of his mistake, but nothing can make him open his eyes; we have therefore no choice but resignation and death." All our conversation was upon the same subject; and M. d'Ormesson communicated to me the ardour of his own sentiments. Notwithstanding the horror I felt at the scenes of tumult that we witnessed every day, I still comprehended well enough that the Revolution being a struggle between the privileged classes and the nation, the latter would, if successful, reap advantages which it had a right to claim. I also felt, that as I did not myself belong to

the privileged classes, I was at liberty to remain indifferent to their interests and their contest. But M. d'Ormesson fixed all my thoughts on the deplorable situation of the King and his family. My imagination took fire, and all I then perceived was a virtuous Prince in durance—his noble consort and her children exposed to the most barbarous treatment; and I vowed from that moment to take a share in all the plans that should be attempted for their deliverance.

I must acknowledge that my disgust for the idle prattling of the Revolution not a little contributed to make me a royalist. I am far from refusing a just tribute of esteem to the eminent talents of the Constituent Assembly, and only mean to speak of the assemblies of my section that were held every day, and where I was forced to assist as a national guard. The citizens of Paris are unquestionably very honourable men; but it must have been impossible for any person of good sense and some little instruction, not to feel disgusted at their foolish and extravagant speeches. Their mania for political assemblies and long orations was encouraged by the immense number of gentlemen of the Bar, who made themselves quite

ridiculous by misusing perpetually their excessive facility of elocution. In my neighbourhood there lived a lawyer of some repute, called B——, whose exuberance of speech was truly marvellous. The objects of the deliberations were necessarily very circumscribed; but when that man opened his mouth, we were sure to be overwhelmed with a deluge of quotations and moral sentences, all frequently about a lantern or the stall of an apple-woman. His stentorian voice made the roofs ring; and, after speaking for two hours, he was sure to be rewarded by thunders of applause. The orator then seemed to think himself a Mirabeau, and his auditors the Constituent Assembly deciding over the fate of France. These people setting the example, others, who at first listened to them patiently, wished to speak in their turn; and three years afterwards they cut the throats of their instructors, and of those whom the latter had taught them to regard as hostile to their views.

In 1790, I frequently mounted guard in the palace. I expected to find in the countenance of the King some marks of grief and pride; but, I must own, I saw nothing but listlessness. His enormous *embonpoint*—his eyes without

expression—his gait deprived of all manner of dignity, disconcerted a little my enthusiasm;—but it rekindled at sight of the Queen and her children. She was a woman and a mother. Born in a foreign country, she had been entrusted to the honour of France. How strong were her claims on our profound devotion! The errors of which she had been accused, even supposing the truth of the accusations, were surely deserving of pardon among a nation frivolous enough to be vain of its corruptness. For that unfortunate Queen, therefore, and for her children, my heart was moved by the most tender and respectful admiration. Madame Royale was then about thirteen years old: the dignity of her countenance—the melancholy expression spread over her features at so tender an age—the sincere piety that seemed to fortify her in her misfortunes, drew tears from my eyes. I followed the Princesses to the chapel, and returned quickly to the saloon of the guards to behold them again. I would willingly have given my life for them. So much grandeur in such abasement—so much innocence and beauty threatened with such a fate, might well have ensured to them the protection of every Frenchman. Wherever I

went, I spoke of them with a warmth of which, however, I could not succeed in making other young men of my age partake.

I could not imagine that there was not in the Constituent Assembly a strong and active party to save the Royal Family. I knew that M. de Clermont-Tonnerre was very much attached to the Queen. I wrote several letters to him to express my grief, and to beg he would employ my youthful courage. I suppose he looked upon me as a young enthusiast who might bring him into some trouble: —he never answered me, and I believe he acted wisely.

I soon observed that M. d'Ormesson became less unreserved than usual in his conversation. I suppose he was himself terrified with the success of his plan for making me a royalist; for, having tried in vain to moderate the warmth of my zeal, he probably feared I should ruin both him and myself at the same time. When I asked him whether any measures were taken to place the Royal family in safety, he observed that the time for that would come; and then entered into general remarks, of which I could not comprehend the drift. One day, I had just left him, when I learned the impri-

sonment of the Marquis de Favras. It was ten o'clock in the morning: the particulars of the crime of which the Marquis was accused were not yet known; and already the speech delivered at the Hôtel de Ville by Monsieur, brother to the King, had been published. The Prince had demanded during the night that the Council should assemble at eight o'clock; and there he betrayed M. de Favras, his former servant,* who had received his instruction, and acted by his orders, with whom he had arranged the flight of the King, of the Royal Family and himself. He made many protestations of his attachment to the new order of things and to the Constitution, and declared himself the first citizen of the kingdom. By that means he delivered over his confident to the rigour of the laws and to an infamous death on the gallows. The royalists were overwhelmed with dismay and indignation. The most sensible among them felt convinced that the royal cause was irretrievably lost, and that no hopes were left for the King. Such treachery, which could not but be the consequence of the most

* M. de Favras had been attached to Monsieur as Captain of the Cent Suisses, or guards of the door.—(*Note of the Author.*)

shameful cowardice, discouraged all the friends of the King. "What is to be done," said they, "for a Prince who suffers those who take up his defence to be sent to the scaffold,—who, far from trying to protect them, finds informers against them among his own family?" Of all the faults committed by the Court, this was the most unpardonable. Excuses may be found for want of experience, resolution, and strength of mind; but to deliver up one's friends out of fear,—to abandon them without once raising a hand to save them from the scaffold, is unpardonable baseness! M. de Favras was sentenced to death. I was on duty on the Quai Pelletier, when the unfortunate man passed it in a cart, with a halter round his neck, and his hands tied before his breast. His confessor seemed as dejected as though he himself had been doomed to die. Favras, on the contrary, by his noble attitude, his proud and animated look, reminded me of Samblançay, on whose death Marot made those celebrated lines, "Lorsque Maillard," &c. He walked up to the Hôtel de Ville, uttered a few noble sentences, took great care not to expose the man who had so cruelly betrayed him, and courageously submitted to his fate. Some wretches

were base enough to applaud. A few days before his death, he expressed a wish to see M. Talon, the Advocate-general. To him he told in confidence all the particulars of his plan, and the orders he had received from the Count de Provence. "Have you these orders in writing?" asked the magistrate. "No."—"In that case you have nothing to do but to recommend to the King's generosity your wife and children, for you are a lost man." I heard twenty years ago, at Dresden, that the family of the unfortunate Favras lived in Bohemia in the greatest misery. My indignation at the strange and odious conduct of the Court in this affair was so strong, that I made no secret of it to M. d'Ormesson. "You are too young," he said, "and at too great a distance from the Court, to be able to judge of its motives. Supposing even M. de Favras had received orders, could the Royal Family acknowledge them? That man's death is undoubtedly a very unfortunate circumstance, but it was a necessary sacrifice to the King's safety. A subject's duty is to die for his master. He has perished, the victim of his loyalty. He has suffered an ignominious death; but God will receive him in grace, and his sentence will be

rectified by posterity." I had too much respect for M. d'Ormesson to make any reply; but he must certainly have perceived that he had not convinced me.

Twenty-eight years have now elapsed since the death of M. de Favras. I have read more than twenty times over all the particulars of his trial. Neither age, knowledge of mankind, experience, nor the various events I have witnessed, have had power to weaken or modify the first impression I received. I am still convinced that those who sacrificed him were guilty of a total want of honesty and good policy, and acted with the utmost baseness. By his conduct in this affair the King was irretrievably lost; and a part of his family inspired sentiments of hatred and contempt that still subsist to this day. Those sentiments were not felt alone by those who were by birth and rank connected with royalty; they were shared by every honest citizen.* Many years after-

* The reader must here not lose sight of the peculiar situation in which Count Lavallette was placed, as a devoted friend of the Emperor and a *personal* enemy of Louis XVIII. A very different account of the affair of M. de Favras may be found in *Bertrand de Moleville, Hist. de la Revolution*, vol. ii. page 341.—*(Note of the Translator.)*

wards I discovered in all classes the same energetic indignation; and when Louis XVIII. re-entered the metropolis, all those who were not led away by the enthusiasm of novelty, and the number was great, had at the bottom of their heart and on their lips the name of the unfortunate Favras.

This enterprise, which so fatally terminated, augmented the distrust of the people, and was of wonderful service to the revolutionary party. Those who still believed that the King really intended to give the people their promised advantages were undeceived, and his enemies turned it to account to envenom their accusations. Libels were spread about with so much profusion and such rapidity, that it became impossible for the Court to offer any defence. It was about that time that the rage of emigration began. It appeared an easier task to go to Coblentz to threaten, than to remain in Paris to assist the King, or to commence in the provinces a civil war, the chances of which would at that time have been doubtful, especially when waged by men who were unable to cast off their luxurious habits, and who, unknown to themselves, carried in their breasts some of the seeds of the Revolution; that is to say, want of discipline and subordination, discon-

tent, and a taste for innovation. The Royal Family remained, therefore, surrounded by a few hundred noblemen, whom duty, or the most noble and courageous fidelity, still retained in France; but this fidelity was accompanied with so much hatred of the patriots, and so much foolish presumption, that it proved more dangerous than useful to their master. They were jealous of the National Guards who did duty in the palace; their everlasting derision and threats disgusted all the citizens honestly attached to the King. As soldiers, the National Guard undoubtedly were not undeserving of some little ridicule; but ought they to have been thus irritated whilst they were giving such disinterested proofs of fidelity, and when they might have been so extremely useful? The commander-in-chief of the Guards was more particularly the object of their bitter satires. This soured our temper, and I observed with regret, that many honest men who would have laid down their lives for the King, took the fatal resolution of abandoning him. I must say, however, that the Royal Family were far from approving the conduct of their pretended friends. The King and Queen always showed the greatest affability to the National Guards; but their example was not followed, nor were

even their remonstrances listened to. I may quote one instance, of which the consequences were fatal. The Duke of Orleans had for some time felt that he stood in an equivocal light, and that his position at Court was unworthy of his name and character. He wished to come to a reconciliation with the King and Queen. A negociation, prudently managed, succeeded completely. It was agreed that the first Prince of the blood should come publicly to pay his respects,—I think it was on Easter Sunday. The apartments were crowded. The Prince appeared at the moment dinner was being served up to the Royal Family. Immediately some silly young men, thinking themselves very clever, cried out—"Take care of the dishes! Here comes the Duke of Orleans!" Another imagined he was doing some wonderful achievement in brushing by the Prince, and saying insolently—"That was a kick." The Prince, seeing himself thus insulted in the King's presence, left the palace abruptly, convinced that the Queen had drawn him into an odious snare. From that moment he joined the most violent of the factions, and the fatal and shameful consequences of that step are but too well known.

CHAPTER IV.

Departure of Louis XVI. for Varennes, and his return.—The Legislative Assembly.—Beginning of the War.—Riot of the 20th of June.—False hopes of the Royalists.—Attempts of M. de Lafayette in favour of the King.—Failure of those attempts, and flight of Lafayette.

The members of the Constituent Assembly were still chiefly occupied in preparing an ill-combined constitution; by it, however, they laid the foundation of the Representative System, which cost us so dear, but by which alone France can be saved. All the powers of the state became vested in that Assembly, from the time that the King was unable to wield them. Public Opinion, a jealous and capricious sovereign, had commenced her stormy reign: Louis, whom she was driving from his throne, aware that his strength no longer reigned, imagined that he should recover his sceptre and his crown, where his brother, and the small troop

of emigrants that surrounded him, were under foreign control assuming a threatening attitude. As he could not hope to find any Frenchman that would aid his flight, the King confided his design to a foreigner, the Swedish Ambassador. The plan was executed with an address and a zeal deserving of better success than it obtained. The 21st of June, at eight o'clock in the morning, the city learned with the greatest astonishment that the whole Royal Family had disappeared: but the first feeling of surprise was immediately succeeded by an indifference so general, and by so decided a resolution to dispense with the King, and with the royal authority of king, that the grand question of a Republic seemed decided. However, some persons, ashamed of having been deceived, wished to stop the fugitives. The particulars of the King's arrest at Varennes are well known. The post-master, Drouet, with whom I became acquainted a long time afterwards, told me that the King might have passed without hindrance, if he had mounted on horseback the moment he was stopped. Drouet was then too agitated to have acted in such a case with decision. Besides, the escort was more than sufficient to overawe the few persons whom curiosity had

drawn round the carriage; and even when the tocsin had collected a greater number, a few firm words from the King would have dispersed them or checked them: but the King would not, or rather dared not speak. How severely would history have judged this Prince, had he been less unfortunate!

His return to Paris was at the same time a most dismal and most imposing scene. An immense population crowded around him as he passed; a hundred thousand armed men lined the road and the Champs Elysées, to the Tuileries: a feeling of delicacy, as well as pride, dictated to this multitude the deepest silence. A man deprived of the faculty of hearing might have fancied he saw the triumphant entrance of a conqueror, whilst, in truth, the solemn scene was only an escort of prisoners. This was the second time they passed in agony the square embellished with the statue of Louis XV.; they were destined to visit it once more, and there to suffer by the hands of the executioner. The sight of that family was heart-rending. Their incomprehensible fate excited horror in some, whilst the timid recoiled from them as from beings bearing a mark of inevitable doom, and whose approach brought with it the contagion of misfortune.

The National Assembly adopted the only reasonable course left to that body, namely, to suspend the royal functions. Louis, on the contrary, chose the worst possible course,—that of wishing to remain a king, after his flight had proved his resolution not to execute sincerely the new laws, and his antipathy for all that had taken place since the Revolution. His forced return, and all the circumstances with which it was accompanied, had degraded the majesty of the throne, and dissipated those illusions, without which royalty cannot exist in France. A short time afterwards, the constitution was completed and presented to him for acceptance. He signed it, and here begins that long series of acts with which he was reproached in his trial. All things are difficult to a weak mind. A thousand dangers presented themselves to the King's imagination, and it must be owned that he was still more unfortunate in the people that surrounded him, than in his own disposition. A crowd of ambitious men besieged the gates of his palace. The King, who himself had no faith in the constitution, chose ministers who wished to make it serve their private ends, and who sometimes indeed struggled with the public folly, but more frequently ca-

ressed it. At first the King was suffered to try quietly enough the scanty prerogatives of a constitutional royalty. He was allowed to form a guard for the protection of his person, but he entrusted the command of it to friends of his own, who were enemies of the Revolution. The law completed this guard with non-commissioned officers and privates influenced by the revolutionary spirit, and a few sons of citizens were admitted into it as a proof of the King's sincerity. The division between these different elements surpassed the most sanguine hopes of the Republicans, besides which the King took no pains to attach his new guards to his person: attentions, kind words, and all that amiability of manner by which men are won, had been since Henry IV. unknown to his posterity; a contemptuous etiquette scorned the use of such means, and regarded them as vulgar intrigue. The consequence was, that the Assembly, under I know not what pretence, disbanded this troop, which already amounted to fifteen hundred men. Two obscure municipal officers came to the Palace of the Tuileries, induced the Guards to follow them to the military school, where they peaceably laid down their arms; the next morning not a trace of them was remaining.

By a chain of those extraordinary circumstances which belong to the history of our age, there arose from the ranks of these obscure soldiers, who thus passed under the most ignominious yoke, a Marshal of France (Bessieres), a man equally distinguished by his gallantry and by his faithful devotion to his master, when acknowledged as king by all the sovereigns of Europe. The life of Bessieres was distinguished by brilliant feats of valour, and would have occupied many bright pages in history, had he not in his latter days disgraced his crown of glory by odious ingratitude towards his benefactor.

The Constituent Assembly, fatigued by long struggles, had resolved, as much perhaps out of disinterestedness as discouragement, to abandon the field of battle. It was succeeded by the Legislative Assembly, who found itself surrounded by hatred of royalty among the people, hatred of the constitution on the part of the King, discouragement in the hearts of all honest men, and a faction full of energy in favour of a republic. The Assembly divided under two banners. The most numerous party, and, what is more singular, the most talented one, set to work at the destruction of the

monarchy, with an ardour and a blindness so inexplicable, that the members of that party, who still survive, have never been able to assign any reasonable motives to justify so much fury. The Legislative Assembly, on opening, received the King in a very indecorous manner, and the Book of the Constitution with a ridiculous solemnity. It is sufficient to point out to a people the road to ruin and degradation, and they will stride in it with giant's steps. In the present circumstance they did not mistake the mark. They began by loading the King with obloquy, and then they ridiculed the constitution itself. But the King was a defenceless victim held in reserve, whom they were sure of finding whenever they might be disposed to sacrifice him. First of all, it was necessary to overthrow the fundamental laws. The constitution was therefore attacked in its essence,—in the Ministers and the King that were to put it in execution and protect it. During the last three years, a boundless profusion of laws had been enacted,—a circumstance which deprived them of solemnity, their most necessary appendage. It was consequently not very difficult to bring them into contempt. After them nothing remained but the

sovereign, despoiled and insulted, a true *Ecce homo!* who had borne the greatest outrages, and had not resolution to look in the face a people whose first and constant idol had always been courage. They were to overthrow that King, and never was design wrought with more open audacity. The numerous insults, their regular progress, their variety until the terrible day of the fall,—all was calculated with a coolness and a depth of combination, of which there is no other example in history. If the hour of destruction were protracted, no merit is due to the exertions of the Court. The abettors of the Revolution wanted to dispose all things according to their plan, and one of their chief points was to degrade their victim before they slaughtered him.

However, the sovereigns of Europe now began to imagine that they ought not to remain idle spectators of our contentions. The French Revolution had not alarmed them, for they hoped that our troubles would weaken us. The power of our brilliant nation had made others pay dearly for our glory; and our civilization, which they were forced to admit amongst themselves, wounded their pride. But when, at last, they saw that the great question of

social organization assailed their thrones, they resolved to stop the torrent that threatened them. Two of the sovereigns had a conference together, and with the Elector of Saxony at Pilnitz, who, although too wise to approve of their plans, was still, as a monarch, too weak to reject them. Thus, in conjunction with an emperor of Austria and a successor of Frederick the Great, a French prince was planning the dismemberment of France, without uttering a word in the defence of his country. The news of this act, so like the partition of Poland, fell on Paris like a thunderbolt. The great question of war was discussed in the Legislative Assembly. The debates that took place there had less influence on public opinion than those of the Jacobin Club, where Robespierre began to rule. This man voted against the war. Was it a forewarning that military glory would one day be fatal to him? Did he fear that the French would be beaten?—that foreigners would overthrow the Republic he wanted to raise up, and punish him for the crimes he was about to commit? However, in spite of his faction, war was resolved on. It was undoubtedly the wisest measure; for the enemy was resolved to begin, and France, ill prepared,

would have lost all the advantages of the attack. The King gave the command of the army to generals who had taken part in the Revolution, such as Messrs. Lafayette, Luckner, Montesquiou, Biron, De Broglie, Custines, Kellerman, Beauharnais, &c.

But the Jacobins, who already possessed a formidable power, had by far outrun the patriots of 1789. Their cherished government was the Republic, whilst the latter remained true to the constitutional Monarchy. The first action of the war was disgraceful. Our troops attempted an attack on the enemy at Mons, but were repulsed in such confusion, that if the uprightness of our generals had not been so well known, the affair might have seemed concerted either with the Court or with the Jacobins. M. de Dillon, one of the commanders, was, on his return, assassinated by his soldiers, exasperated at the disgrace they had suffered. But in Paris, the Jacobins threw all the blame on the King, and persuaded the people that it was impossible for the troops to gain a victory when commanded by generals appointed by him. In fact, the monarch having no more power, was unable to transmit energy and discipline to the army. The generals themselves,

placed in a most false position, and foreseeing political changes, no longer knew for whom they fought. The soil of France was undoubtedly to be protected; but it was necessary to know in favour of what government. All the generals were noblemen; they had wished for freedom, but with a monarchy; and the principles of the Jacobins could not be very pleasing to them. The latter resolved to put an end to all uncertainty, by hastening the fall of the throne and the establishment of a republic.

I have already described how the National Guards, who were the King's real defenders, had been discouraged by the Court; they were afterwards intimidated by the faction of the Jacobins. The destruction of the throne, and the establishment of a republic, determined and proclaimed by furious men, whom torrents of blood were incapable of withholding, spread dismay among the respectable citizens of the metropolis. Had they been gifted with but a small portion of energy, had unity reigned among them, and had they themselves known how numerous they were, the throne would have been preserved. But could obscure citizens be required to show that foresight in

which men of the highest rank had been wanting? Could they be expected to die for a sovereign who did not choose to defend himself? They in consequence kept aloof, and the disaffected, delivered of that obstacle, had only the regiment of Swiss Guards to conquer. The King had preferred being protected by them, because he thought it easier to pay foreign troops than to gain the good-will of the French. The Jacobins found but little difficulty in exciting the people against the Swiss; and, thanks to their speeches and writings, the fury of the citizens equalled that of Spanish bulls at the sight of a red flag. "Why," said they, "do Swiss peasants act as guards to the King of the French? Why do those men, so foreign to our customs, our manners, and our language, place themselves between the people and their constitutional King? Are there no more French soldiers? The National Guards have lost the confidence of the Court, who seek the protection of foreigners, and a time will come when foreigners will triumph over them. The Royal Family, the generals, the foreign powers, are bound by a secret compact, the execution of which grows every day more visible. There is treason every

where, and if adequate measures are not soon taken, all France, but particularly Paris, will be delivered up to fire and sword. Not a moment must be lost."

Sedition of this sort was circulated in a thousand pamphlets, and repeated in all the assemblies of the mob with that vulgar energy so powerful over them. It afforded increased excitement to minds in which all ideas of order or submission were long since obliterated. The Jacobins began their operations; but they wished to begin by a trial, in the hope of gaining amidst the fury of a new riot what might perhaps not succeed in a regular attack. On the 20th of June, the whole faubourgs set themselves in motion, and came down to the Palace of the Tuileries, under the pretence of claiming from the King his assent to several decrees he had rejected. General Lafayette was no longer in Paris; the heads of the divisions commanded by turns the National Guards, but none of them had any influence. The orders that were given to the citizens to assemble at the palace were not executed, and the Royal Family had only to depend on its own influence and that of the courtiers who did not show themselves. The rebels entered

the palace, broke open the doors, and advanced to the apartments of the King, who came to meet them with noble spirit. The sight of the monarch, and the calmness of his manner, disconcerted those who marched foremost, and who were probably the most desperate of the gang. That first moment saved the King and his family. The shouts and imprecations of the mob that followed were without effect. The opportunity was lost for slaughter, and the rebels attempted in vain to regain their advantage. A sort of strange dialogue took place between the King and the leaders of the mob. The vanity of the latter was flattered, but the monarch could not avoid the humiliation of putting on the red cap. The roof rang with horrible cries and frightful abuse. The Queen, in particular, was the object of most terrible threats, and she was present all the while. This time the King's condescension was not an act of weakness. His fate must be deplored, and the barbarous insult of the red cap must be considered in the same light as the crown of thorns placed on the head of the Christian lawgiver.* That despicable triumph

* Le Legislateur du Chrêtiens. The translator begs his reader's pardon for M. Lavallette's impiety.

satisfied the Jacobins. They let the mob depart, firmly resolved, however, to take more decided measures.

The 20th of June was a signal victory for the rebels; but did it cause the Court and the Royalists, who prided themselves in being so courageous and powerful, to open their eyes? If the King still entertained hopes, they could only be founded on the enemies of France. A pitiful resource! Ought he not to have felt that their triumph would be a sentence of death for him? When a great body of men, led by bold and able chiefs, have once placed outrage and violence between themselves and reconciliation, their success can only be ensured by crimes. One step alone, and the noblest, remained to be taken by the King;—that was, abdication: he should have laid down all the ensigns of royalty, have left the Tuileries in broad daylight, on foot, surrounded by his family, and, after having disbanded his guards, put his life in the hands of the magistrates. That would have been a bold act; but the King had no comprehension of such a step.

I know that it is easy to reason on events after they are passed; but in this case the monarch's conduct was traced out by circum-

stances. He had no more hope left;—no more friends whose devotion amounted to the sacrifice of their lives;—no more power, for his enemies turned it against him. When disgraced on the throne, it was high time to become a private citizen. Such a noble step would have struck awe in the minds of every one. In the eyes of the people, he had been till then an every-day king; but that king, divesting himself of his purple robes, stepping down from the throne, and saying to the nation, "I have governed you during eighteen years with moderation; you deprive me of the necessary power to hold the reins of the state; you wish for a republic: establish one; I submit to your will. In giving up the throne, I only ask for the lives of my wife and children. As for myself, I remain in your hands. You may subject me to insult and bodily suffering; but my soul belongs to God,—you can neither enfeeble nor debase it." I am much mistaken if such words addressed to the French people would not have deeply touched and perhaps reclaimed them. Instead of that, the unfortunate monarch wished to retain a sceptre already broken in his hands:—the result is but too well known.

Among the persons whom I met in society, my attachment to the royal cause particularly attracted the attention of the Marquis de Verdière. He was an old man, of an ardent and chivalrous mind. His long services in India had raised him to the rank of a major-general. He was not rich, and at the age of sixty-five he came to court dangers in defence of his King, with as much spirit as he formerly had sought them in battle for the sake of glory. That amiable old gentleman had conceived a particular friendship for me. I used to see him every day, especially in the interval between the 20th of June and the 10th of August. It was through him that I was enabled to form some idea of all the childish delusions with which the poor defenders of the King fed their fantastic hopes. They had suffered during three years all the insults of their enemies, and instead of fixing their eyes on the inevitable future, they triumphed when perchance some biting pamphlet, well seasoned with witty sarcasms, was published with success. I frequently left the Marquis in the evening hopeless and dejected, and the next morning he appeared full of the most extravagant hopes:—letters had been received from

Coblentz, announcing the advance of three formidable armies, or one of the provinces had risen up in arms, or some secret plot was to burst like thunder and level the Jacobins with the dust. Even after the 20th of June he still dreamed of the most decided successes: an immense party was forming among the National Guards, under the protection of the Ministry, and the federation of the 14th of July was to give the signal of the King's triumph over his enemies. The long wished-for day came at last, and brought with it only fresh insults to the unfortunate monarch.

The inhabitants of Paris were at that time infatuated with a deputy of the Legislative Assembly, called Petion. He was a member for one of the departments of the late province of Picardy. I have in vain consulted my memory to discover in what manner he became mayor of Paris. The publications of the time have recorded of him not one action, not one speech, capable of explaining his celebrity. It is however probable that his party found him possessed of some talent, or they would not have conferred on him the highest magistracy of the metropolis, at a period when that office gave so much influence over the Assembly to

the man who enjoyed it. Petion was in the meridian of life; he was a man of tall stature and dignified appearance; his manners were polite, and his character bold, which latter quality was, I suppose, the circumstance that determined the choice of his party. Perhaps however that boldness was nothing more than ambition in a shallow mind; for nothing resembles courage more than ignorance of danger. Petion was then the idol of the people. He succeeded M. Bailly, who, a little while beforehand, had exercised the greatest rigour of the law against the rebels who assembled in the Champ de Mars to proclaim the Republic. On their refusal to disperse, he hoisted the red flag as a signal that martial law was to be executed, and gave orders to fire upon them. A mayor who, on the contrary, caressed the caprice of the mob, and who had devoted himself entirely to the republicans, could not fail to excite considerable enthusiasm. On the 14th of July, Petion appeared at the head of all the most vulgar and turbulent part of the populace of Paris. Above one hundred thousand men wore on their hats, in large characters, the inscription: *Petion or death.* This was the watch-word of the day, and appeared

like a fundamental maxim of the horrible anarchy that was about to exercise its fury.

The King was dragged to the ceremony with his family. There he heard once more, and not for the last time, expressions of hatred and rage. He took his station in the same palace, and at the same window, where two years before the better portion of the nation had assembled in his presence to render him the homage of veneration and gratitude, which was then sincere. Undoubtedly at that time the illusion which a faithful people had impressed on the King's mind was removed, and this new and gloomy representation must have appeared to him as the consequence of the first, but how different in the eyes of those who observed with attention the succession of events!— In 1790, a great people, inflamed by liberty, powerful by the consciousness of their strength and their rights, demanded sincerely a monarchy founded on law: the most affectionate concord seemed to reign between the people and the sovereign. The storms of July and October 1789, the agitations which had taken place in some of the provinces, had grieved all honest men, who detested them from the bottom of their hearts. Love for the monarch, and an abhorrence of anarchy, seemed a sacred

pledge that France would be no more troubled by it. In the month of July 1792, on the contrary, that nation, so generous, so united, had in a manner disappeared before a horde of barbarians. Feelings of hatred and revenge had succeeded nobler sentiments. The monarch, but lately so beloved by the country, and his family, her most cherished hope, were disgraced by cruel insults, and dragged to the public squares like as to the place of execution. At the ceremony of the Federation, the King was forced to pass between two files of ruffians uttering insult and threats of rage, on his way to the Champ de Mars, to swear once more that he would maintain a Constitution he had signed in spite of himself, and that had already disappeared under the rebels' feet.

M. de Lafayette, having received the account of the criminal attempt of the 20th of June, wanted to lead his army to Paris to protect the King against the Republicans; but he soon discovered that all feeling of love, and even of interest for the fate of the monarch, was extinguished in the hearts of his soldiers. A King seemed now to be a thing superfluous, or out of place, in the constitution. The army was in the enemy's presence; its chief desire was to wash off the disgrace of its first defeats,

and to lay by victory the foundation of national independence. M. de Lafayette had the noble courage to attempt alone what he could not obtain of his army. He came to Paris, appeared at the bar of the Assembly, complained with energy of the insults the King had suffered, of the acknowledged plan of destroying the Constitution, and of the anarchy with which France was threatened. This noble step, although supported by the minority of the Assembly, did not succeed, and Lafayette was on the point of being impeached. From thence he went to the Palace of the Tuileries, where he was received with coolness. Instead of appearing grateful for this act of fidelity, the prejudices of the Royal Family were so strong, that it is said the Queen declared she would prefer dying to being served by such an enemy. The General left Paris, sorely grieved for the fate of his King and country. He was soon followed by the emissaries of the municipality; and a few days after his return to the camp, he was obliged to fly to a foreign country for refuge; but, instead of finding that refuge, he was, in violation of all the laws of nations, made a prisoner in the dungeons of Austria.

CHAPTER V.

Preparations for the 10th of August.—My Company repairs to the Tuileries.—The King retires to the Assembly.—Attack of the Palace.—Dissolution of the Legislative Assembly.—The Girondines.

THE enterprise of M. de Lafayette, notwithstanding its ill success, made the Jacobins sensible that they had not a moment to lose for the accomplishment of their plans. The Court was upon its guard: it was no longer possible to attempt assassination; an attack by open force was in consequence resolved and fixed on for the 4th of August. But whether the conspirators were not yet ready, or whether that day had only been named to deceive the Court, the attack did not then take place. M. de Verdière passed all day at the Palace, and on returning in the evening, he used to make me share his fears without being able to inspire me with his hopes. He told me that emissaries

were dispersed through all the suburbs, and even in the club of the Jacobins itself; that all their designs were known; that the National Guards were commanded by M. Mandar, a late officer of the Gardes Françaises; that on the first order he might give, twenty thousand citizens would rise in arms; that all the loyal nobility and citizens of Paris would go to the Palace; that the King would mount his horse; and that the day intended for his ruin, would be his triumph. I did all I could to convince him that the National Guards would not march; that they had lost all confidence in their own power; that they were divided in their opinions, and, above all, discouraged; in one word, that they were afraid of the Jacobins. I observed that M. Mandar was scarcely known, and inspired no confidence; that three or four battalions of gallant men would be insufficient to repulse the aggressors, who were the whole populace of Paris; that the Swiss Guards were objects of horror, and would be overpowered by the irritated people; that it would, therefore, be wiser to make use of the protection of these troops, for the purpose of leaving Paris and retiring towards Normandy, where a numerous body of cavalry might join the

Court. I insisted chiefly on the necessity of leaving the Tuileries in the night. The Swiss being masters of the post at the turning bridge that communicated with the Place Louis XV. the first hours of the retreat would pass off tranquilly. But it was impossible to make Verdière listen to reason. He continually referred to the marks of courage and loyalty exhibited in petitions signed by two hundred and twenty thousand citizens, who every day, and on every occasion, openly declared their love for their King, and their implacable hatred of the rebels. "These are only signs manual," I said; "the citizens will fly on the firing of the first cannon. You do not know what it is to hear women lament and children cry. The good people will retire to their beds and weep." I was unable to convince him; and he was a faithful echo of all those who surrounded the Royal Family. However, this noble old man behaved very gallantly; he escaped by a miracle the massacre at the Palace, went to Coblentz, and having returned to Paris a short time afterwards, he perished on the scaffold.

The 10th of August was at last decidedly fixed upon by the conspirators. The battalion of St. Antoine, in which I served, was not de-

cided to take any share in the day, although it was commanded by a staunch royalist; but my company of chasseurs was under the orders of a young architect named Bleve, a man of determined spirit, and one in whom we placed entire confidence. He sent us word at two o'clock in the morning. The greatest part of the company joined him, and at four we set off for the Tuileries. A dismal sight presented itself to us in the way. Numerous groups of common people, armed with sabres, pikes, and pistols, crossed the Rue St. Antoine, going towards the suburb, and casting threatening looks, as if they were surprised to see us march another way. Some of them abused us, others called their neighbours. The women were at the windows, or in the streets, embracing with tears their husbands and sons. The gloomy energy of these men was depicted in their countenances and motions. As we advanced, the deepest silence reigned on the quays; daylight seemed to recoil before the sacrilegious spectacle of a city abandoned to all the horrors of civil war and crime.

We arrived in the court of the Tuileries a little before five o'clock. At that time the Palace had not the imposing aspect which now ren-

ders it one of the most noble royal residences. The large court, separated in all its length from the square by an iron railing, was divided in three parts, each encumbered by houses and walls. Instead of the railing there were old decayed buildings, occupied by tradespeople, and the grand entrance closed with a folding door. A short while after we had arrived in the middle court, a company of artillery of the sections of the Blancs Monteaux entered with two field-pieces, crying *Vive le Roi!* The battalions of the Petits Pires and the Filles St. Thomas had preceded us, and were drawn up in line of battle in the court. We soon joined together, interchanging the most touching tokens of friendship for one another, attachment to the King, and hatred of the rebels.

At five o'clock we learned that the King was going to review us. He soon appeared, accompanied by a few officers of his household and about twenty persons in plain dresses, armed with pistols and muskets. His cold tranquillity and apathy under such terrible circumstances produced a painful impression. He addressed to us, as he was passing by, a few words we did not hear, and returned to the palace. This scene made a dismal impression upon us,

but it was quickly dissipated when the grenadiers of the battalion of the Filles St. Thomas proposed to us to sign a proclamation in favour of the King, written by one of their officers. We went into a room on the ground-floor, which has since served as antechamber for the home department of the council of state. The gallant author of the proclamation had been wounded a few days before by the Marseillais in the Champs Elysées, and had been carried to the Tuileries in a handbarrow. We had the pleasure of embracing him. I suspect he must have perished a few hours afterwards, and I am sorry I do not recollect his name.

The emissaries we sent to the Faubourg St. Antoine came every now and then to tell us that the enemy was setting out and would soon arrive. We were fully determined to repulse them. Nevertheless our unbounded devotedness to the royal cause could alone make us blind to the smallness of our numbers and our desperate situation. I can affirm that there were no more than three hundred men in the chief court, and none at all either in the Pavilion de Flore or in the Pavilion Marsan. The Swiss occupied all the apartments of the palace, and, to crown the whole, the general in

chief of our well-disposed army was M. de Wittinghoff, an old man above sixty, who spoke barbarous French, knew nothing either of France or Paris, was rather lame, and certainly had not the least idea of the enemies he had to oppose or the position he had to defend. In fact, if the Jacobins themselves had arranged the order of our defence, and chosen our general, they could not have done better for their own interest.

On the approach of the enemy, the King resolved to seek refuge in the Legislative Assembly. A grenadier of the National Guards informed us that he had carried the Prince Royal in his arms on the terrace of the Feuillons, and described all the insults the Royal Family had endured from the populace, who already filled that part of the garden. A little while afterwards, M. Roederer, syndic or president of the directory of the department of the Seine, came to us, and desired us, in the name of the law, not to attack, but to repel force by force. This was, no doubt, very prudent on his part; but what were we to defend? Was it the palace and its furniture? or did not the King, by leaving his residence and going to the Assembly, seem to declare that he surrendered him-

self up to that Assembly, which was now the sovereign authority, and whence we were to receive our orders? The King's retreat, and the speech of M. Roederer, spread discouragement and confusion among the National Guards; the cannoniers of the battalion of Blancs Monteaux threw down their matches, stamped upon them, and said there was nothing more to be done, there being no King to defend.

During this scene, I was on duty at the gate of the court, facing a Swiss, an absolute machine, with whom it was impossible to exchange a word. But an aide-de-camp of General Wittinghoff passing near me, I asked him what his general intended doing. He shrugged up his shoulders and said, "I do not think he knows himself; but I believe we are in an awkward situation. We have to fight the Marseillais: I know the people of Provence; and if the plan is to spare them, we are lost."—He had scarcely spoken, when howlings gave us notice of the enemy's approach, and the doors soon gave way to the repeated blows of the thick beams with which they struck them. All the guards that were in the court dispersed, and I followed gravely my Swiss companion, who, according to the orders he had received, returned at a slow

pace to the palace, and we entered together the saloon of the guards.

The Swiss were ranged on the two sides of the great staircase, and in all the apartments facing the windows, three in depth. The officers were trying to stimulate them, but their faltering voices betrayed their consternation. I had expected to find National Guards in the palace. Surprised to see nothing but foreigners, I was uncertain as to the manner I should act, when a Swiss officer, taking me by the arm, begged me to accompany him to the garden, where his company was stationed. My regimentals were a sort of protection. We went down together to the first landing-place, facing the door that leads to the old chamber of the council of state. There we found the great staircase barred by a beam, and defended by several Swiss officers, who were politely disputing the way with about fifty men, whose dress made them look like robbers in a melodrama. They were intoxicated, and their coarse accent betrayed their origin; they came from Marseilles. The officer repeatedly told them that the Royal Family were gone to the Assembly, that there was nobody in the palace, and that the Swiss had received a positive order

to defend its entrance. But reason was of no avail with them. "We will enter! we will examine all the apartments!" was their only answer, mingled with cries of "Vive la Nation!" The soldiers, by command of the officers, returned in bad French the same cries, and raised their hats on their bayonets. At last the conspirators succeeded. The barrier gave way to their efforts; they forced their passage, and we seized the opportunity to go down. We were still in the vestibule, when a well-directed fire began from the apartments, and almost at the same moment the cannon were heard. I am convinced that the Swiss fired first; my memory has never for a moment deceived me in respect to that circumstance. It is, however, useless to discuss the point; for it is certain that the conspirators came with a view to attack the King: if the Swiss began to fire, it must have been because the Court had hopes of gaining the victory. But in that case the Swiss ought to have gone down, or rather to have marched against the enemy, and have attacked him in the streets before he had time to draw up his ranks in the square. It seems that the plan was to attack the enemy's flank, as some Swiss, posted in the court of Marsan,

made a sortie, and even took two field-pieces; but they were repulsed. The first discharges from the palace had killed or wounded a great many, and the principal court had been quickly evacuated; but the cannonade brought disorder and consternation into the ranks of the Swiss. They abandoned the windows; the enemy advanced with renewed courage, crossed the court, and rushed into the apartments. The unfortunate Swiss were unable to defend themselves any longer. The most horrible massacre began, and terminated only when the last of them fell. They were pursued from chamber to chamber; the most obscure corner, the most solitary cabinets, even the chimneys into which some had crept, could not save them. They were thrown out of the windows, and their bodies were stripped and exposed to the barbarous derision of women of the lowest class, as those of the murdered Protestants after St. Bartholomew's were subjected to the indecent railleries of the ladies of the Court.

Two hours sufficed to exterminate twelve hundred warlike and well-disciplined soldiers commanded by brave and devoted officers. Three or four hundred noblemen stationed in the apartments that join the Pavilion de Flore,

and who were undoubtedly designed to attack the enemy's left flank, had the good luck to escape through the gallery of the Louvre. They had been hoping for a triumph in the result of the battle.

A battle it really was, and ability as well as courage ensured the success of the revolution party. The manner in which the royal troops were disposed, was, as I mentioned above, quite contrary to common sense. The throne and the existence of the Royal Family were at stake, and they were trusted to an old Courlander in the service of France, and to Swiss soldiers. In such a populous metropolis, where so many brave men might have come to assist the monarch, he was left with only four hundred defenders. The King might at least have stimulated his troops by his presence and his courage; instead of which, he left them in the decisive moment to seek refuge among his most inveterate enemies. On the part of the conspirators the plan for the attack had been well combined; the vanguard was composed of Marseillais and enthusiasts, who feared no danger and looked upon death as a glorious martyrdom. The army was protected by fifty cannons, well served, and had determined chiefs.

Among these were principally distinguished an Alsatian named Westermann, who acquired a great name in the war of the Vendée afterwards, and Ragowski, a Polish refugee, a well-informed man, and tutor to the son of one of the first noblemen of France. Forced to leave his country, after having fought for his liberty, he had carried to his new home all the hatred he entertained for the treachery of his sovereign. Louis XVI. appeared to him as guilty as Poniatowski; and he seemed on the 10th of August inspired with a wish to avenge the indifference which the cabinet of Versailles had shown to Poland at the time of her first misfortunes. He was killed at the head of the column he commanded.

Cannon balls fell on all sides in the garden of the Tuileries. I sought refuge in the Legislative Body. What a scene did I witness there! The King and his family were crowded into a reporter's box near the President. The King remained motionless, and affected the air of an indifferent spectator; the Queen softly pressed her children to her bosom, and seemed from time to time to wipe away her tears with her handkerchief. In the hall some persons showed marks of fear, while others took pains

to disguise their fury and their satisfaction; all betrayed an agitation, an anxiety that did not allow them to remain in their places. The debates continued, however, with an appearance of order, on subjects foreign to the terrible tragedy that was acting. Victory was at last announced by the conquerors themselves bearing into the hall the spoil of the palace, and proclaiming the massacre of the vanquished amidst furious cries of "The Nation for ever! Death to all traitors!" The King had been obliged, in the beginning of the contest, to sign an order forbidding the advance of the Swiss battalion at Courbevoye; and it is a circumstance worthy of remark, that the Court, being resolved to defend itself, did not call in that battalion during the night.

I left the melancholy scene and went to the Marquis de Verdière. The unfortunate old man was not yet come home, but he soon arrived, half dead with despair and fatigue. He had passed the night in the palace, and had escaped by a sort of miracle through one of the doors of the gallery of the Louvre. We embraced one another, and both of us shed tears. He was at last convinced that no hope remained, and I pressed him to leave the country as quick-

ly as possible. He wanted to take me with him, but I told him I was going to join the defenders of my country. "Your cause is no more mine," I said: "I am not born a nobleman; I have paid my debt to my Sovereign, and now my Country claims me. I must defend her against foreigners who wish to divide her for their spoil, and I shall remain faithful to her." He had no more illusions to offer me; he yielded, and we separated never to meet again. I learned since, that after having made a pilgrimage to the royalist army, where he was badly received, because he came too late, he returned to Paris, was denounced as a returned emigrant, and died on the scaffold.

The day after the 10th of August, the fate of the Royal Family was at last decided. They had passed the night in the cells of the Convent of the Feuillants, near the Hall of the Assembly. They stepped into a large coach, and were led in triumph to the tower of the Temple, along the Boulevard, and across the Place Vendôme, where the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. had already been thrown down. I wished to cast a last look on the unfortunate family before their imprisonment, and I forced my way into the mob while they were getting out of the

coach. Among the number of persons that surrounded the carriage, I observed a horrible-looking man. Half his face was covered with a long and thick beard; he was dressed in a sort of smock frock, which soon after became the uniform of the Jacobins. Though his look was haggard and furious, he seemed embarrassed on observing the anxious curiosity of those that stood around him. I asked who he was. "It is Jourdan of Avignon," was the answer; "Jourdan, Coupe-Tête." In fact, it must have been either the wretch who distinguished himself by the massacres of the Glacière d'Avignon, or some one resembling him, placed there with a view to augment the terror of the Royal family.

A few days after the 10th of August, the Legislative Assembly closed its session, and decreed that another Assembly should sit in its stead. The members of the Gironde party, who had contributed most to the fall of the Throne, hastened to get themselves re-elected.

Among the members of that party, some have so many surviving friends, that they ought not to be condemned rashly. Great praise is still bestowed on the uprightness of their intentions, their rigid honesty, their eminent talents,

and their invincible courage. I am far from disputing these two last qualities; but what was the situation of France when they entered the Legislative Assembly, and what did they do to maintain the constitution which that assembly was appointed to protect? Had it become utterly impossible to support it? Was the King an invincible obstacle, or the republican faction an enemy whose progress could no longer be stopped? Was not a courageous struggle in favour of constitutional monarchy a sacred duty? Was not unanimous, firm, and heroic resistance preferable to the miserable presumption of wishing to reign on the ruins of the throne and the constitution? I fear, history will accuse the Gironde party of having been led away by the desire of shining as orators; and it will probably be said that the greater part of them were more intent on keeping up a successful contest with the heroes of the Constituent Assembly, than impelled by the noble ambition of saving their country by following a steady line of conduct.

The last twenty days of the month of August were not lost for the revolutionary party. They knew the maxim, that a victorious general must not leave a moment's rest to his vanquished

enemy. As soon as they had shut up the Royal Family in the Temple, and butchered all the Swiss soldiers that remained in Paris and its environs, they hastened to imprison all persons suspected of being attached to the King. Noblemen, clergymen, servants of the palace, women, and even children, who had had the least connexion with the Court, were seized without any exception, and prisons were soon more numerous than playhouses. A new misfortune roused to the highest pitch the rage of the Jacobins, and filled the public with consternation: a foreign enemy obtained alarming successes, whilst the ridiculous manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick announced to the city of Paris the terrible punishment that threatened her. The frontier towns of Longuy and Verdun had surrendered; and, by a shameful and criminal policy, the sovereigns who came to assist the unfortunate Louis XVI. placed their banners on the conquered cities, as a proof that they would never restore them. The French nation, insulted in its independence, united its exertions to the fury of the Jacobins, and France was saved amidst torrents of blood.

CHAPTER VI.

Approach of the enemy.—Taking of Verdun.—The 2nd and 3rd of September.—I leave Paris and enlist.—My hopes and disappointments.—Arrival of Colonel d'Hilliers.—He joins the army of the Rhine, whence he sends me a commission of Sub-Lieutenant.—Death of Louis XVI.

The news of the surrender of Verdun, and the impossibility of stopping the advance of the enemy, reached Paris on the morning of the 2nd of September; and by five o'clock some members of the municipality began to ride about the streets on horseback with flags in their hands, and crying, "To arms!—The enemy," they added, "approaches—you are all lost! The city will be a prey to fire and pillage! Take up your swords, join the armies, and the infamous foreigners will be repulsed! You have nothing to fear from the traitors and conspirators you leave behind: they are in the hands of the patriots, and national justice will strike

them with its thunderbolts." These terrible words, repeated on all sides, spread general dismay. What was the meaning of the thunderbolt of justice? Alas! that expression was but too soon explained: about two hours after, it was reported that the prisoners were to be executed! I ran to the hall of my section, where I found M. Dutillet. He took me aside, and said, "Within an hour the prisoners at the Hôtel de la Force will be butchered. I have an order from Tallien for the release of Madame de Tourzel and her daughter. Bleve, captain of the Chasseurs, accompanies me. We want a third person: will you go with me?" I accepted most readily his proposal. It was agreed that Dutillet should enter the prison; that Bleve and he should take charge of the two ladies; and that I should accompany them, for the twofold purpose of engaging the attention of such as might stop them in a part of the town where they were so well known, and to help to defend them in case they should be attacked. We encountered no difficulty in getting the ladies out of prison; we passed along the Rue du Roi de Siècle, and boldly crossed the church of the Petit St. Antoine, where the Assembly was held. By good luck,

night was beginning to protect us; we were in no manner disturbed, and Madame de Tourzel found in the Rue St. Antoine her friends, who placed her in safety. When we returned to Dutillet's, we deliberated on the means of preventing the massacre of the prisoners of La Force. The consciousness of doing a good action augments one's courage. It was impossible to think of beating the generale without an order from the Commander-in-chief; time pressed, and, besides, the commander was Santerre, one of the leaders of the Jacobins. We had no alternative but to run to some of the National Guards whom we looked upon as the most steady. I spoke to a great many of them in the space of an hour and a half, and, notwithstanding my most pressing entreaties, I could make no impression on them. Men in the prime of life and health, in whom I thought I had discovered a strong love of liberty, feelings of humanity, and respect for the laws, remained unmoved, while I pictured to them the slaughter they were going to witness. "What can we do?" was the answer of all those I saw. I could not excite them to a noble effort. Some did not believe the massacre; others said they could not march with-

out an order from their chiefs. Some even said to me—"The prisoners are conspirators who deserve no pity: our sons are going to the army; civil war will break out; we shall perish the victims of our humanity: it is said, besides, that there will be judges, and that the innocent will be spared." The exertions of my two companions were not crowned with more success than my own; we separated at nine o'clock. The massacre was already raging in all its force. Being less known than my friends, I flew to the prison. Before the wicket that leads to the Rue des Ballets, I found about fifty men at most. These were the butchers; the rest had been drawn there by curiosity, and were perhaps more execrable than the executioners; for though they dared neither go away, nor take part in the horrid deed, still they applauded. I looked forward, and at sight of a heap of bodies still palpitating with life, I uttered a cry of horror. Two men turned round, and taking me abruptly by the collar, dragged me violently to the street, where they reproached me with imprudence, and then running away, left me alone in the dark. The horrible spectacle I had witnessed deprived me of all courage: I went home, overwhelmed with

shame and despair for humanity so execrably injured, and the French character so deplorably disgraced.

The particulars of the massacre having all been recorded in the Memoirs of the time, I need not repeat them here. I was moreover no spectator of them. They lasted three days, and, I blush while I write it, at half a mile from the different prisons, nobody would have imagined that their countrymen were at that moment butchered by hundreds. The shops were open, pleasure was going on in all its animation, and sloth rejoiced in its vacuity. All the vanities and seductions of luxury, voluptuousness and dissipation, peaceably swayed their sceptre. They feigned an ignorance of cruelties which they wanted the courage to oppose. And still their existed an Assembly, the organ and supreme protectress of the laws, ministers entrusted with executive power, a paid guard and magistrates. The unfortunate prisoners that were slaughtered had friends and relations, on whom they could not bestow a last look. They perished, after horrible agony, in the midst of the most cruel torments. Twelve hundred persons were killed in those three days.

Still, so much blood shed did not satisfy the rage of the September murderers! They were sensible that the slaughtering of twelve hundred persons would spread dismay and indignation over France and Europe. Victory was therefore become doubly necessary. National pride and the bad policy of the enemy were of wonderful service to them. In less than a fortnight, more than sixty thousand men left Paris for the army. The youths of the departments, animated by the most generous patriotism, did not wait for the example of the metropolis, and in a short time the armies were augmented threefold. I did not dare to enlist in a battalion of volunteers, being noted as an enemy of the country,—that is to say, of the Jacobins. The more indulgent blamed me: they said I was hot-headed, heedless, and had thrown myself through vanity into a party I ought to have detested. I had moreover signed all the petitions in favour of the Court, and had been at the palace on the 10th of August: that was more than sufficient for a sentence of death. Not knowing how to get away, I went and consulted one of my best friends, Bertrand, the same who has since made himself so honourably known by his talent and his devotion to the

Emperor, and who is at present at St. Helena. I had made his acquaintance at the office of the attorney, Dommanget, where he studied for the bar. His family had designed him to fill a judicial post in his province; but since the suppression of the Parliaments his studies were without aim. He acted more wisely than I had done. Instead of meddling in political quarrels, he applied himself during eighteen months, in perfect retirement, to the study of mathematics. Gifted with judgment and a tenacious character, he could not but succeed. He had just passed his examination, and having been received, he was going to Chalons to study engineering. To take me with him was not to be thought of; but he advised me to enlist in a free corps, and gave me the address of Lieutenant-Colonel d'Hilliers, who was then organizing the Legion of the Alps. Some of my friends were in the same situation as myself; we went, therefore, together to that officer. There were five of us; young, well educated, possessing some fortune, desirous to fight, but, above all, to leave Paris. M. d'Hilliers received us very well; he gave us orders for our route, and next morning, the 7th of September, at five o'clock, we were on the road

to Fontainebleau, our knapsacks on our backs, military caps on our heads, and perfectly well disguised by a sort of sailor's dress, called a Carmagnole.

I must beg leave to stop for a few moments before I enter the army. I feel a wish to cast a look behind me on my conduct during the latter years. My education had been rigid. The principles on which it was formed were excellent in all respects. Until I was twenty years old, all scenes of corruption had been carefully kept out of my sight. My parents, my tutors, all the persons who surrounded me, had shown me no examples but those of the purest morality. At a period when the most important political questions were discussed, my educators preserved me from sharing the errors that were most generally adopted. The ridiculous harangues of the section orators saved me from the wish of imitating them. To the study of the works of Montesquieu, I added those of Fenelon, Voltaire, Rousseau, Mably, &c. but the authority of the first awed me. I should have imagined I had committed a bad action if, even in language, I had swerved from the discretion a young man must be inspired with by reading such works. I was therefore wise enough to await a maturer age before I

manifested political opinions of any sort, and to consult for my conduct my conscience and my heart. These two guides kept me within the bounds of reason and modesty. The Revolution took me by surprise when I was twenty years old. I was born in too obscure a class to be acquainted with all the abuses which that Revolution was meant to correct. I think, however, I did my duty in embracing the Royal cause; and still, at this present moment, I recur with pleasure to the feelings I experienced. Nevertheless, since I grew acquainted with the emigrants, I have frequently asked myself what I had to do among those privileged persons who reckoned the commoners for nothing—I who was born a commoner? whether, after victory, they would have shown me any gratitude for having fought with them? and also, whether, in case a civil war had broken out, I should have done a good action in destroying the sacred cause of Liberty, and marching against my countrymen, and perhaps against my family? I did not wish for the new Revolution which took place four years ago, to answer some of those questions against myself. But at that time I did not yet know all I have since learned by experience.

We arrived at Auxerre on the third day after

our departure, delighted with having quitted Paris, but full of anxiety for the dear friends we had left there. The Revolution had also passed through that town, and had left bloody traces behind it. The inhabitants were full of consternation, and deploring several young clergymen, sons of the most honourable citizens, that had been slaughtered. We lodged with the uncle of one of these victims, the corpse of whom had been left for three days on a dunghill, his parents not being suffered to bury him. We thought we that ought not to remain long in that city. We set off in consequence for Autun, and we arrived next day at a village not far from Vermanton, situated amidst woods, and the inhabitants of which got their livelihood by making wooden shoes. Two days before, a bishop and two of his grand vicars, who were escaping in a post-coach, had been arrested by them. The coach was searched, and some hundred louis-d'ors having been found in it, the peasants thought the best way to gain the property would be to kill the real owners. Their new profession being more lucrative than their former one, they resolved to continue it, and in consequence set themselves on the look-out after all travellers. Our

sailors' dresses were not very promising, but we carried our heads high,— our manners seemed haughty; and so, a little hunchbacked man, an attorney of the village, guessed we might perhaps contribute to enrich them.— The inhabitants being resolved not to make any more wooden shoes, applauded the hunchback's advice. We were brought to the municipality, whence the mob followed us. The attorney placed himself on a large table, and began reading with emphasis, and in a loud voice, all our passports: Louis Amedée Auguste d'Aubonne, André Louis Leclerc de la Ronde, Marie Chamans de Lavallette. Here the rascal added the *de*, that was not in my passport. On hearing these aristocratical names, a rumour began: all the eyes directed towards us were hostile, and the hunchback cried out that our knapsacks ought to be examined. The harvest would have been rich. I was the poorest of the set, and I had five-and-twenty louis in gold. We looked upon ourselves as lost, when D'Aubonne, whose stature was tall, jumped on the table and began to harangue the assembly. He was clever at making verses, and knew besides at his fingers' ends the whole slang dictionary. He began with a volley of abuse and impre-

cations that surprised the audience; but he soon raised his style, and repeated the words—country—liberty—sovereignty of the people—with so much vehemence and such a thundering voice, that the effect was prodigious. He was interrupted by unanimous applause. The giddy-headed young man did not stop there. He imperiously ordered Leclerc de la Ronde to get upon the table. La Ronde was the cleverest mimic I ever saw. He was thirty-five years old, of a grotesque shape, and as dark as a Moor. His eyes were sunk in his head and covered with thick black eyebrows, and his nose and chin immeasurably long. D'Aubonne said to the assembly: "You will soon be able to judge whether or not we are Republicans coming from Paris." And turning to his companion, he said to him: "Answer to the Republican catechism. What is God? What are the people? What is a King?" The other, with a contrite air, a nasal voice, and winding himself about like a harlequin, answered, "God is nature; the people are the poor; a King is a lion,—a tiger,—an elephant—who tears to pieces, devours and crushes the poor people to death." It was not possible to resist this. Astonishment, shouts, enthusiasm,

were carried to the highest pitch. The orators were embraced,—hugged,—carried in triumph. The honour of lodging us grew a subject of dispute. We were forced to drink, and we were soon as much at a loss how to get away from these brutal wretches, now our friends, as we had been to escape out of their hands while they were our enemies. Luckily, D'Aubonne again found means to draw us out of this scrape. He gravely observed, that we had no time to stop, and that our country claimed the tribute of our courage. They let us go at last. On the road, my companions blamed me for having taken no share in the scene, and having maintained an air of gravity that might have become suspicious in the eyes of people who only sought a pretext to murder us. I had nothing to answer to their observations. I had admired their presence of mind and their gaiety; but my humour did not accord with such tricks. Nature cannot be forced. During the farce they had acted, I recollected a fact I had read, I think in a work of the M. Lebœuf, on the History of France during the thirteenth century. A monk of Auxerre, or Dijon, intimated to the abbot of the Benedictines of Paris, who had expressed a wish to see him, that at

his age he could not leave his country and undertake so distant and so perilous a journey. Alas! at the end of the eighteenth century, the journey was more perilous still!

From this haunt of robbers we went to Autun. One of us had letters of introduction to a member of the Legislative Assembly, who had not been distinguished in the Convention, and was afraid of showing himself at his usual abode. His family consisted of a respectable and clever wife and three charming daughters. Our stay with them might have endangered them; we therefore continued our journey. There, as well as everywhere else, terror was carried to a great height. Not a motion, not an attempt had been made to counteract the enterprises of the factious. People remained silent, or left the place, for fear of exposing themselves. The most honest were denounced, the lower classes made every body tremble with their clamour, and became everywhere masters, through the misunderstanding and want of courage of those who, having property to save, did not blush to fall back before those who had nothing to lose.

We arrived at last, on the 19th of September, at Villefranche, near Lyons, where the legion

of Montesquiou was in garrison. M. d'Hilliers had shown us a pattern of the regimentals, and had boasted to us of the discipline and good appearance of the regiment. We were to be received in the most flattering manner by the officers, all of them well-bred young men, and who would undoubtedly live as brothers with us. We formed to ourselves most delightful ideas of our new manner of living. As we got nearer to Villefranche, our excited imagination made us hasten our pace. We came to the side of a very extensive field, at the other end of which we saw some troops manœuvring. My companions, either through some illusion, or indistinctness of vision, fell into rapture at the wonderfully good order of the troops. In fact, their muskets glittered in the rays of the sun, and their lines seemed to present admirable regularity. As for me, I saw nothing but strange dresses, or rather the rags of misery; and the reader may judge of our consternation, when, on approaching, we found four or five hundred wretches in tattered garments, and none but the officers dressed in the elegant regimentals we had so much admired. We were going away, and should perhaps have taken the dangerous resolution of deserting, when an officer came up

to us, and asked us, in a strong German accent, whether we had not the honour to belong to the corps. Without waiting for the answer of my companions, I showed my *feuille de route.* They were all obliged to do the same; and, as soon as the manœuvres were finished, the officer placed us in the rear of the troop, and we entered the city, marching like experienced soldiers, but ashamed of being seen in such bad company by the fair ladies of Villefranche, who looked at us as we passed, and did not seem greatly to admire our appearance.

This still incomplete legion, whose existence, by the by, was neither long nor brilliant, consisted of the remainder of the regiment of Loyal Liegeois that had been disbanded for some wild freaks, and of young men who had enlisted for ten crowns each. They were all of them averse to discipline, and wished to fight for diversion; but the major, M. Ross, was a grave man. I have never since met with a person who carried to so great a degree as he did his enthusiasm for the military catechism, and for all the minutiæ of the service. He knew just French enough to command his troop, which consisted almost wholly of Flemings and Alsatians. After five-

and-twenty years' service he had attained the rank of major; but still M. Ross was not satisfied. Since he could no longer maintain discipline by flogging, he complained that command fatigued him. I had become his friend because he had found me exact, attentive, and serious at my exercise. "My friend," he used to say to me, "war is always fatal to an army; there is no more discipline, no more order, no more subordination: woe to the regiment that leaves its garrison for the field of battle! Oh! if you had seen the camp at Verberie or St. Omer; what a beautiful sight that was! The tents all in straight lines; the troops under arms at four o'clock in the morning, their dresses clean, admirable manœuvres; and in the evening at the calling over, nobody missing, every body ready! Now I have to command nothing but tattered wretches! What am I to do with these young men, whom it is impossible to keep in order? This will be a war indeed! Things will go as bad as they can. But I am resolved to retire from service." Poor man, he did, in fact, retire the following year, and I hope he lived long enough both to wonder and rejoice at our victories.

I suffered a great deal in the beginning. I

had lived in affluence in Paris in the midst of my family, by whom I was beloved, and in the society of agreeable friends. Now I was forced to live with soldiers: the serjeants vouchsafed to protect me, but the officers never cast a look on me. I began to feel some disgust; but luckily, before it was too late, I made deep reflections on my situation, and I conceived it might be possible to raise myself out of it by giving myself up entirely to the duties I had to fulfil. Till then I had passed my time in coffee-houses, or in reading novels. I left off that idle life: I studied the military law, and rigidly obeyed it in all its details; so that within six weeks I was made a corporal. My situation was growing better. I still obeyed every body, but I commanded a few.

M. d'Hilliers arrived. Our troop was soon completely equipped; and as that officer had served in the regiment of Alsace, he subjected us to such severe and rigid discipline, that in less than two months our legion could vie with the finest corps of the Northern army.

The duties prescribed for each moment, instead of discouraging me, made me fond of them. The manœuvres of a battalion gave me a desire to learn the elements of the art of

war, and I read with eagerness several new works that had lately appeared, such as "La Guerre de Poste," by Cossac; "Les Fortifications de Campagne," by De Belair, and others. My colonel, who had taken a liking to me, gave me lessons in strategy and castrametation, and taught me to understand military maps. I was soon raised to the rank of serjeant, and my hopes knew no more bounds when, all on a sudden, General Custines summoned Colonel d'Hilliers to the Rhine army, instead of General Houchard, his first aide-de-camp, who had been appointed to the command of the Moselle army.

The departure of M. d'Hilliers was a thunderstroke for me. But he promised to transfer my companions and myself to the Rhine army, and he kept his word. A short time after his arrival at Mentz, we received commissions of second-lieutenants in the 93rd regiment of infantry of the line.

It was at Bourg I received the order to go to the Rhine, and just then arrived the news of the sentence and death of the King. Although the Jacobins were masters of the town, and added, by their vociferations, consternation to the terror their threats and conduct had al-

ready inspired, still the fatal account caused a deep impression on the minds of the public. To form a just idea of that terrible sentence, we must consult a pamphlet published by M. de Chateaubriand in the beginning of 1815, wherein he explains with great sagacity the secret motive that induced so many deputies to vote for the death of Louis XVI. The municipality of Paris ruled with all the energy of savage and desperate tyranny. That body insisted at any rate on the death of the King, and threatened openly to murder the whole Royal Family, who were then in their sole power. Many deputies imagined that the only way to save the heir to the throne and his family, was to offer up the unfortunate King as a victim to popular fury. They were mistaken, but still deserving of pardon. On the other hand, if it be true that Louis XVI. signed the treaty of Pilnitz; that he persuaded the privileged classes to leave France and enlist under foreign banners; that he had agreed with his brothers and their party, that they should try to deliver him by means of a war that was to expose his country to all the horrors of invasion, though he had sworn to maintain and execute the constitution:—if all this be true, I do not hesitate to say that he was guilty; he

could reign no longer. But the Convention had no right to try him, and by putting him to death they committed a most impolitic fault. Did they not see that by taking the life of Louis XVI. they gave the crown to Louis XVIII.? that they ought to have kept the King prisoner, lest they should place a king in the hands of the enemy? that the life of a monarch so celebrated for weakness, and for false and contracted ideas, ought to have been carefully protected, as he would soon or late be succeeded by his brother, the qualities of whose mind were so superior to those of the King, and whose character, already known, would have so deplorable an influence over the destiny of France? But the Convention was pressed by passing events, inflamed by resentment, and by the contest of the 10th of August. It consisted, in a great part, of men without experience, who, seized with a fatal mania for celebrity, wished to impress the minds of the people with a sort of horror mixed with admiration, by a great act of injustice, which they called an act of national justice. They succeeded; but the revenge of Europe fell heavily on France, and France, mighty through the fury of her government, subdued the armies of Europe.

CHAPTER VII.

I arrive at Worms.—Treachery of Dumouriez.—Retreat of Custines.—He is recalled, and sentenced.—Alexander Beauharnais succeeds him.—Pichegru.—Mission of St. Just.—Atrocities of Schneider.

None but young men can well feel the happiness of wearing an epaulette, and particularly those who rise from the ranks. It is a feeling of vanity, I own; but that vanity makes heroes. I was not destined to be one; but it is not my fault, for I never felt a greater degree of incitement. During the journey, I constantly reflected on the duties I should have to fulfil. My heart beat at the thoughts of my country; I was proud at the idea of shedding my blood for her. War then raged in all its force. At every place where we stopped to rest, I read the newspapers; I questioned my landlords; and whenever I learned that the Rhine army had fought, I burned with impatience. It seemed to me as if I ran the risk of

arriving too late. All the ideas that had tormented me in Paris were forgotten; the happiness of fighting for my country had absorbed them all. If I speak of these deep impressions, that every Frenchman shared, it is because at present they are considered as criminal.

In the holy week of the year 1793 I arrived at Worms, where the second battalion of my regiment was in garrison. I went to see my colonel, M. de Loriol. He was an old man, who bore in his countenance all the austerity of a former major, and all his vexation at being obliged to command plebeian officers. He received me very ill, assigned me a company, and sent me away. I then went to my new captain. If the colonel's reception was haughty, that of the captain's was impertinent. He had served as serjeant in the King's regiment, the non-commissioned officers of which used to learn a little mathematics, to distinguish them from their comrades of other corps. This poor man consequently looked upon himself as an officer of old standing. He spoke ill of his comrades and superiors; said a number of absurdities about war, which he did not understand; and would, perhaps, have succeeded in making me very unhappy in my situation, if I

had not found a protector in M. de la Poterie, my lieutenant-colonel. This respectable gentleman invited me to come and see him frequently, and promised to advance me if I behaved well. He was killed a short time after, at the head of his battalion. His memory has always been dear to me, and I shall never forget the kindness he showed me.

The success of our armies began, however, to diminish. Our conquests had been rapid, but we were in danger of losing them again. Dumouriez, after having deceived both the Court and the Jacobins, wanted to draw the King out of the abyss, and crush his enemies. His presumption led him to hope that he should be luckier than M. Lafayette. But the army took no interest in the King, being bound by no tie to his person; and though the troops had no affection for a Provisional Government scarcely established, they still remained nobly faithful to their high duty of defending the territory, and insuring the independence of the country. Dumouriez lost Belgium, and was obliged to seek refuge in foreign countries, after having committed two disgraceful acts; — namely, treating with the enemy of his country, and delivering over the commissioners of the Con-

vention, among whom was one of his own old comrades, General Bournonville. The Army of the Rhine also was attacked by the enemy with renewed force. Frankfort was evacuated, and we retired to Mentz, and from thence farther back. General Custines left there, as commander-in-chief, General Doiré; as commander of the Engineers, Colonel Meguier; as commander of the fortified camp, Major-General Kleber; and as commander of the fortress, M. Aubert Dubayet. General Blou was ordered to leave the town at the head of a body of some thousand men, and the garrison of Worms was to cover his retreat. The command of the four battalions of that garrison was given to a young officer of the staff: this was Desaix, who subsequently distinguished himself by so many noble feats, and by his heroic character. General Blou, embarrassed in his retreat by an enormous quantity of equipages belonging to persons unconnected with the army, that had been sent out of the town, was unable to resist the imposing force of the enemy, and was obliged to re-enter the city. He and his troops contributed largely to the loss the enemy suffered during the siege.

General Custines might have taken a fine

position behind the Queich, but he preferred retiring behind the lines of the Lutter, resting on the mountains of the Vosges, and on the Rhine at Lauterbourg. The intention of the general in choosing a position so far from Mentz, a place that could not long be left to itself, was undoubtedly to take leisure to instruct and discipline a young and inexperienced army. But he was blamed by many generals, and particularly by Coquebert, one of his aides-de-camp, an officer of distinguished merit, and much esteemed by his commander, not only for his extended information in different branches of military science, but also for a frankness of character, which was perhaps not devoid of some asperity. Two days after the arrival of the head-quarters at Weissemburg, Coquebert came to the general, and after having again brought to his mind the weighty reasons that ought to have led him to prefer the position of the Queich, he said somewhat harshly, that evil reports had been the result of his contrary resolution, and that even the word treason had been pronounced. Custines immediately seized his pistols, and, throwing them on the table, cried, "If I am a traitor, blow my brains out!" Coquebert, struck with the noble indignation

of a man so unjustly aspersed, was himself confounded; and the only answer he gave his general was, to discharge one of the pistols off in his own face. He fell: his jaw-bone was broken; but he did not die of his wound. At the trial of General Custines, Coquebert was called as a witness, in the hope that he would renew his charge; but he behaved like an honourable man, completely justifying his general, and accusing himself of a fit of madness. He was subsequently taken prisoner at the battle of Hondschoote. I saw him afterwards in Paris; but probably the sufferings he experienced during his captivity deranged his intellects, for he completely lost his senses, and died in a madhouse, notwithstanding the pains that were taken for several years to cure him.

The departure of General Houchard left the post of chief of the general staff of the army vacant. Custines bestowed it on Colonel d'Hilliers, who was made a major-general, and who chose me for his aide-de-camp. I occupied that post with a great deal of pleasure, because it was an advancement, and procured me means of instruction. The army was at that time not above forty thousand strong. The generals were well chosen: most of them belonged to

that part of the nobility which had given proofs of fidelity to their country, in defending it against foreigners, but for which they were cruelly punished. Distrust of the nobility was growing stronger every day in the new government. Near the armies were placed Commissioners of the Convention, who shared the same sentiments. The extent of power with which they were invested, prompted them to misuse it. The general-in-chief was forced to communicate and discuss with them, not only his plans, but even the particulars of the service. They were the fountains of favour, and their influence soon became dangerous and fatal to the respect due to the general-in-chief. Several commanders bore impatiently the contumely with which these proconsuls affected to treat things, and they frequently uttered offensive railleries against their persons.

The violent temper of General Custines made him repel with anger contradictions that were rendered unbearable by a total absence of propriety and military knowledge. His situation grew more difficult from day to day. It became, however, necessary to act. The communication with Landau had ceased to be militarily established. The siege of Mentz was urged

with vigour. Custines was at this time made commander-in-chief of the Northern army, in the place of General Dampierre, who had been killed. He would not however leave the army of the Rhine without having drawn it out of the unfortunate position in which it then was; he attacked the enemy along his whole line, but without success. It was reported that his intention was to get his army beaten by the corps of emigrants—an absurd calumny; we scarcely saw that body on the 17th of May. The fact is, that the general who commanded the right of the army at Lauterbourg did not obey the orders he had received, or executed them ill. The enemy, who, according to the plan of the general-in-chief, was to have had his left wing turned, not being attacked on that side, found himself in full force before the centre of the army commanded by Custines; a charge of cavalry was repulsed by a masked battery of two field-pieces, and in their flight the cavalry hurried along with them some battalions. I only mention this battle because it became one of the charges against the unfortunate Custines. He left us on the following day for the Northern army, where the same prejudice and calumny awaited him. He was soon after deprived of

his command, and summoned to Paris, where he died on the scaffold. His condemnation was one of the first crimes of the sanguinary tribunal which afterwards committed so many. Custines was a lover of liberty, and never did a thought of treason enter his mind. The consolation of religion soothed his last moments; and such was the fanaticism of his time, that a man who had always shown himself full of intrepidity under the greatest trials, was accused of cowardice because he walked to the scaffold accompanied by a clergyman.

General Custines had his son with him at the Army of the Rhine. All who have known that young man loved him for the noble qualities with which he was gifted. He accompanied his father to the Northern army, and afterwards to Paris, and he soon followed him to the scaffold. It is of little importance to know what pretence was employed to condemn this amiable youth; the judges had already begun to trample on the most sacred forms. His age, his profession, his manner of living, made him equally a stranger to all factions. He left an only son, who will, I hope, not betray the noble qualities of his father, and the glory of his grandfather.

General Alexander de Beauharnais, who took

the place of Custines, had also been a member of that Constituent Assembly, so replete with honourable men. He had neither the faults of his predecessor, nor his habit of command. The former was violent to an excess, and sometimes incapable of listening to the voice of reason; still, he was beloved by the soldiers for his frankness and popularity. M. de Beauharnais, on the contrary, had a cultivated mind and a calm temper; he was fond of order and discipline; his activity was boundless; his perception was quick and accurate; his valour cool and brilliant. The army soon became fond of him. Modest, and even a little circumspect, he showed reserve in the presence of the troops; and as he did not say much to them, he did not inspire them with the same enthusiasm as General Custines, who liked to make speeches, knew the name of every private soldier, visited the men in the camp and hospitals, and whose blunt good-humour and repartees were quoted everywhere.

General d'Hilliers was also superseded and summoned to Paris, where he was thrown into prison. His successor as chief of the staff was Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke, of Irish extraction, who some years before had been attached

to the Duke of Orleans. At the battle of the 17th May he commanded a troop of the 2nd regiment of cavalry. His horse having been killed in a charge, and being unable to procure another, he took up a musket and placed himself in the ranks of a company of grenadiers. That action was then considered as very courageous, and he was made a colonel. M. de Beauharnais took him for chief of his staff, and procured him the rank of major-general. M. Clarke added to a taste for his profession all the suppleness of a man who wishes to advance, and that sort of spirit of intrigue for which his countrymen are reputed. He left the army on the 12th of October, having been superseded and sent to Paris. That campaign was the only one in which he ever served. He died a marshal of France. I shall have more than one occasion to mention him; and although I have cause to be dissatisfied with him, I hope to do him justice.

M. de Beauharnais hastened his march to Mentz; and though the resistance of the enemy grew stronger from day to day, he succeeded in repelling him. After having fought for five days, we made ourselves masters of Spire and Frankenthal. Two days more and

we should have arrived under the walls of Mentz, when accounts of the town having capitulated were received at our head-quarters. We were forced to return behind the Lutter.

Courage and good intention were the only qualities of the garrison of Mentz at the beginning of the siege. The generals were intelligent and bold; but the attacks of the besiegers were so vigorous and repeated, that the besieged, soldiers as well as officers, acquired both experience and valour in so remarkable a degree, that they might afterwards be looked upon as the most formidable body the Republic was able to oppose to its enemies.

The Prussians, eager to make themselves masters of that barrier of the Rhine, and not caring what use the French government might make of these troops, were satisfied with stipulating that they should retire into the interior of the country, and not serve against the Allies for the space of a year. This article of the capitulation saved the Republic, and cost the enemy dear. The garrison of Mentz, commanded by the intrepid general Kleber, flew to the western departments, defeated the Vendeans, and when the year was expired re-appeared under the walls of Mentz.

Having returned to Weissemburg, we were soon obliged to prepare for the attacks of an enemy that had become formidable by his junction with the Prussian army, and was, besides, free in all his movements. But the Commissioners of the Convention wanted first of all to abolish the distinction that still subsisted between the troops of the line and the battalions of national volunteers. That amalgamation was a difficult and dangerous operation at the moment of a decisive action. The generals explained their fears; but instead of being listened to, they became objects of suspicion; and, just at that instant, a decree of the Convention having ordered the dismissal of all the officers who belonged to the nobility, the Army of the Rhine was thrown all of a sudden into a state of confusion, of which the enemy did not neglect to make use. The decree also concerned M. de Beauharnais: by disobeying, he would have placed himself in open defiance to Government. The Commissioners, however, proposed that he should wait for an individual order and the appointment of his successor; but the Committee of Public Safety had already named the officer that was to command in his place. The choice had fallen on General Delmas, a young man of

great merit, but as yet too inexperienced for so important a command in such difficult circumstances: he was besides at Landau, and that town being blockaded, his return to the army was impossible.

General Beauharnais was deeply grieved at leaving the army: his noble spirit could not brook the thought of departing from the scene of the glorious contest to which the voice of the country called all Frenchmen. In returning to the interior of the Republic, he moreover was exposed to innumerable dangers. He had constantly supported the system of representative government; and although he felt the necessity of defending a Republic born amidst storms, yet the system of the Jacobins and their cruelty inspired him with horror. All the members of the Constituent Assembly were persecuted, and even the purest and most prudent conduct was far from ensuring him tranquillity in an obscure retreat. I was in his closet at the moment that he was confiding his grief and regret to the bosom of his faithful friend Lahorie, who had been his secretary, and who was then one of the officers of his staff. This gentleman advised him to attack the enemy and seek an honourable death, rather

than expose himself to all the outrages of his foes in the interior of France. The advice was more courageous than wise. The general answered :—" I must first of all consider the interest of the army and my country. I do not flatter myself as to my future fate ; but the death of so many brave men must not rest on my head, nor all the fatal consequences of a defeat. The army will perhaps be commanded by a more fortunate chief. Besides, the decree that supersedes me is positive : even victory would be looked upon as a crime, and I see no possibility of gaining one at present : we have scarcely thirty-five thousand men, in bad order ; and the enemy have eighty thousand : my death would be of no use : I must go." The day after, he resigned his command and left the army, which remained without a commander in the presence of a formidable enemy, and the organization went on but slowly. Little attention was paid to that state of disorder. Forty thousand farmers arrived without arms or regimentals : they were undoubtedly well disposed ; but they had no experience, having never faced the enemy. The choice of a general-in-chief was a difficult one : the post was first offered to General Laudremont, who commanded the van-

guard; but he was a nobleman; and though he had great merit, he was recalled a few days after his appointment. Thus it was necessary to seek somebody else, and one Colonel Corbin did not fear to take the burden on his shoulders. Two days after his appointment, the Commissioners of the Convention, to put him entirely at his ease, dismissed abruptly from the army thirteen generals; the chief of the staff, the commander of the vanguard, generals of division, no one was spared. This foolish measure was adopted on the 12th of October 1793, and on the 13th, at four o'clock in the morning, the enemy attacked us on the whole length of our line, broke through our ranks, put us to the rout, and at eight o'clock we had lost the lines and were in full retreat towards Brompt in the greatest disorder. By good luck our forty thousand peasants were so active in their flight, they did not long embarrass our retreat; they had their houses and families to defend. The second day there was not one of them remained behind; nevertheless they afterwards became very excellent soldiers, when they were recalled; but they had been rendered able to fight before they were placed in front of the enemy. The rear-guard was well enough commanded to

cover our retreat: it fought courageously on the heights of Brompt during a whole day, so that the army had time to arrive at Haguenau. There the commissaries and the general-in-chief deliberated, whether it would not be best to retire to Saverne and leave Strasburg to defend itself. Happily, before they came to a resolution, they thought it necessary to consult M. de Villemanzy, commissary general of the army. He declared that Strasburg having constantly furnished the army with provisions and stores, its magazines were completely exhausted, and that some time would necessarily elapse before the town could be put in a state to support a siege; so that, if left to itself, it was to be feared it would be obliged to capitulate. M. de Villemanzy was taken prisoner at Haguenau, where he had remained to keep an eye on the evacuation of the magazines: the general opinion at the time was, that he had delivered himself up. If that be true, I think he acted wisely; he would undoubtedly have been arrested on his arrival at Strasburg, and probably have died on the scaffold. He passed for an enemy of the Republic. I can say nothing as to that: all I know is, that he was a well-bred, agreeable man, and that his situation was an

object of envy. Villemanzy's observations made the council resolve to cover the town. The head-quarters were established at Schiltikeim, a village a league from Strasburg. The army extended in a line of more than ten leagues, from the banks of the Rhine to Saverne, and until orders from Government could be received, the chief command was entrusted to General Michaud. This temporary choice was a wise one. General Michaud was a prudent man, who felt the danger of his situation, and did his utmost to make the best of it, presenting to the enemy an appearance of strength that forced him to be cautious.

It was Wurmser who commanded the combined armies opposed to us. With a little more resolution he might have beat us once again, and perhaps made himself master of Strasburg. But he reckoned on the friends he flattered himself he possessed in Alsatia. He was persuaded that the bad government of the Jacobins, and his own intrigues, would make the whole population of the province fly to him. He was mistaken. The Austrians were still more detested than even the Jacobins, for the Alsatians were Frenchmen. While he was contriving low intrigues, the army had

time to recover, and the eastern frontiers were saved.

At last the arrival of a general-in-chief was announced; but our astonishment was great when we heard the name of Pichegru: he was completely unknown to the army. After many enquiries, we learned that he had had an obscure command in the department of the Upper Rhine; that he had served in the artillery as a non-commissioned officer; and that he had a little while before been chief clerk in the War-office. The name of Pichegru, which a short time after became famous in France and all over Europe, was mentioned with contempt by all the giddy-headed youths of the army. A few days were however sufficient to gain him the esteem of every one. I was still on the staff, and was one of the first persons who saw him. He was about thirty-five, and of middling size. His eyes were fine, full of fire and intelligence; his air was martial, and his deportment calm and dignified in the highest degree. He began by restoring order in the army, and by rectifying as much as possible all that was faulty in its positions. He again inspired the troops with a consciousness of their strength, spoke to them of their duty without harshness, and promised

them success without exaggeration. The winter was then in all its rigour; many were the obstacles to be surmounted, but they were the same for both armies. The Prussians and Austrians did not agree well together; their generals hated one another; and M. de Wurmser appeared timid and irresolute. Our part was therefore to make use of the favourable chances those circumstances presented us, to attack and raise the blockade of Landau. We soon received reinforcements, and St. Just, a member of the Committee of Public Safety, arrived unexpectedly at the army. The conduct of that young man made me acquainted with the existence of a government most terrible from its energy, while we imagined we were swayed by a turbulent and stupid assembly. St. Just severely reprimanded his colleagues, and sent several of them away. He asked also an account of the causes that had led to the loss of the lines of Weissemburg; he arrested several generals, and eight or ten superior officers. Among them were the poor noblemen who had not yet left the army. A sanguinary tribunal sentenced them, and they were shot in front of the ranks. This was an useless act of cruelty; for no treason had been committed,

and the loss of the lines was much less owing to the generals, than to the bad measures of the Commissioners of the Convention; but St. Just had read that the Romans sometimes made use of cruel severity to re-establish discipline among their troops; and that man, who imagined he possessed the genius of Sylla because he had his cruelty, thus made a prelude to the scenes of murder which a few months after he extended all over France. He probably thought he had made a just compensation by threatening the president of the atrocious tribunal he had employed. This man was a wretched foreign priest, called Schneider, who gloried in his assumed title of the Marat of the Rhine. For several months he had acted as president of the tribunal and general of the revolutionary army, and terrified Alsatia with his cruelty and debauchery. He used to travel through the province, followed by judges who were no better than robbers, and by soldiers, who were his executioners. A guillotine drawn by horses, like a field-piece, accompanied him everywhere; and when he arrived in any town, not one of the inhabitants could count on escaping. Sex, age, beauty, respectability, fortune,—nothing was sacred in the eyes of this wretch. Of all

the ferocious men that made themselves famous during that period, Schneider perhaps bore the greatest resemblance to Nero. The sight of death and blood gave him a sensation of unspeakable delight. The examples of this monster of cruelty have in them a sort of originality that makes one shudder; and one would wish to doubt their truth, if the testimony of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and the evidence of facts, were not certain proofs of their existence. St. Just had the monster arrested and sent to Paris. There he was condemned, not for the crimes he had really committed, but for prior conspiracies that never existed; so far was justice reviled in those deplorable times.

CHAPTER VIII.

Opening of the Campaign of 1794. — Our victories. — The Legion of Condé.—Junction of the Armies of the Rhine and the Moselle. — Discussions. — The two Generals are separated.—I return to Paris with General d'Hilliers.— Observations on the Army of the Rhine.

THE campaign opened in the month of December. The right wing of the army was commanded by General St. Cyr, and the left by General Desaix. General Hoche, who was at the head of the Army of the Moselle, seconded our movements by vigorous and perpetually renewed attacks. Brilliant, though dearly-bought successes, brought us to the heights of Brompt; they caused us both to love and respect our new general-in-chief.

It was near Brompt that we had a cavalry engagement with the corps of Condé, in which we were on the point of taking prisoners a part of that corps, with the three Princes who com-

manded it. The Duke of Bourbon was wounded, but he escaped by the devotion of the brave men that surrounded him, and by one of those chances the influence of which so strongly modifies events. An officer of the 39th regiment of dragoons, called Dieudonné, had distinguished himself by valour on those same heights of Brompt during our retreat. The Commissioners of the Convention sent him to Paris to present two standards he had taken. He was received with marked distinction by the Assembly, and he returned to the army a month afterwards with the rank of general of brigade. In the battle which might have been so fatal to the Bourbon Princes, Dieudonné commanded two regiments. That was too much for his experience. He did not know how to develope them in due time, and the Princes were saved. His error was considered a crime: he was arrested and sent to Paris as a traitor; he died on the scaffold.

The battle of Brompt gave us a superiority over the enemy, which we did not afterwards lose. General Hoche continued advancing on the right of the enemy. He succeeded in turning his position near Pirmasens; and a few days after, while debouching from behind

the mountains, the two French armies met near Weissemburg. The enemy, discouraged, began to retreat, and Landau was delivered. Pichegru's fame was from that moment firmly established. He also displayed his character in a trait I must not omit. General Desaix was of noble extraction; but the decree that excluded all noblemen had not yet been applied to him. The Commissioners of the Convention hesitated to deprive the army of an able, valiant, and beloved officer. The Committee of Public Safety, nevertheless, sent three times to Pichegru orders to dismiss him; but he did not obey them, and even took care not to mention the fact to any one. It was not till the campaign was over that Desaix learned it. Thus, by his generous disobedience, he saved a general who, during ten years, shed lustre on the armies of France, and whose noble character may be offered as a model to all soldiers.

The junction of the two armies, after such great successes, was a beautiful scene. The generals congratulated one another on their mutual exertions; but discord soon created between them dissensions more dangerous than even the enemy had proved. Each pretended to the greatest share of the glory, and wounded

vanity would perhaps have soiled the field of victory with blood, had not Government checked the misunderstanding by separating the commanders. Pichegru was sent to the Northern army, and Hoche to that which was assembled near Nice. He had scarcely arrived there when he was arrested, and shut up in the dungeon of the Conciergerie, where he remained until after the 9th of Thermidor. Thus the Committee of Public Safety made him expiate his glory, and humbled his proud character.

The Army of the Rhine pursued its successes during the remainder of the year 1794. Our position on the Queich was secure: the Austrians had repassed the Rhine. We had some other brilliant actions with the Prussians; and I remember that at the close of one of them that had proved entirely to our advantage, in the environs of Germersheim, we saw the words chalked on the doors of a village we had taken, —"Adieu! brave Frenchmen!" A short time after, the treaty of Basil was signed, and established friendship between two nations which already esteemed one another. The common hatred awoke again at a more recent period, and a long time will now be required to suppress it.

In the month of October the army established itself before Mentz, to keep the enemy in awe, and prevent him from advancing on that point. The soldiers constructed huts under ground in a very ingenious manner. Protected by field fortifications that covered this new sort of camp, they passed there one of the longest and severest winters ever recorded. The result aimed at in taking that position was obtained, at least, during six months; but it was too dearly bought. In the month of January, one half of the army lay sick in the hospitals. In June the enemy again began his operations, and, as we might have foreseen, he crossed the Rhine behind us, turned our position, and obliged us to fall back on the Lutter. General Moreau came to take the command of the Army of the Rhine. The history of that campaign is known: I shall, therefore, enter into no particulars concerning it. I left the army a little while before its retreat. General d'Hilliers had just got out of prison, and had been appointed chief of the staff of the first military division in Paris. He proposed to me to return and resume my duty as his aide-de-camp. I was happy in the army, but I wished to see my family once more; so I set off.

Before I leave the Army of the Rhine, to which I shall not again allude, I must beg permission to take leave of it with a few lines. That army was by no means the first, either by its consequence or its exploits. Its duty was to protect Alsatia, and defend that part of the Palatinate it had conquered. It succeeded by battles strongly disputed, but in the issue always favourable: and it was of great service to France, for the enemy coveted that part of our frontiers, which he would, perhaps, never have restored. Lorraine is the cradle of the Imperial house, and the Germans look upon Alsatia as a part of the empire, which it is as much their advantage as their honour to unite again to the mother country;—there prevail the same language, the same customs, the same religion, and, above all, the strong wish of weakening France, and enabling themselves to attack her in the very heart. The plan is not yet given up.

The Army of the Rhine shared at that period with our other armies the advantage of being commanded by generals and officers, almost all of whom had risen from its own ranks and been instructed among them. At the head of the most able must be placed Kleber, Desaix, and

St. Cyr. Kleber was born at Strasburg: he had served before the Revolution in the Austrian army, and he came to ours as commander of a battalion of volunteers of the Upper Rhine. His stature was strong and gigantic, and called to mind the heroes of Homer: his voice was sonorous and imperious: his spirit rose and warmed at the sight of danger; though learned in all the branches of military science, he was not gifted with that boldness of execution that distinguished other generals; but he possessed the prudence which long experience gives, joined to the resources derived from an imperturbable coolness and rapid perception. Of all our generals, Kleber is, perhaps, the one of whom the soldiers retain the most flattering recollection; for he loved them as if they had been his children, was continually thinking of their comforts, and diverted them in the midst of their perils by quaint sayings, which were rendered more piquant by the harsh accent of his mother tongue.

Desaix, who was born in Auvergne, had served for several years as an officer in the regiment of Brittany. His stature was tall, and his figure singular. He had fine black fiery eyes, and a nose that seemed to descend from

the top of the forehead; his thick and usually separated lips showed a set of teeth of sparkling whiteness; his hair, flat and black as jet, shaded his dark face. His gait was embarrassed, but still without awkwardness, and betrayed bashfulness and want of knowledge of the world. Altogether, he resembled a savage of the banks of the Oroonoko, dressed in French clothes. But one soon got accustomed to him. His voice was soft, and, when once drawn out of his usual reserve, he delighted by the variety of his information and the simplicity of his manners. He had none of the faults of men accustomed to camp life: I never heard him utter a vulgar expression,—an indecent word made him blush. As he was constantly easy and kind, his staff led a merry life, and the pretty girls of the Palatinate used frequently to visit his head-quarters. He smiled at our pleasures without sharing them, but with the indulgence of a father who shuts his eyes on his children's wild tricks. I do not think I ever saw him dressed in the uniform of his rank: he usually wore a blue coat without any lace, and the sleeves of which were so short, that we used to say in jest, he had certainly worn it when he first took the Sacrament. He

frequently mounted his horse without a sword when he went to visit the posts. One night, having ordered an attack on the convent of Marienborn, near Mentz, which the enemy occupied in force, he suddenly found himself without arms in the midst of a surprised body of infantry which was defending itself with the bayonet amongst the vines. Desaix, perceiving he had forgot his sword, pulled a vine prop out of the ground, and continued fighting as if he had had Orlando's sword in his hand. Savary, who was then his aide-de-camp, threw himself before him, just in time to save his life, and killed a Hungarian grenadier that was about to pierce him with his bayonet.

I must not forget General St. Cyr, though still alive and in the enjoyment of power;—but this work is not meant to appear till after my death. He entered the army as captain of a free corps raised in Paris during the terrible month of September 1792. This troop, which consisted of Parisian vagabonds, (I need not say any more,) boasted on the road that they were going to teach the army the right step, meaning that they would make it republican; for, to say the truth, we were neither robbers nor braggers. However, they committed such

terrible outrages, that General Custines ordered his cavalry to surround and disarm them; after which they were disbanded. St. Cyr remained, in consequence, unemployed. He had in his early youth visited as an artist Italy and Greece, and he had a great facility for drawing. One day he was busy near Mentz sketching the positions of Oekheim, when General Custines, whose glance was piercing, observing him at a distance, darted towards him with all the swiftness his horse was capable of. Seeing him dressed in a uniform he detested, he asked him angrily what he was doing, and tore the paper out of his hands. Finding, however, that the positions were taken accurately, he asked him some questions, appeared satisfied with his answers, and appointed him officer of the staff. A few months afterwards, and shortly before our disaster at Weissembourg, chance was still more serviceable to him. We had been repulsed in the pass of Annweiller; the Commissioners of the Convention, seeing treason everywhere, knew not to whom they ought to entrust the command of the troops: St. Cyr was crossing the street under the windows of the head-quarters; an officer pointed to him as a man in whom the greatest confidence

might be placed; he was called up-stairs, and after a few questions, the Commissioners proposed to him to march off with two thousand men and attack the enemy. His sirname Gouvion, however, made them frown; the same had been that of a friend of M. de Lafayette, a former major-general of the National Guards of Paris. Though the latter had been killed in the army, his relations were not the less persecuted for that. St. Cyr beat the enemy, made some hundred prisoners, and retook the positions. Three months later he was a general of division. He constantly commanded the centre of the army, and was called its shield. Next to these celebrated generals shone a great number of young men, who have all acquired lasting glory,—Sainte Suzenne, Guyot, Boursier, Bellavesne, Ferino, Haxo, Dode, Nempde, Clemencel, Fririon, D'Astrel, and the unfortunate Lahorie! so praiseworthy for his constancy of spirit, which ten years' adversity was unable to shake, and who received death with a smile. And you also, my old chiefs, my dear friends! why cannot I surround your names with all the splendour of your noble deeds? You greatly contributed to save France! Could you expect that your services would one day be rewarded by forgetfulness and persecution?

With such chiefs, and friends of the soldiers, most of whom had commanded as private officers, discipline was exact, but gentle. They all loved their profession, and were well acquainted with it. Mean jealousy, hatred, and backbiting, were unknown. The oldest of these generals was scarcely thirty, and the Revolution having found them in a middling condition, and at a time of life when luxury and corruption have not yet gained an empire over the mind, they had no wish but for glory, and glory itself pleased them only when surrounded by perils. I have frequently heard doubts raised as to the skill of our generals, notwithstanding the constant successes by which their fame has been established. It has been declared impossible to learn so quickly and so well the most difficult of all sciences, and that which more than any other requires a number of different branches of knowledge, which can only be acquired by a great deal of time, particularly where the peculiar education is wanting, as was the case with most of the Republican generals. It is not sufficiently known that the first quality necessary to attain distinction in the military career is strength of mind. That gift of nature, which is so little esteemed, and of so little use in ordinary life,

is however so important, that it might have saved France a few years ago, if those who at that time influenced her fate had been possessed of it. It is quite indispensable in the military profession. Nature alone can give it: and she did give it to all our celebrated generals. In the second place, it is not true that their education had been neglected; for, to speak only of those of the first period of the war, Pichegru, Bernadotte, Jourdan, Moreau, Kleber, Desaix, St. Cyr, and Hoche, (the latter was bred at the school of the sons of the Gardes Françaises,) had all studied the military art. The education of most of them had been as well attended to as that of the nobility. It must also be considered, that in other professions the most ambitious student can scarcely devote more than twelve hours a-day to his studies, and is frequently interrupted; whereas, in the army, every instant is given up to military knowledge. A passion for glory, ambition, the pleasure of command, freedom from the duties of the world,—all induce soldiers to talk and think unceasingly of their profession. The variety of events, their rapidity, their number, hourly correct the wrong judgment of young officers, enrich their memory,

multiply the examples they may want, and complete their improvement. Their mistakes appear in open daylight; they are quickly punished; and as the blow strikes not only the guilty, but also those who are placed below or around him, each individual is in some respect answerable for his neighbour, and all have the greatest interest in acting well.

The composition of the troops, as well as their valour, contributed also to our successes. The love of their country and the hatred of a foreign yoke had animated them even under the paternal roof since the year 1789. At the first call, the citizens flew to the frontiers; a great number of well-educated young men, whom the passion for glory and ambition had assembled under the banners of the army, were like a nursery of excellent officers. The warlike Marseillaise hymn filled every breast with such deep emotion and enthusiasm, that its first notes were sufficient to make the troops rush on the enemy with irresistible impetuosity. At Gaisberg, near Weissembourg, the enemy had crowned the plateau with thirty cannons, which dealt death and devastation into our ranks. The troops advanced nevertheless with a slow step: when they arrived at the foot

of the frontier, the warlike song was heard, and at the same instant the soldiers, as if they had been borne up by a whirlwind, overcame every difficulty. The position was taken, the cannon were in our power, and the enemy put to flight.

The perils and sufferings our troops endured at that period were the more deserving of admiration, because they had no other compensation than the love of their country and their ambition. The most simple enjoyments were unknown to us. We were all of us poor. The soldier received no more than an écu per month in money; and the officers, of all ranks, only eight francs. Our salaries were paid us in assignats, which were already depreciated in France, and were of no value at all in foreign countries. During the severe winter of 1794, I shared with some of my comrades a peasant's room in the village of Fintheim near Mentz: we had only one bed amongst us, and every week we drew lots who was to sleep in it; the rest lay upon straw. Our assignats were barely sufficient to procure us a little bad wine three times a month: we knew that our landlord possessed a considerable quantity, but not one of us ever cherished the idea of forcing him to

give it us for nothing. My companions were all young officers of engineers. Three of them, Haxo, Dode, and Nempde, became celebrated generals in that corps,—the rest were killed.

I beg pardon for having dwelt so long on this subject. To the Army of the Rhine I owe those qualities that have embellished my life, and the strength of mind that decided my fate. When I entered it, I was full of enthusiasm, but my ideas on military subjects were confused, and I wanted experience. I had not yet seen the enemy, and I was very anxious to know what figure I should cut in the first battle. My ardent courage did not leave me at full liberty for reflection; but I was lucky enough to be attached to the division of General Desaix. The easy and immoveable calmness, the soft cheerfulness of that excellent man in the midst of the most murderous fire, made me sensible that there exists no real valour without those qualities. I reflected seriously, and was discontented with myself. I did not know how to manage my horse when in the direction of the balls; I crossed too rapidly the field of action; and I frequently went a round-about way when I could have rode straight before me. I blushed at such

foolish conduct, and schooled myself so well, that case-shot soon lost all power of embarrassing me. It required time before I arrived at that degree of self-possession. How often did I not go back and place myself purposely in the middle of the fire! How satisfied I was when I had remained long in such a situation! That moral strength did not contribute considerably to my advancement, but it made me worthy of being the aide-de-camp of the Conqueror of Italy, and gained me his esteem: it also made me bear prosperity with moderation, and was a strong support to me in the days of misfortune.

CHAPTER IX.

Paris in August 1794.—Constitution of the Year III.—Revolt of the Sections.—Bonaparte.—The 13th Vendemiaire.

I ARRIVED in Paris towards the middle of August. When I left that city in 1792, the people, freed from the wholesome restraint of the laws, intoxicated with fury, and elated with their abominable triumphs, were madly enjoying a savage licentiousness, and, ever threatening, ever oppressive, set no bounds to their tyranny. What a change did I not find after the short space of three years! Scarcity was terrible, misery at the highest pitch, and the dethroned sovereign scarcely dared to complain. The people were no better than a vile rabble, devoid of energy, shrinking under the rod that chastised them, but having not even the thought of resistance. In the morning, the city presented a deplorable spectacle: thou-

sands of women and children were sitting on the stones before the doors of the bakers' shops, waiting their turn for receiving a dearly bought bit of bread. More than one-half of Paris lived on potatoes. Paper-money was without value, and bullion without circulation: this lasted nearly a year. A still stranger sight struck the observer's eyes. The unfortunate prisoners had recovered their liberty, and having escaped almost certain death, they enjoyed their good luck with a sort of ecstasy. The dangers to which they had been so long exposed, excited a lively interest in their favour; but vanity, so ingenious in France, discovered the means of turning their situation to advantage. Each person pretended to have suffered more than his neighbour; and as it was the fashion to have been persecuted, a great many people who had remained safe in their hiding-places, or had bought their security by base concessions, boasted of having languished in prison. An immense number of innocent persons had, in fact, perished on the scaffold; but if credit could have been given to the accounts propagated by hatred and vanity, one might have thought that one-half of Paris had imprisoned or butchered the other half. Confusion was

at this period at its highest pitch in society: all distinctions of rank had disappeared; wealth had changed possessors; and as it was still dangerous to boast of birth, and to recall the memory of former gentility, the possessors of newly-acquired wealth led the *ton*, and added the absurdities of a bad education to those of patronage devoid of dignity. The class of artists, more commendable, acquired consideration through the general thirst for amusement, and through the necessity many persons were in of seeking a livelihood in the arts of imagination. This same taste for the fine arts, so universally diffused, caused in the fashions, and even in the morals of the metropolis, a most inconceivable licentiousness: the young men dressed their hair *en victimes*—that is to say, raised up at the back of the neck as if they were going to suffer on the scaffold. The women, on the contrary, imitated in their dresses the costume of Ancient Greece. It is scarcely credible to those who have not seen it, that young females, well-bred, and distinguished by their birth, should have worn tight skin-coloured pantaloons, sandals on their feet, and transparent gauze dresses, while their bosoms were exposed, and their arms bare up to their

shoulders; and that when they appeared thus in public places, instead of making modesty blush, they became objects of universal admiration and applause. The palaces and private gardens were changed into scenes of riotous pleasure, called Elysium, Paphos, Tivoli, Idalia, &c., where crowds of people, boisterous diversions, bad manners, and an utter contempt for decency, created both shame and disgust.

Between the two extremes of the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Marceau and the Chaussée d'Antin, were still to be met with the estimable citizens, and those numerous well-informed men, friends to their country and to freedom, whose indignation, hitherto suppressed by terror, blazed up with an energy that at last brought on the catastrophe of the 13th of Vendemiaire. To unfold the causes of that catastrophe, it is necessary to cast a look on the government of the Conventional Assembly.

That Assembly had been loaded with an enormous burthen. The King had been precipitated from his throne, and the monarchy existed no longer. The Republic had been established without consulting the people; and the King had been put to death because his existence was troublesome to the Assembly. The

members soon became few, and they were composed of elements too hostile to one another to be able to direct affairs securely and rapidly; they enacted therefore among themselves a government called the Committee of Public Safety, that was to superintend the general administration of the country, and to direct the exertions of France against her foreign enemies. They instituted also a Committee of General Safety, that was to suppress the attacks of interior foes. The successes of the Vendéans and of the Allied Armies carried these two Committees beyond all reasonable ideas, and made the Convention feel that it must conquer or die. Defence was maintained with all the force and energy that personal safety and revenge can inspire. The excellent direction given to the armies, which they followed with admirable courage, preserved France from a foreign yoke; but the progress of civil war, and the secret exertions of the royalists, could scarcely justify the massacres and the horrible tyranny under which the country groaned for so long a period. The rulers of the Assembly will remain for ever loaded with the odium which their barbarous government (of which history does not present another in-

stance) will excite among future generations. Of all the lessons given by the history of human passions, there is one especially on which the moralist must insist with force—I mean, the impossibility, which the most honourable men will ever experience, of stopping, if once their passions draw them into the path of error. Surely, if, a few years before so many crimes were committed, they could have been pictured before the eyes of the most barbarous among their perpetrators, I fear not to say that all, even Robespierre himself, would have recoiled with horror. Men begin by caressing theories, heated imagination presents them as useful and easy of execution; they toil, they advance unconsciously from errors to faults, and from faults to crimes, till the contaminated mind corrupts sensibility, and adorns by the name of state policy the most horrible outrages.

It must however be acknowledged, that several of those men felt themselves justified, and perhaps encouraged, by the praises which historians of all ages have lavished on the scourges of humanity. The pulpit itself has not been able to avoid so fatal a folly. Every schoolboy has learned by heart the beautiful picture of Cromwell drawn by Bossuet — "A man was

found," &c. What ambitious mind can hesitate on the road to crime, when he reads such praises written by the first of sacred orators? The Cardinal de Richelieu found a defender in the grave and wise author of "L'Esprit des Lois;" his cruelty, his thirst of blood and revenge, are considered by most historians as the workings of a superior mind, or at least as a proud contempt for humanity. The memory of that man has perhaps done more harm to France, than his genius did her good. The execrable maxim, "The dead never rise again," is written in letters of blood throughout his history; and I have many reasons to believe that the rulers of the Convention had chosen him for their model. The horrible system of killing one's enemies instead of subduing them, and of reigning by the aid of terror, is convenient to cowardly and narrow minds; but men of elevated genius follow other maxims. They know that scaffolds are but indifferent means of government. Henry the Fourth was the most indulgent of sovereigns, and he made himself popular by gaining the affections of every one. Once he gave way to a fatal and sanguinary policy. It is but too sure that the death of Biron was of no use, either to his

own authority, or to the happiness of the following generations.

The rage of the Convention necessarily drew to an end. The government they had established exercised their tyranny on themselves: fear gave birth to despair; thousands of victims had been butchered under the eyes of the Assembly, which remained insensible, and at last sacrificed the government to its own safety. But it did not foresee that general contempt would succeed to terror. In vain did the Convention expel and punish such of its members as had bathed themselves in blood—in vain did it recall those who had made themselves respected by their courage and humanity. Hatred and indignation assailed it on all sides; and such was its situation, that even when adopting an amended course, it was surrounded by the distrust of all honourable men, and the clamour and threats of a populace, whose perverseness it had itself completed by encouraging outrage. In the month of Prairial, the Faubourg St. Antoine besieged the Assembly, and came to seek for victims in its bosom; and if the Convention was not forced to submit, it was owing to the heroic resistance of Boissy d'Anglas, whose admirable courage

subdued the mob. The Assembly resolved at last on a desperate measure, the only one that could succeed: regular troops were called in, and Pichegru led them to the suburb. The rebels were disarmed and humbled. This victory, which did not cost a drop of blood, has delivered us for a long while, I hope, from the fury of the rabble.

When I arrived in Paris, these events had already taken place. The Convention was at that time completing a constitution which was not good, but which at least gave force and independence to the executive power, while it preserved the representative system. But the nation would accept nothing from that polluted assembly; and, notwithstanding all its exertions, the Constitution was but little approved of. The Convention, not wishing to renew the fault committed by the Constituent Assembly, who had abandoned the fruit of their labours to jealous and hostile hands, had passed a law declaring that two-thirds of its members were necessarily to belong to the new councils established by the Constitution. Public opinion, however, was against them all; so that, when the citizens came together in the primary assemblies, to vote on the Constitution

and on the Law of the Two-thirds, they were exasperated publicly by orators whom misfortune and resentment had soured, and secretly by crafty royalists. "Must we," they said, "continue to see for several years sitting among our legislators and deciding over our fate, men who have favoured and practised the most horrible tyranny? We will have nothing more to do with them; let them go. It is sufficient that we accept their labour and insure their safety by a generous oblivion of their crimes." Such violent speeches, repeated with emphasis in all the assemblies, stirred up the spirit of the citizens, who, after having in vain attempted to reject the Constitutional Act and the Law of the Two-thirds, resolved to repel by force of arms those whom they had not been able to remove by their votes. General Menou was commander-in-chief of the military division. General d'Hilliers made me acquainted with all the details of his staff. The regular troops at the disposal of Government did not amount to above five thousand men. They were sufficient to maintain tranquillity, but not to oppose thirty thousand hostile and well-armed national guards. It was not possible to draw any troops from the armies. The

war was going on actively; the disturbances in the Vendée were not suppressed; and strong forces were required against the robberies of the Chouans. It was therefore resolved to deceive the people in regard to the weakness of the garrison by multiplying its movements, so that it continually marched out of one gate and into the other. This little stratagem was soon discovered: it augmented the assurance of the leaders of the sections, and the day for the attack was fixed. On the evening of the 12th of Vendemiaire, (2nd October,) several battalions of national guards had taken up arms. Those of the Petits Pères and Filles St. Thomas assembled in the Rue Vivienne. General Menou surrounded them with regular troops, and summoned them to disperse. He might have forced them to do so without engaging in a battle; but an orator stepped out of the ranks and began to harangue the General with a warmth which he communicated to his comrades. Menou had the weakness to listen to him, and even to answer him. From that circumstance all was lost: the battalion remained, and the General retired; giving them a proof of his irresolution, and leaving Government in doubt concerning his fidelity. The

Convention felt that such a man might ruin its cause: the command was taken from him during the night, and given to the deputy, Barras. A Commission of Public Safety was also appointed, to whom very extensive powers were given. Barras was a man of resolution, and had greatly contributed to the fall of Robespierre on the 9th of Thermidor. Having been a Commissioner of the Convention with the Southern army in 1793, he had remarked a young officer of artillery, whose courage and advice had a great influence on the retaking of Toulon. This young man, who, after the 9th of Thermidor, had been dismissed by one of his former comrades called Aubry, a member of the Convention, had come to Paris a few months before, where he was soliciting without success his restoration to his rank of general of brigade. Vexation and disgust had, it was said, made him at last seek permission to go at the head of a troop of cannoniers, to serve among the Turks, to teach them the manœuvres of artillery. He was ready to set off, when Barras sent for him, and presented him to the Committee, who consulted him on the difficulty, which they were resolved to get out of at any price. The members of the Com-

mittee agreed with one another on one point only; that is to say, that all was lost if the sections gained the victory. Civil war would then extend its ravages all over France, and nobody could calculate its consequences. On the other hand, they could not bring themselves to fire upon the people. Some wanted to make concessions which would have destroyed all hopes of redress; others spoke of stoically awaiting death in their chairs like true Romans. The artillery officer laughed both at their scruples and ridiculous resolution: he demonstrated to them that the Parisians were nothing but fools, led on by cunning rogues; that Government had in its favour power and right; that nothing was easier than to disperse, without spilling much blood, inexperienced battalions, which had neither clever leaders nor artillery. His firmness, his eloquence, his consciousness of great superiority, which his countenance itself betrayed, inspired confidence and carried persuasion into the minds of every one. This young man's name was Bonaparte. The command of the artillery was given to him, and he was left master of all the arrangements for the defence. He immediately assembled the officers, and made himself sure of their

obedience. He then placed two cannons at the entrance of the Rue St. Nicaise, another facing the church of St. Roche at the bottom of the Petite Rue du Dauphin, two more in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Place Vendôme, and two facing the Pont Royal on the Quai Voltaire. Reserves of infantry were stationed behind the cannon, in order to protect them, and on the Place du Carrousel. The cavalry was posted in the Place Louis XV. He afterwards acquainted the battalions that they were at liberty to remain where they were as long as they chose; but that if they went one step beyond the prescribed limits, or if they fired a single musket, he would repel them with his artillery. His firmness, instead of inspiring awe, convinced the enemy that he was afraid, and would not dare to fire. After a good deal of hesitation, the enemy's troops put themselves in motion, those who were behind pushing on those who were in front, and a discharge of musketry was the signal of the attack. At the same instant, the grape shot of the three field-pieces carried death and terror into their ranks. Their flight was so rapid, so abrupt, and so complete, that a bullet shot off along the Rue St. Honoré did not touch

a single person. General Carteaux had been placed on the Pont Neuf with a battalion of infantry of the line, in order to cut off the communication between the two banks of the Seine. I was sent to carry him an order to stand firm; but he had already retired under the garden of the Infante, and the columns of the sections appeared already on the Quai de la Monnaye, with a view to make themselves masters of the Pont Royal, and attack the Tuileries from that side. The general who commanded at the foot of the bridge sent them word not to advance any farther. They took no heed of it, and received the discharge of the two cannons, after which they dispersed. That was enough to make the citizens tired of fighting; but the most determined among them, whose fear had subsided when they imagined the danger distant, wanted to resume the attack. They had made themselves masters of the Palais Royal, and, like madmen, fancied they should be able to defend themselves there. Luckily night brings council: in the morning, the leaders put themselves in safety, and the rest went home. Peace was signed next day, and order was re-established. I do not think that the regular troops lost more than four or

five men. On the part of the sections, the loss was more considerable. By the most exact calculation, it seems to have amounted to forty killed, and about two hundred wounded. This will not appear exaggerated, if we consider that the steps of the church of St. Roche were covered with people; that the cannon fired in that direction was at no more than sixty paces distant, and that the battalion of the Rue St. Honoré filled the whole space to a great depth. The command of the Parisian army was entrusted to General Danican, a man almost unknown, even in the ranks, where he had served for some time, and whom the Restoration did not bring into distinction.

Government felt that a too severe inquiry on this affair would only contribute to exasperate the minds of the public, and that they ought to enjoy with moderation a victory which had been bought at the price of so much blood. A court martial was nevertheless instituted, with a view to frighten the leaders; but they were all acquitted, with the exception of one unfortunate emigrant, named Lafont, who had got secretly into Paris in order to intrigue in favour of his employers, and who had made himself conspicuous by a very violent behaviour. He

was sentenced to death; but even he would have been saved, if his intense devotion to the cause of the Bourbons had not made him reject all the means he might have used to avoid his condemnation.

The Royalists have pretended, of late years, that this insurrection of the Parisians was a generous effort attempted in favour of the Bourbons. I declare that this is not the fact. I was placed in the most favourable position for observing the passions and intrigues which brought about the unfortunate catastrophe of the 13th of Vendemiaire. I was acquainted with several honourable men who had taken part with the sections, and I saw neither in the people, nor in their leaders, any wish for the return of the Bourbons, much less a plan for recalling them. The death of the King was deplored by all sensible men; but liberty was beloved. Hatred of the Convention was carried to the highest pitch, on account of the horrors with which that assembly had visited the country. I questioned the most violent as to what they wished to establish in the place of the expiring Government. Their answer was, "We will have nothing more to do with *them*. It is the Republic we wish for, with

honest men to govern us." No one went farther than this. It is true that some insinuations were made in the sections in favour of the Royal Family; but so feeble, so ambiguous, that very little attention was paid to them. No one thought of pronouncing the name of that family. I have no doubt that if the sections had triumphed, the attempt would have been more direct and more bold; perhaps even it would have succeeded, but then civil war would have broken out on all sides. And if, eighteen years after, with the aid of all Europe, the Bourbons were unable to maintain themselves on the throne, what would have been their fate at a period when France, not yet accustomed to the yoke, was animated by republican habits and ideas, and uncurbed energy?

Two days after the 13th of Vendemiaire, Barras introduced to the Convention all the generals and officers of the staff who had contributed to save that Assembly. General Bonaparte was there, but he mingled with the crowd. When Barras, in his speech, pronounced his name with compliment, those who surrounded him wanted to make him advance to the first rank. He pushed them aside with a look of ill-humour and diffidence which pleased me. There was

in his actions less of pride than a delicate feeling of propriety. He was ashamed to be praised for such a victory. Besides, it is certain he felt no great esteem for those in whose favour he had fought, and who were thus lavishing their applause on him.

CHAPTER X.

The Directory.—General Bonaparte marries the widow of General Alexander Beauharnais.—He sets off for Italy.—Pacification of the Vendée.—General d'Hilliers receives an order for service in Italy, whither I follow him.

The Convention hastened to put an end to its stormy session, so fatal to humanity, but still so memorable from the incredible vigour with which it saved France from a foreign yoke. The reins of government were delivered into the hands of the Directory. General Bonaparte was made commander-in-chief of the first military division, and of the city of Paris. One of the first measures that were taken by the new Government was, the disarming of all the citizens of the metropolis. They delivered up their arms without much regret: the trial they had just made of their strength was not of a nature to inspire them with great confidence in themselves. This measure was executed with

great rigour. Swords and sabres were comprehended in the general confiscation. The widow of General Beauharnais was going to deliver up to one of the commissioners entrusted with these orders the sabre of her late husband, when her son Eugene, then scarcely thirteen years old, seized the weapon, and declared that they who wished to have it must first take his life. The commissioner consented to leave it him, provided he got a permission from the General-in-chief. Eugene flew to his house: the deep emotion the child evinced, his name, his interesting appearance, the ardour and simplicity with which he expressed his wishes, touched the general. He embraced him, allowed him to keep the dearly-beloved sword, and visited Madame de Beauharnais. She was young, amiable, and more than pretty. He fell in love with her, and soon after married her; so that their union, which was so long a happy one, had its origin in an amiable trait of filial piety.

When General Beauharnais left the army of the Rhine, he had retired to one of his estates, situated a few leagues from Blois. There he lived in profound retirement, lamenting the deplorable outrages that disgraced liberty, and

bitterly regretting the glory he could no longer share. But his name had been too celebrated for him to entertain a reasonable hope of escaping the persecutions to which the members of the Constituent Assembly were exposed. He was arrested, and thrown into the prisons of Paris, shortly before the 9th of Thermidor, and at a time when the people were at last returning to right feeling, and beginning to shudder at the sight of the blood with which they had long feasted their eyes. The Jacobins invented the prison conspiracies, as a pretence for prolonging their measures. They had mixed with the prisoners some spies, who found men vile enough to purchase their lives by atrocious calumny. One of these wretches, enraged at having been discovered by M. de Beauharnais in the midst of his infamous intrigues, and at hearing him speak openly of the fact with all the honourable pride of an upright man, denounced him. He was sent to the scaffold, and suffered on the 7th of Thermidor, two days before the fall of Robespierre.

Madame de Beauharnais had been locked up, during eighteen months, in one of the prisons of Paris, where she had fallen seriously ill, when her indictment, which was no better than

a sentence of death, was transmitted to her. Fortunately a Polish physician, an honest and courageous man, whose name I am sorry I do not know, attended her. He declared that she would not survive eight days longer, and by that means saved her life. When she got out of prison, she exerted with resolute benevolence all the advantages which her name, her misfortune, and the gifts of her amiable mind, conferred on her, to obtain the liberty of the greatest part of her former companions in captivity. She was beloved and esteemed by the most respectable members of society. The excellent qualities of her heart made her fully worthy of her exalted station. I shall more than once recur with pleasure to her in the course of these Memoirs.

The functions of commander-in-chief of the city of Paris gave considerable influence to General Bonaparte, and his conduct on the 13th Vendemiaire ensured him a just title to the confidence of the Directory; but Government soon felt itself troubled and even humbled by the authority of the young General. To say the truth, he continually acted after his own way, meddled with every thing, decided on every thing, and never acted but upon his own

ideas. The activity and extent of his mind, and the pride of his nature, rendered him unable to obey in any circumstances. The Directory wished still to spare the Jacobins; the General locked up their assembly-room, and Governmen learnt the step he had taken just when they were going to deliberate upon it. Some members of the old nobility seemed dangerous in Paris. The Directory resolved to send them away; the General extended to them his protection, and Government was forced to yield. He prescribed measures, recalled disgraced generals, repelled with pride all prepossessions, wounded the vanity of every body, laughed at prejudices, braved hatred, and condemned the slow and embarrassed pace of Government. If the Directory happened to remonstrate with him, instead of appearing offended, he developed his ideas and plans with so much clearness, care, and eloquence, that no objection was possible, and two hours afterwards all he proposed was executed. But if the Directory was tired of Bonaparte, the General was no less so of Paris life, which afforded no career to his ambition, no field for his genius. He had, a long time before, formed a plan for the conquest of Italy. Long ser-

vice in the Army of Nice had procured him the necessary leisure to mature his designs, to calculate all their difficulties, and guess all their chances. He solicited of Government the command of that army with money and troops. He was made general-in-chief: he got troops, but only the small sum of one hundred thousand crowns. With those scanty means he was to conquer Italy at the head of troops who had received no pay for the last six months, and who had not even shoes to their feet. But Bonaparte felt the consciousness of his strength; and, looking forward with delight to the future, he took leave of the Directory, who saw his departure with secret pleasure, happy to be rid of a man whose character awed them, and whose projects were, in the eyes of the majority of its members, nothing more than the wild fancies of a youth full of pride and presumption.

General d'Hilliers had been dismissed on the day after the 13th of Vendemiaire, for having expressed himself in strong terms against that expedition. He went to General Bonaparte, who procured him a fresh appointment, and he was sent as chief of the staff to the right division of the Western army, whose head-quarters

were at Alençon. The war in the Vendée was brought to an end through fatigue and want of food. The consequences of the passage of the Loire had been too fatal to the Vendeans, to leave them in a situation to prolong the contest. Their most able leaders were killed. The grand-children of Henry IV. had disdained to appear among those gallant soldiers, who fought without regimentals, without order, and whose appearance had not the sometimes useless brilliancy of regular troops. Charette, the only man who still might have supported his part, had been shot at Nantz by order of Government, who would have acted more honourably in granting him his pardon; and the unfortunate attempt at Quiberon had struck the last blow to the enthusiasm and hopes of the rebels. Scattered bands, acting without any decided aim, still ravaged some parts of the country. General Hoche, to whom the command of the western departments was entrusted, succeeded in a short time, by his wisdom, moderation, and resolution, in destroying the last remains of civil war. He established a system of moveable columns, whose motions were calculated with so much precision, that while they were continually crossing the country in all directions, they

frequently met and were enabled to support one another in case they should be attacked by superior forces. The enemy, thus chased, unable to enjoy one moment's rest or safety, got discouraged, and at last preferred to exertions without aim, a peace which ensured him the free exercise of those religious duties for which he had taken up arms, and the hope of better times. In Normandy, where I was, war was raging without glory, but not without peril. The Chouans, secured against surprise behind their high hedges, aimed close upon us, and cost us a great number of men. When they wanted to replenish their military chest, they stopped the stage-coaches, stripped the travellers, and frequently killed them. These gentlemen fancied that their title of royalists ennobled even their profession of robbers. A little while before our arrival, a general and well-directed bush-beating had taken place against them, and had disgusted them at a profession which left them no other prospect than the punishment due to highway robbers. Count Frotté, who commanded those noble troops, gave his companions leave to make their peace, and went over to England, after having, as it was reported, broken his sword. The principal

leaders then wrote to General Montigny, who commanded the division, to solicit an interview, which took place at the castle of Louvet, near Alençon. I went, to meet these gentlemen, into a wood near the castle. I was conducted there blindfolded; and after a quarter of an hour's walk, I found in a thicket a dozen tattered wretches lying on the grass, exhausted with fatigue and want. Some of them were remarkable for a haughty expression of countenance, which they did not belie during the conference. Their submission was unreserved. Several among them were obliged to leave the scene of their achievements, others joined the armies of the Republic. When the treaty was signed, we all stepped into a room, where a splendid breakfast was prepared. There were twenty of us standing round the table and looking at one another in silence. General Montigny invited them to sit down. An unequivocal motion of the head was all the answer they gave. Cold ceremonies were exchanged; after which, we all mounted our horses and separated.

One of the conditions of the treaty was, that the leaders of the troops should recover the unsold part of their property, as those of the Ven-

dean army had already done. This favour was justly due, not only to their valour and exertions, but also to their patriotic sentiments, which had made them prefer the dangers of civil war to the disgrace of serving under foreign banners. Now that the emigrants are happy in the enjoyment of the rank and confidence the Sovereign allows them, one may speak freely on their conduct. The first impulse which urged them to fly cannot be blamed; but how can one justify the disgraceful resolution of placing themselves in the pay of the enemies of their country? The Revolution was a family quarrel, from which foreign nations ought by all means to have been excluded. What was to be expected of the Austrians, the Prussians, or the English, but the subjection of France, her dismemberment, and disgrace? The Vendeans also fought to maintain their religion and the monarchy; but, far from giving themselves up to a foreign enemy, they never would suffer English troops to come to their support. They had not forgotten that Henry IV. was obliged to take German troopers into his pay; but that his magnanimous soul would have recoiled at the thought of receiving pay of the Germans. The

cause of the Vendeans, thus defended, was respectable. They certainly could not hope to get the better of the determined will of a whole nation resolved to be free, and who could not be so under the government of the Bourbons; but at least they were Frenchmen, and the troops who fought against them experienced a feeling of pride at the sight of French peasants opposing them with more courage and firmness than all the kings of Europe united together.

This war against the Chouans was not more pleasing to General d'Hilliers than to myself. He did not wait for the pacification to solicit of General Bonaparte the honour of serving under his orders. The letters of appointment soon arrived. M. d'Hilliers set off post for Italy. I was obliged to travel on horseback. The name of Bonaparte greeted my ears in every place through which I passed. Each day brought the account of some new victory. His letters to Government,— his proclamations, so elevated in style, and so wonderfully eloquent, roused all minds. All France shared the enthusiasm of the army for so much glory,— for such brilliant and numerous triumphs. The words Montenotte, Millesimo, Lodi, Milan, Castiglione, were repeated with a noble pride next to those of Jemmapes, Fleurus, and Valmy.

CHAPTER XI.

My arrival at Milan.—I am appointed Aide-de-camp to the General-in-chief.—The army marches to Vienna.—Battles of Rivoli, La Corona, &c.

When I arrived at Milan the victory of Castiglione had just been gained. General Wurmser, beaten, was flying in the direction of Mantua; and after having come to force us to raise the siege of that city, he was himself obliged to seek a refuge within its walls. I was convinced that General d'Hilliers was to be employed in military service, and during the journey I indulged in glittering dreams of glory and advancement. How great was now my consternation when I found him governor of Lombardy! I was going to be buried again in the paper business of a staff, sentenced to distribute the bulletins of our victories,—to be busy about the thousand minutiæ of an office, so tiresome to a soldier,—and at last not even dare to acknowledge that I had been in the Army of

Italy, of which I should share neither the perils nor the triumphs. Besides, my sword was my only fortune, and could I hope for advancement when I had not deserved any? These thoughts grieved me sorely, and made me adopt the resolution of soliciting the command of a troop of infantry in a brigade of the vanguard. General d'Hilliers attempted in vain to make me alter my mind. Forced at last to yield to my entreaties, he was about to give me my orders, when the intelligence of the victory of Arcola arrived at Milan. Two aides-de-camp of the General-in-chief had been killed,—Muiron, an officer of artillery, for whom he entertained a great regard, of which his good qualities made him worthy,—and young Elliott, a nephew of General Clarke. M. d'Hilliers spoke of me to General Bonaparte with great warmth, and got me appointed to succeed Muiron. My first sensation was joy at this unexpected favour of fortune, but it was soon troubled by the fear of being severely judged by one so well able to scan my merits. My uneasiness was such as to make me regret the success General d'Hilliers had obtained. I went to the General-in-chief, who lodged in the Palazzo Serbelloni. He was giving audience. His saloon was filled with

military men of all ranks, and high civil officers. His air was affable, but his look so firm and fixed, that I turned pale when he addressed himself to me. I faltered out my name, and afterwards my thanks, to which he listened in silence, his eyes fastening on me with an expression of severity that quite disconcerted me. At last he said, "Come back at six o'clock, and put on the sash." That sash, which distinguished the aides-de-camp of the General-in-chief, was of white and red silk, and was worn round the left arm.

When I went back to the palace at the appointed hour, the officer on duty introduced me into the saloon of the aides-de-camp. This was a new subject of perplexity. I was not acquainted with any of them. They could see by my sash that I was a new comrade, but not one came up to me. They communicated their observations to one another, directing towards my person looks that did not seem to me very favourable, until Marmont came in, and perceiving me, took me by the hand, and said, "Here is a new comrade, who will soon be a friend."—"In the field of battle," I answered with a blush, "I shall be less embarrassed than I am here." A few days were

sufficient to establish between us a degree of friendship that has never diminished. The aides-de-camp of the General-in-chief were at that time eight in number. Murat, who had been named general of brigade, was no longer one of them. The first was Colonel Junot, afterwards Duc d'Abrantes. He was born in Burgundy, and enlisted as a private soldier in a company of volunteer cannoniers of his department. At the siege of Toulon, he was admired for an instance of intrepidity that has seldom occurred since. The famous redoubt, called *Les sans culottes*, defended by the English, had been attacked for several hours, but its fire was still very troublesome to us. General Bonaparte ordered a battalion to take it by storm. Although Junot did not belong to that battalion, he rushed first of all into the ditch, climbed up the scarp, jumped into the redoubt through a battlement, killed two cannoniers at their posts, and by that means gave his companions time to join him. The redoubt was taken amidst cries of "The Republic for ever!" General Bonaparte made him serjeant; and his handwriting being clear and neat, he made use of him as his secretary during the remainder of the campaign. When I met him for the first

time, he was a colonel, and had been wounded at the battle of Castiglione. Junot added to great courage much natural shrewdness. After having served during twenty years, and passed through all military ranks, he ended his life in a deplorable manner. The cold he suffered in the Russian campaign disordered his mental faculties. The unhappy man died under his paternal roof. His reason returned a short time before he breathed his last, and seeing himself again in the humble chamber in which he had passed his youth, he was enabled justly to appreciate his glittering dream of fortune and glory.

Marmont, a colonel of artillery, was also born in Burgundy, of an ancient and respectable family in that province. His education had been particularly well attended to, and he had entered very young into the army. The principal features of his character were at that time an unbounded passion for glory and ambition, and an attachment to his General that amounted to enthusiasm. — Duroc was the third aide-de-camp. Though less brilliant than the two former, he possessed greater solidity of judgment, and a remarkable tenaciousness of character. In 1789 he was an officer of artillery: he had emigrated, but had speedily returned to France. The Ge-

neral-in-chief was much attached to him. Duroc was grateful, and I believe his fidelity would have nobly borne the dangerous ordeal of the revolution of 1814.—The fourth aide-de-camp was Le Marrois, a young man scarcely seventeen years old, and already covered with wounds.—After him came Sulkowski, a true Pole, of chivalrous valour, passionately fond of adventures, with a romantic and restless mind, well informed, and speaking fluently all the languages of Europe. When almost a child, he had fought for the liberty of his country. Wounded at the siege of Warsaw, and compelled to fly, he came to France. He was soon after sent to Constantinople with M. Descorches, our ambassador. The Committee of Public Safety wishing to have an agent in India, Sulkowski undertook that mission. He had already passed Aleppo, when the English discovered him, and got some Arabs to rob him of his papers. Having escaped out of their hands, he returned to Paris, and obtained an appointment in the Army of Italy. He was engaged at the siege of Mantua, when a report that he had addressed to the Chief of the staff fell under the eyes of the General-in-chief, and the following day he was made his aide-

de-camp.—We had also among us Louis Bonaparte, then scarcely sixteen years of age, and whom his brother spared no more than the rest of us on the most perilous missions. Louis fulfilled them with a satisfaction which proved him worthy of his name.—Elliot having been killed, as I mentioned above, the General-in-chief took in his place Crossier, a brave and clever officer of cavalry.

Such were my new comrades, whose acquaintance I made while waiting for the General-in-chief. He arrived at seven o'clock, and we sat down to converse. He placed me next to himself. All the guests were as much surprised as I was at this extraordinary favour; but I did not remain long in suspense as to the cause to which it was owing. The General wished to know what he had to expect of the new acquaintance he had rather rashly made. His questions began with the very first course, and lasted till we rose from table; that is to say, during three-quarters of an hour. "Where have you served? In what army? At what time did you enter on service? Under what generals have you fought? What was the strength of the Rhine army? What position did it occupy before Mentz? Why did they not go

to the assistance of that city? How were the lines of the Lauter lost? How was Landau delivered? What generals had the highest reputation in the Rhine army? What were the forces of the enemy on the 13th of October, and when the lines were retaken?" He listened attentively to all my answers, and shortened them when they were too diffuse. I perceived, by his pithy observations, that he was perfectly well acquainted with the history of the Rhine army. The distance and position of the different places, the abilities of the generals, their systems and faults,—all were familiar to him. When dinner was over he ceased to speak to me. I was afraid he was dissatisfied with my answers. I was comforted, however, by the thought that the ordeal of the field of battle would be more favourable to me.

We remained a fortnight at Milan, waiting for the enemy to come once more down from Tyrol, and make a fresh attempt on Mantua. The General-in-chief was at that time just married. Madame Bonaparte was a charming woman; and all the anxiety of the command,—all the trouble of the government of Italy, could not prevent her husband from giving himself wholly up to the happiness he enjoyed at home.

It was during that short residence at Milan that the young painter Gros, afterwards so celebrated, painted the picture of the General. He represented him on the bridge of Lodi, at the moment when, with the colours in his hand, he rushed forward, to induce the troops to follow him. The painter could never obtain a long sitting. Madame Bonaparte used to take her husband upon her lap after breakfast, and hold him fast for a few minutes. I was present at three of these sittings. The age of the newly married couple, and the painter's enthusiasm for the hero, were sufficient excuses for such familiarity. The portrait was at the time a striking resemblance. Some copies have been taken of it; but the original is in the possession of the Queen of Holland, Duchess of St. Leu.

We set off for Verona. The day after our arrival I received an order to reconnoitre the enemy posted on the banks of the Adige, facing Roveredo. My instructions were to force him to make some demonstrations, but not to come to an action. I was to bring back an exact account of all the points the enemy occupied in the valley, with particulars, which, by the by, the General was very fond of, on the re-

spective positions of the two vanguards. Some troops were put at my disposal, and I learned some days after, that a secret order had been given to one of the generals of the vanguard, to follow me in all my movements, and rectify my blunders. This commission was not very important. The manner in which I acquitted myself of it was not very bad; and if the General bestowed no praises either on my behaviour or on my report, at least I received no reproaches.

The enemy soon returned in force. General Bonaparte had foreseen on which side he was to be attacked, the chief aim of the Austrians being naturally the deliverance of Mantua. He had in consequence placed the mass of his army along the Adige, at Rivoli and La Corona. He knew that the Archduke Charles was intent on taking Kehl, and that that small fortress, less formidable still by the strength of its walls, than by the determination of General Desaix, who defended it, would cost the Prince a great many men and much time. The diversion the enemy made on Porto Legnago and St. Georgo was of no use; they were beaten at Rivoli by the division at Massena, under the command of General Bonaparte. The conse-

quences of this battle were beyond all calculation for the Army of Italy. Tyrol was open to us; Mantua surrendered, and the General-in-chief found time to explain himself with the Pope at Tolentino. A short time before the battle of Rivoli, General Brune had arrived at the army. He was sent by the Directory. He experienced such a flattering reception as surprised us. His name was utterly unknown. Report stated that he had come to make his first campaign, and we were curious to judge in how far he would deserve the distinction General Bonaparte had shown him, who was not often prodigal of his praises, and who knew so perfectly well how to appreciate real merit: however, General Brune justified them. I was not at Rivoli, having been sent to St. Georgo; but I learned the next day, through Sulkowski, that Brune had fought at La Corona with great skill and singular valour. He had acquired an extraordinary reputation as a republican. In 1791, when the expiring monarchy was struggling against an enemy who crushed it in the end, Brune was one of the leaders of the club of the Cordeliers, and led the riot of the Champ de Mars, which the mayor, Bailly, dispersed by proclaiming martial law. He was imprisoned,

and a report was spread that his Court friends had attempted to get rid of him by odious means. At the beginning of the war, Brune was employed in some obscure posts; but afterwards, whether the Directory was afraid of a man of such unusual spirit, or whether he felt himself that his courage would be better employed in the army, he obtained leave to serve in Italy. General Bonaparte, foreseeing that he should one day have great contests with the Jacobin party, resigned to General Brune a part of the honour of the victory of Rivoli, and made him a general of division. Some years after, he was appointed commander-in-chief of that same army, of which he had been one of the least distinguished generals. These distinctions were owing either to some talents he really possessed, or to General Bonaparte's wish of attaching to his person one of the leaders of a party, among which several men of merit were to be found.—The pursuit of the enemy and the conquest of Tyrol were entrusted to General Joubert, a young man, who had begun his military career in the Army of the Pyrenees, and whom the General-in-chief raised in a short time from the rank of colonel to that of general of division. His merit was so con-

spicuous, that his comrades, though older than he, did not complain of a preference he deserved by his courage, talents, and prudence, which Massena himself openly acknowledged. I was ordered to accompany Joubert to Trente, of which he made himself master five days after he had begun the attack.

While the Austrians were making so unlucky an effort to deliver Mantua, and drive the French out of Italy, the Pope, excited by them, and discontented with the loss of the three Legations, hastily raised some troops, and resolved to take a part in the formidable contest. The time when the pontiffs used to influence so powerfully the doctrines of Italy was long past: Pius the Sixth, a stately pontiff, possessed none of the dangerous qualities of Julius the Second. The General-in-chief marched against him with a single division. His aide-de-camp, Junot, was ordered to oppose this new enemy. He fell in with him near Faenza. A few cannon-shots were exchanged; but all the troops he found laid down their arms with so much docility, that the Pope sent in haste three cardinals to sign a treaty, which caused him long to repent his imprudent attack.

By this treaty, the cession of the three Legations was confirmed, while the Pope was obliged to pay fifteen millions for his perilous enterprise, and deliver up the most precious masterpieces of antiquity which adorned his capital and provinces. This episode of the war was very short. The Archduke Charles, having at last made himself master of Kehl, was marching to us in great haste, to help General * * * to deliver Mantua and the Holy Father. He arrived too late: the town had opened its gates, and the Pope delivered up his treasures. A certain number of emigrants were found in the fortress. The laws that had been passed against them were far from being repealed; the General-in-chief nevertheless ordered General Serrurier to let them pass unmolested. I do not know whether they showed themselves grateful for that act of generosity.

The General-in-chief, foreseeing that his new campaign would require great exertions, applied to Government for a fresh supply of troops. He could not continue fighting in exhausted Lombardy; but having his line of operations strongly supported on Mantua, he wanted to go in his turn to seek the enemy, and, uniting his operations with those of the armies of

the Rhine, disgust the republicans with a war which had no longer a reasonable aim, and was kept alive by malicious passions. In France, every body was desirous of serving under General Bonaparte. Bernadotte obtained the preference, and his army arrived on the banks of the Piave, the day before the passage of that river. I was ordered to go and compliment him, and to seek a ford where he might pass the river. The most elegant politeness of manner distinguished the General and his staff; they appeared delighted at forming a part of the army, and especially at serving under the command of the hero of Italy. The interview took place next day, and it was marked by a degree of cordiality and candour, which produced a good impression among the troops present at the scene.

The first attacks of the French army were made with so much impetuosity, that the enemy felt himself unable to resist, and compelled to choose another ground. He retired to the Tagliamonte, the passage of which he resolved at last to defend. General Bonaparte settled every thing so that the honour of the day might belong to Bernadotte: a corps of six thousand grenadiers was placed under his orders, and he

received the command of the centre, where the enemy had the strongest forces to oppose to ours. Bernadotte passed the numerous branches of the rivers at the head of his soldiers, crying "The Republic for ever!" and under the most murderous fire; but Massena, who commanded the left wing, had attacked with so much vigour, that the enemy before us only fought to get to the end of the day, and not to be too much harassed in their retreat.

The result of this battle made the General-in-chief sensible that the Archduke retreated to await him beyond the plains of Styria, and that the nearer he might approach to Vienna, the more equal the forces, and the more stubborn the defence would become. Bonaparte resolved therefore to recall the division of Joubert that was at Brixen. He left, it is true, Lombardy open to the enemy, who would not fail to attack it; but he was very sure that if once the Austrians were vanquished and forced to make peace, it would not prove very difficult for him to recover his conquests and re-establish order everywhere.

CHAPTER XII.

My mission to Tyrol—Its dangers.—Preliminaries of Leoben.—Venice is ceded to Austria.—Riot at Genoa.—Murder of a Frenchman.—General Bonaparte sends me to ask satisfaction.

With two companies of grenadiers of the 69th, and some cavalry, I was sent to fetch General Joubert. General Zayonjeck, a Pole, newly arrived at the army, received an order to support me with some squadrons of dragoons. I arrived at Lienz without any impediment; but there I got certain information that I could not, without losing all my men to the very last, penetrate to the place where our first troops stood under the command of General Belliard. I wished, however, to carry my undertaking into execution, and what I could not do with my soldiers I resolved to attempt alone. I therefore left my troop at

Lienz under the command of a good captain, and taking with me a lieutenant named Acyorte, a brave and resolute man, I threw myself with him into a calèche, both of us well wrapped up in our cloaks, hoping we might be able to cross that part of Tyrol in the character of Italian merchants. We advanced, in fact, some stages without meeting with any obstacle. We had already reached the first houses of Mühlbach at nightfall, when our carriage was stopped by the clergyman of the place, who said to me in Latin: "Do not enter; fly to the mountains, or you are lost. You are expected, and nobody will be able to save you." Since I had left college, I had entirely neglected the Latin language. I scarcely understood it, and I was making the clergyman repeat his speech, when his sudden flight, added to furious cries, warned us that we had not a moment to lose. In an instant we jumped out of the carriage and ran to the hills. We hid ourselves in a ditch: when up to our necks in the snow, we heard the Tyroleans pass and fire their muskets. The pursuit was long, and not without uneasiness to us. At last we ventured to change our position. We penetrated farther into the mountains, and the garret of

a hovel was our retreat for the remainder of the night. At daybreak we were obliged to adopt some resolution. To advance was impossible : we decided therefore to return on foot to Lienz, avoiding the inhabited places. We succeeded for some leagues; but after having in vain attempted to turn a village, we were forced to pass through it. The peasants were at church, the doors of which were open. Some old women called after us, and a dozen of the most alert among the men soon reached us. We were forced to yield to numbers. We did not know German enough to make ourselves understood by people who besides spoke that language very ill, and they resolved to lead us back to Mühlbach. The whole population of the town and environs were assembled together. We were introduced into the town-hall, situated in the great square. The people were highly excited, and I could see by the fear depicted on the faces of the municipal officers, that our situation was becoming dangerous. Several of those brutes were dragging us along, when, after having suddenly disengaged myself from their hands, I peremptorily insisted on being heard. But then came again the difficulty of making myself understood. I

sat down, took up a pen and wrote in Italian, that I was an aide-de-camp of the General-in-chief Bonaparte; that I was carrying to General Joubert the news that a truce had been signed with the Archduke Charles; that they were at liberty to murder us,—but in that case, my mission not being executed, hostilities would continue in Tyrol, and my death be revenged on the inhabitants. This account being proclaimed from the top of the balcony, and repeated among the crowd, succeeded in calming them. I then asked leave to continue my journey, but the cries began anew. The only permission I obtained was to return to Lienz. We were escorted there by a gentleman and a clergyman respected by the peasants. On our arrival I gave them a written acknowledgment of their generous conduct, and hope one day to be able to record their names, and recommend them to the esteem of all friends of humanity.

I had scarcely arrived at Lienz, when I learned that I was about to be attacked by the Tyroleans, who had assembled in the mountains. The inhabitants of the place were not very peaceably disposed; but I hoped to awe them by my firmness. I could not entertain the

intention of engaging in a useless action. I wished, however, to carry along with me about fifty wounded Frenchmen whom I found in the hospital, and whom the Austrians had abandoned in their retreat. While I was taking the necessary measures for their transfer, I was told that one of the posts placed at the entrance of the town had been killed by the Tyroleans, who were advancing against us. I returned to the inn to get on horseback; but, just as I was coming out of the door, a dozen of these rebels, placed in ambush at thirty steps' distance, fired at us and killed my horse, as also those my servant was holding by the bridle, and gave me a severe bruise in the belly. I had just time to extricate myself and rejoin the troops. To attempt resistance in the interior of the town would have been madness: we left it amidst a shower of bullets, shot from the windows. The Tyroleans were waiting for us at the gate. We were obliged to repulse them with the bayonet, and continued fighting till we arrived at Spital, several leagues off. There I found General Zayonjeck, who had at last succeeded in getting forward, and was coming to join me. This affair cost us five-and-twenty men killed and wounded, and three distinguish-

ed officers. This loss grieved me sorely, and though I had done all that prudence required, I was nevertheless anxious to know what impression it would make on the General-in-chief. My report had preceded me: I was well received, though he blamed me for having ventured alone, and without the hope of being assisted. The order I had been the bearer of, had also been entrusted to an officer who went from Trente, and who was more fortunate than I. General Joubert hastened to join the General-in-chief with his whole army corps; but the truce was already signed.

After the victory of Neumarck, General Bonaparte had written to the Archduke to propose peace. The Cabinet of Vienna, tired of the long and unfortunate contest, and fearing that the loss of a battle might bring the enemy to the gates of their metropolis, eagerly seized the only means of stopping the French in their victorious career. The truce was signed at Judenburg on the 7th, and the preliminaries at Leoben on the 18th of April, by Messrs. de Gullo and Meerfield on the part of the Austrians, and General Bonaparte and M. Clarke on the part of the French.

The close of hostilities and the expectation

of a speedy and lasting peace were hailed by the belligerent nations with the greater enthusiasm, because during the latter years the war had no longer for its object either the safety of the people or the dignity of the sovereign. The government of the French Republic was acknowledged by a part of Europe, and the conquest of the Austrian states was commemorated by twenty victories. However great might be the talents the Archduke Charles had displayed in his German campaigns, the Emperor could not expect to be able to beat the Army of Italy with troops discouraged by so many defeats, and by a system of retreat in which they only saw a proof of their inferiority, without guessing at the real plan of their leader, which was to draw his adversary out of Italy, from whence he got all his supplies.

The march of Bonaparte through the hereditary states, where he seemed obstinately pursuing an enemy continually retiring before him, was strongly criticised at that time when the lustre of his glory had surrounded him with envy. It has been said, that if the Archduke Charles had refused the truce, Bonaparte would have been obliged to follow him

to the banks of the Danube, and that there all the chances of success would have been in favour of the Austrians; that a first check in that position would have been the certain prelude of a defeat, after which he would have had no means of retreating and avoiding total ruin. No one doubted but Italy would have been lost, General Lauden having penetrated into Lombardy through Tyrol, while the insurrection of the Venetian states had spread disorder among our troops, and consternation among all the friends of France. If all those assertions had been founded in truth, it must be acknowledged that Bonaparte not only wanted prudence in his campaign, but also that, by a degree of vanity contrary to all common sense, he resolved to expose to the most perilous chances his army, his glory, and Italy, to satisfy the frivolous ambition of vanquishing Prince Charles, and making himself master of the metropolis of the Austrian empire.—But it was not so. In the first place, the necessity of repulsing the Archduke was urgent, the Prince having come to seek Bonaparte on the banks of the Piave. In pursuing him beyond the Julian Alps, the French general took all the precautions that

the art of war and the most consummate prudence required. The left of his army had made itself master of the valleys of the Adige and the Drave, in those parts of Tyrol of which it was necessary that he should have possession in order to ensure his operations. When he saw that by the retreat of the Archduke he should be obliged, if he wished to pursue him, to penetrate into the interior of Styria, he recalled General Joubert, and reinforced his army by twenty-two thousand men. This augmentation of his troops gave him a superiority in numbers which the Austrians would not have been able to equal even under the walls of Vienna; for all the forces of the monarchy were already exhausted,—and the campaigns of Austerlitz and Wagram have sufficiently proved that the inhabitants of Vienna, and even those of the hereditary states, except the Tyroleans, do not readily take up arms. They would probably have remained peaceable spectators of the contest, of which the object was of no advantage to them. As to the loss of Italy, there was no likelihood of such an event. The small corps commanded by M. de Laudon might certainly have caused some confusion at first; but that general was without support—

without any real line of operations. We possessed well-furnished fortresses, numerous garrisons, a body of excellent and well-commanded troops. The insurrection of the Venetian states, on which the enemy reckoned, had been much exaggerated. Some hundred wretches, urged by the Venetian Government, had massacred the sick at Verona, and some solitary Frenchmen on the highway; but there was a great difference between these outrages and a general strongly organized insurrection, gathering force from hatred and the thirst for revenge. The Venetian people were but little attached to their government. The creation of a powerful republic in the midst of them inspired them with the desire of making a part of it; while a taste for novelty made them shut their eyes on the sacrifices which revolutions require, and their vivid imagination had exaggerated the advantages they expected to reap from it. The friends of Government were undoubtedly numerous, especially among persons in office and the priesthood, who cannot but lose in modern revolutions; but the mass of the people were strangers to their designs and their ambition. I have rather enlarged on the subject of this campaign, because I found in Paris, some time

after, people who blamed it openly, notwithstanding its brilliant and solid result; but I was soon convinced that those reflections originated with the members of the Directory, who had been much less uneasy about the result of the conquest than dissatisfied with the haughty independence of General Bonaparte, who did not choose to submit to the plan traced out by Government. The passage of the Rhine by Hoche and Moreau was a powerful diversion, which the conqueror of Italy had himself wished for; but that operation, to have been really advantageous, ought, in his opinion, to have been put into execution much earlier. A last consideration, and which is in itself an answer to all objections, is the intimate and convincing knowledge the General-in-chief had acquired of the dispositions of the ministers and persons who enjoyed decisive influence over the mind of the Emperor.

After the signature of the Treaty of Leoben, the army took up its position beyond the Tagliamento, and the General-in-chief came to Milan; but in his way he thought fit to punish the cruelties committed during the insurrection. He well knew that the insurrection had been prepared and directed by the Government of

Venice; and he had acquired proofs that it had been concerted with the enemy, and in his interest. But Bonaparte's revenge was one of an able politician. Austria had a great wish to get Venice into her possession. Bonaparte destroyed its government, and was enabled, by that means, to offer that rich prey as a compensation in the negociation. It was accepted, without blushing, by a government which never hesitated in making its friends pay for faults caused by its own misconduct.

In the mean while a circumstance happened at Genoa, that strongly fixed the General's attention. The government of that small republic had refused to admit one of our squadrons into its ports. The English party, that was uppermost in the senate of Genoa, had stirred up a riot among the rabble; a Frenchman had been killed, and the frigate La Modeste had been burned. Such acts of violence required a speedy and energetic repression; but General Bonaparte wished that the punishment might not be inflicted by the French government. Secret emissaries, sent from Paris, had been instructed to obtain, by all possible means, the union of Genoa with France. This was, however, not the opinion of General Bonaparte.

It would have caused a renewal of painful discussions with the Austrians, at the very moment when the treaty was being put into execution. Besides, the Italian army derived considerable advantages from the Genoese republic. In consequence, General Bonaparte thought fit to send me to Genoa, with precise instructions, and an order to deliver to the Doge, in full senate, the letter he addressed to him, giving him no more than four-and-twenty hours to execute the measures of which I was the bearer. My entrance into the city caused great anxiety, and the approach of a terrible, though unknown danger, made the magistrate, in whose hands the care of the public reposed, feel that the republic was irretrievably lost, if any fresh outrages were committed in the presence of an aide-de-camp of General Bonaparte. The people became calm, as if by enchantment. M. Faypoult, the French ambassador, was greatly dispirited; and when I declared to him that the orders of the General-in-chief were, that I should deliver my letter to the Doge in full senate, he recoiled with alarm, and said there was no instance of a stranger ever having entered the Petty Council presided by the Doge. I replied, that there was no instance either of

an order of General Bonaparte not being executed, and that he was immediately to acquaint the Doge of my arrival; that in an hour's time I would go to the palace of the Senate; that I had nothing to do with the forms of the Republic, nor to care for the peril I might run in executing the orders of my chief. Half an hour afterwards I was informed that I might go to the palace. When I entered the hall, anger and consternation were visible on the features of all the members of the Council. After having delivered my letter, and required the execution of the orders it contained within four-and-twenty hours, I retired; and the agitation was so strong in the assembly, that I heard a powerful voice repeating the words: "Ci batteremo," (We will fight.) However, they did not fight. Three senators were arrested.

Despatches were sent to the General-in-chief. A provisional government was instituted, and a commission chosen to modify the Genoese constitution. Anxiety, agitation, and fear were carried to the highest pitch. I thought I should be able to set off the next day, when a vessel that entered the port gave me fresh cause of uneasiness. She had on board Madame Bona-

parte, (the General's mother,) with two of her daughters, afterwards known as Queen of Naples, and Grand Duchess of Tuscany,—and M. Bacciochi, newly married. These ladies had not seen the General-in-chief for several years. They had come from Marseilles, fancying that Italy was tranquil. General Bonaparte had not received the letter in which they acquainted him with their arrival. No measures had been taken,—no orders given; the riots might, perhaps, begin anew, and they might fall victims to popular fury. My first thought was, to remain with them, and to collect some means of defence, in case they should be attacked. But Madame Bonaparte was a woman of great sense and courage. "I have nothing to fear in this place," she said; "since my son holds as hostages the most considerable persons of the Republic. Go quickly and acquaint him with my arrival. To-morrow I shall continue my journey." I followed her advice, merely taking the precaution of ordering some detachments of cavalry I found in my way, to go to meet them. They arrived without accident the next day at Milan.

CHAPTER XIII.

Embarrassed conduct of the Directory.—Meditated coup d'état.—General Bonaparte sends me to Paris.—His Instructions.—I transmit to him the result of my observations.—Madame de Stael.—The 18th of Fructidor.—My return to Italy.

While France and her armies were at last enjoying the repose brought by such heroic exertions, Government betrayed, by its internal dissensions, the fatal secret of its weakness and incapacity. The enlightened part of the country had soon become sensible that the Directory would never obtain any but a temporary and stormy existence. Besides the impossibility of preserving perfect harmony between five persons, possessing power in common, while they were swayed by different passions, prejudices, and characters, it was easy to be convinced that even the concentration of power in so few hands, being an homage paid to

monarchy, would recall too many recollections, and too much regret for the old form of government, not to tempt its adherents to make efforts in its favour. In the eyes of the Royalists, the Directory was then only a passage to monarchy. They hoped that it would be short; and their wishes, inflamed by the expectation of success, made them bold. For the first time, they combined a reasonable plan by addressing themselves to the passions of their foes, and to ambition so ardent in its calculation. The Constitution of the Year III. had created two councils,—one called the "Council of Five Hundred," and the other the "Council of Ancients." Among the persons composing them were still many members of the Convention, who could not bear the idea of the return of the Bourbons; but among them also sat some old Constitutionalists, who had united their exertions and wishes for the establishment of a representative monarchy. The greatest part among them were men of merit. All had been persecuted by the Committee of Public Safety. The members of the Directory had been all chosen out of the Convention, and the majority of them had voted for the death of the King. These were no titles to recommend them to the

confidence of the people, and much less to that of the Constitutionalists. The difference between the conduct and the opinions of Government, and a part of the Chambers, soon created an animosity, which betrayed itself in all their mutual concerns. Perhaps, however, it would not have brought on a catastrophe, if one of our most celebrated generals had not entered the Council of Five Hundred, already resolved to carry into execution a conspiracy in favour of the Bourbons.

Pichegru it was who conceived that fatal design a long time before. I was told by General Lahorie, who accompanied him to Paris when the Convention summoned the Conqueror of Holland to her aid to crush the Jacobins, that when he left the metropolis after the affair of the 12th Germinal, Pichegru lost no opportunity of showing his contempt for that Assembly,—contempt so great, that he grew angry at the thought of the praises and honours that had been lavished on him. Such were his ideas when he took the command of the Rhine army, and soon after began his correspondence with the Prince of Condé. It could not remain long a secret: the Prince wavered, asked advice, and solicited orders of the Count

de Lille. This hesitation, these numerous letters, let so many people into the secret, that authentic papers were alone wanted to establish complete evidence of the plot. Those papers were soon found. Count d'Entraigues, a fiery and active-minded emigrant, though not very prudent, was one of the agents of the correspondence. He was attached to the Russian Legation which had been sent to the former government of Venice, and he remained in that city, thinking himself safe in his foreign regimentals. The General-in-chief had him arrested. A great part of the correspondence was seized among his papers, and sent to the Directory.

A government that felt itself strong enough to be just, would have had the traitor arrested, and the laws would have decided. But the Directory considered that Pichegru was protected by eminent services, by his great reputation, his title of Deputy, and the support of a whole party. The examination of the plot proved, besides, that if General Moreau had not taken a direct part in it, he had at least known of it. When he learned that Government was acquainted with it, he hastened to disclose it; but this tardy dis-

closure, instead of destroying suspicion, confirmed it. Besides that, other respectable names might be exposed. All these considerations made Government fear legal proceedings, the publicity and final result of which might too probably prove fatal to its members; so that it was deemed preferable to involve in one common destruction, by a "coup d'état," the private foes of Government and those who had betrayed the Republic.

General Bonaparte followed attentively the progress of these sad dissensions. In the heat of the debates of the Council of Five Hundred, some aspersions had been directed against his lieutenants, and even against himself. He at first proudly repelled them; but on maturer thought, he resolved to send to Paris some one who could obtain exact information on the situation of affairs, and I was chosen for that mission. "Mix with every body," he said; "do not let yourself be led away by party spirit; tell me the truth, and tell it me free from all passion."

I arrived in Paris in the month of May. The five members of Government were, at that time, Barras, Rewbell, Carnot, La Reveilliere Lépaux, and Barthelemy. The first four had been mem-

bers of the Convention; and although none of them had been famous during the reign of Terror for any atrocious act, still the three first had voted the death of the King,—a vote which, notwithstanding the fatal though powerful consideration that may be presented in alleviation, placed them among the most furious Jacobins, and was prejudicial to the respect with which they ought to have been invested. The people bore impatiently the yoke of men who recalled to their minds such fatal events; and they were especially disliked by the Constitutionalists of 1791, who reproached them at once with the destruction of their edifice, and the persecutions which had so long weighed upon them.

When I arrived, the contest was violent, and the antagonists of Government made no secret of their wish to overthrow the majority. My first visit was to Barras, who seemed to have preserved favourable sentiments for General Bonaparte, and who expressed to me a wish to maintain the friendship which had so long united them. After him I saw Carnot, who spoke to me with a reserve commanded by the intimate connexion of General Bonaparte with Barras. A difference of systems and views

on some points of Government had created between these two Directors an animosity which betrayed itself in invectives and threats, that left no opening for reconciliation. Carnot, however, expressed himself with candour. "It is impossible," he said, "to go on any longer on the revolutionary road. If a lasting system of moderation be not adopted, all is lost. France feels horror for whatever brings to mind the deplorable measures to which the necessity of saving her has carried the country. The public mind is irritated, and unless great care be taken, the effect will be to involve us again in a confusion, out of which we shall be extricated only to bend under the yoke of the Bourbons. The faction against which I am struggling does not blush to charge me with being a royalist; and nevertheless, nobody is more convinced than I am of Pichegru's treason, and the necessity of punishing him; but they want to govern France as they would a club. Narrow views, passionate factious spirit, the prejudices of ignorance and fear, ever suspicious and blind, preside over all our acts: they prefer the violence that irritates, while moderation and firmness would be sufficient to smooth every thing. My situation is

painful; for I am forced to move with a party in which, exclusive of Pichegru, there are men to whom I am obnoxious, who perhaps conspire with him, and who will ruin the Republic, without obtaining the secret aim of their endeavours. I have tried," he added, "to reclaim Pichegru; I was not personally acquainted with him; but the conversation I had with him convinced me that he is cleverer than I thought, and that he has taken his final resolutions. I do not know what are his means of execution, now that he is no longer with the army; but whatever they may be, they will miscarry when opposed by the firm vigilance of Government, and by public opinion, which is strongly declared against the Bourbons."

This conversation, of which I have only recorded the most remarkable parts, was the only one I had with Carnot. The house of Barras was open to me, and I went there so often that Carnot could not but look upon me as a man entirely devoted to the party of that Director: it was however not so. All his speeches breathed hatred and vengeance. A month before the catastrophe took place, it was secretly resolved to make it terrible, and the victims were marked out. My position and my duty for-

bade me taking any part in the contest, but I wrote the truth to General Bonaparte. I observed that he would tarnish his glory if he gave any support to acts of violence, which the situation of Government did not justify; that nobody would pardon him if he joined the Directory in their plan to overthrow the constitution and liberty; that proscriptions were about to take place against the national representation, and against citizens whose virtues made them worthy of respect; that punishments would be inflicted without trial, and that the hatred resulting from such measures, would extend not only to the Directory, but to the whole system of republican government. Besides, it was not certain that the party they were going to proscribe, really wished the return of the Bourbons; and in any case the legal punishment and banishment of Pichegru would be sufficient to destroy any plans of that sort. These considerations made so much impression on the mind of General Bonaparte, that he soon avoided, in his correspondence with the Directory, all allusion to the interior situation of France, and at last left off writing to them altogether. His long silence appeared strange to Barras, who however easily guessed

the cause of it. He continued seeing me; but I perceived by his gravity, and the insidious questions of his favourites, that he suspected me of not being his friend. I never loved equivocal situations, and I hastened to get out of the one I was in by candidly declaring my sentiments to one of his confidents. "I know enough," I said, "of the plans of Government to hurt them if I were to acquaint their enemies with what I do know: it would however be an act of treason, of which you know I am incapable. But, as a citizen and an honest man, I cannot dissemble that I do not approve of the *coup d'état* that is meditating. You are going to trample on laws and liberty. Such a system of violence will sooner or later recoil on your own heads. After having toiled and suffered ten years to obtain a representative government, it is distressing to reap nothing but tyranny, or the convulsions of anarchy." He answered me by some commonplace observations on the necessity of striking a great blow at a faction that wanted to overthrow the Republic. Barras, to whom this conversation was reported, according to my intention, thought it requisite to dissemble: he did not treat me ill, but he had me watched with a

vigilance that extended even to my correspondence with General Bonaparte. My letters to him were written in ciphers; and that proof of mystery and mistrust, by augmenting their suspicions, contributed perhaps to hasten the catastrophe, through the fear that Bonaparte might take some resolution that would perplex the Directory.

I may here briefly describe the different members of the Directorial government, whose existence was so short, though its operations had so much influence on the destinies of France and the affairs of Europe.

Barras, who then discharged the functions of president, was descended from one of the most ancient families of Provence. A restless disposition, and the wish to advance rapidly in the military career, had induced him to go to India, where he served in a colonial regiment. Having returned to France in 1789, he declared himself in favour of the Revolution, in which however he obtained no celebrity. Nature had refused him those qualifications which ensure success to an orator, but he had a great deal of resolution; and his conduct at the fall of Robespierre, by bringing upon him the hatred of the Jacobins, gave him a share in the gratitude

all France felt for those who had contributed to the destruction of their horrible tyranny.

At the period I am now speaking of, Barras was the most violent of the three members of the Directory who wished for an alteration in the councils. His hatred of Carnot was so strong, that a few days before the 18th Fructidor, one of his confidents, to whom I made the observation that Carnot would undoubtedly find means of escaping from persecution, answered, "*We will kill him.*" He had continually in his mouth the most insulting expressions against those whom he suspected of being royalists. On the other hand, how is it possible to reconcile that hatred of the Bourbons and their friends, with the revelations published by Fauche Borel since the Restoration, and which Barras never denied? The above-mentioned agent of Louis XVIII. has asserted that the Director had consented to the plan of the Count of Lille to bring about a Royalist revolution; that a formal pardon had been sent to him, and an amnesty for his vote in the trial of the late King; finally, that several millions had been promised him to make up for the loss of his rank as Director. If the assertion of Fauche Borel be true, the animosity of

Barras against the Royalist party can only be explained by the impossibility, in which he found himself, of accomplishing his promises, or by his grief at being obliged to share the glory and the profit of a restoration with persons whom he detested, and whose reputation and talents would offer the King better pledges than he could present. The conduct of Napoleon in regard to Barras, during his reign, may also be explained by the knowledge he had acquired of his treason.

Rewbell, the second Director, was a lawyer from Alsatia: his name will hold but a trivial place in history. He was at that time accused of amassing his fortune with an avidity that might have procured him immense wealth; however, that charge has since been disproved in the clearest manner. After living fifteen years in obscurity, Rewbell died a short time ago, leaving a very middling fortune.

The third Director was named La Reveillere Lepaux: also a lawyer. A reputation for unsullied integrity and talent, proclaimed by four committees, had made him regarded as a man capable of governing the state. Carnot has used him very ill in one of his works. I believe there is a great deal of exaggeration in that

picture, which is traced by resentment; several features of it, however, approach very near to the truth. His friends and his valets used to call him *the good soul*, (*le bon homme*,) and he wept for joy when on the 18th Fructidor he heard that thirty legislators were to be transported to the burning sands of Cayenne. As a philosopher, he was at the head of a sect, and the Theophilanthropy which he sought to propagate was nothing more than pure deism. He used to lay offerings of flowers on his altars, while poor Christian priests under his government expiated the crime of teaching their religion in dark and solitary dungeons.

The only man in the council who deserved his high station, and who enjoyed undisputed respect, was Carnot. At that period he had not yet completely displayed the inflexibility of conscience and the wonderful disinterestedness that have made him hitherto inaccessible both to the seduction and to the threats and severity of power; but those who approached him admired in him a dignity of character combined with virtue and vast information, entirely devoted to support the liberty and independence of his country. The turn of his mind, and the unshaken firmness of his soul, inspired him

with a predilection for a republican government, which experience does not seem to have weakened. Being himself a stranger to all the mean passions that animate and maintain society, he did not calculate on the corruption and the vanity of his countrymen. A republic being in his eyes the best of all governments, he thought nothing appeared too difficult for its preservation, and perhaps nothing too severe to insure its triumph. This austere republican was however a good and amiable man: in the bosom of his family, he was indulgent to weakness and error. His enemies themselves did not confound him with his cruel colleagues of the Convention. At the period I am speaking of, he struggled to alleviate the situation of the emigrants and insure the tranquillity of their families: he resisted all oppressive measures, and wanted to establish the prosperity of the state on good laws, and the benefits of peace.

The ministers who formed the cabinet under this *Pentarchy* have not been able to escape oblivion, with the exception of one whose name will be recorded in history on account of the variety of parts he has acted. M. de Talleyrand left France in 1792, as Bishop of Autun; he returned in 1796 a republican, and with all

the docile modesty of a disgraced man who wishes to return to favour. He possessed a remarkable degree of talent, which was much praised by his friends. He had however not yet attained the fame he afterwards enjoyed, as one of the most clever diplomatists of Europe. In that respect the Directory were not in want of his services. Numerous and important treaties had been signed by obscure persons, and were not the worse for that. But the vanity of the Directors was flattered at having under their orders a man who had formerly been a *grand seigneur*, who had given more than one pledge to the Revolution, had lost the right of complaining of its excesses, having himself professed all its principles, and whose suppleness of character insured his obedience. He possessed, besides, considerable advantages over his predecessor, and even over his new masters—I mean his connexion with influential men in foreign countries, a strong taste for politics, and the most perfect polish of manner. Notwithstanding their rude republican pride, the Directors were sensible that, in their negotiations with foreign courts, a man of birth belonging to the old monarchy might be of use to them.

When M. de Talleyrand entered the ministry, dissension was at its greatest violence. He gently discarded his old friends who were struggling in the councils against the majority of the Directory, by feigning to believe that they all wished for the return of the Bourbons, and he remained a cool spectator of their disasters. The chief point he had in view was to keep his place and re-establish his fortune, which had been destroyed by former disorders and public events. He quickly obtained his aim, from which nothing could divert him, neither the clamour raised by his enemies, nor the reproaches of his masters, to which he constantly opposed a calm, patient, and, I may almost say, a careless resignation. I have witnessed some instances of it, and I felt that ambition cannot fail to create disgust when bought at such a price. He lived on a footing of intimacy with Madame de Stael, already celebrated for her superior mind, and a passion for fame, united to kindness of heart that has not been sufficiently appreciated. To say the truth, it was a little her own fault. I am convinced that she did not foresee the cruel proscriptions that oppressed the vanquished party; but I certainly never witnessed so much warmth of persecu-

tion. She undoubtedly saw nothing more in the struggle than the triumph of her political opinions,—I should rather say feelings; but still it must be acknowledged, that an absence of all reflection could alone have led her to embrace so openly the part of men who trampled on liberty and national representation, the two most cherished objects of her worship. All that time she carried to enthusiasm her admiration of General Bonaparte. I saw her for the first time at M. de Talleyrand's. During dinner, the praises she lavished on the Conqueror of Italy had all the wildness, romance, and exaggeration of poetry. When we left the table, the company withdrew to a small room to look at the portrait of the hero; and as I stepped back to let her walk in, she said: "How shall I dare to pass before an aide-de-camp of Bonaparte?" My confusion was so great, that she also felt a little of it, and our host himself laughed at us. I went to see her next morning. Her reception was kind enough to make me return often to her house; and I do affirm, that her lively imagination and her incredible activity continued unceasingly the same up to the catastrophe. She had nothing before her eyes but the counter-revolution, the return of

the Bourbons, the revenge of the emigrants, and the loss of liberty.

The *denouement* grew at last inevitable. The rage of the several parties had reached its greatest height. The journals, pamphlets, and posted bills contained the most violent provocations. The Constitution not having left the Directory space enough for defence, it resolved to overthrow all barriers. Still, there was wanted a celebrated general to put the plan into execution. Augereau came to their assistance. The day before he arrived from Italy, I received a letter from General Bonaparte, in which he said: "Augereau is going to Paris. Place no confidence in him. He has brought confusion into the army: he has a factious spirit." When I returned to Italy, I learned that the misunderstanding between the generals and the officers of the two divisions of Augereau and Bernadotte had extended to the private soldiers, and that they taxed one another mutually with being Jacobins and Royalists. General Augereau had openly declared for the majority of the Directory: Barras, who reckoned upon him, called him to Paris, and gave him the military command.

Government, being once certain of the sup-

port of the General, marked out their victims; and in the night of the 17th Fructidor, orders to arrest them were delivered. As they might have escaped in the night, it was resolved to wait till daybreak, and by a wretched contrivance, worthy of a melo-drama, this outrage was immediately announced by the discharge of a four-and-twenty pounder on the platform of the Pont Neuf. The explosion broke all the windows in the neighbourhood, and spread dismay through the city. At eight o'clock in the morning, the Director Barthelemy, thirty members of the two Councils, and several writers, were sent to prison. A few days afterwards, a part of France witnessed their representatives dragged along, in trelliced carts, like wild beasts. They were taken to Rochefort, and from thence to Guyenne, where the unwholesome climate proved fatal to some of these unhappy men. Several of the victims succeeded in escaping. Carnot found a refuge in the house of M. ***, one of the warmest advocates of the arrest. But he was the countryman and friend of the Director, and his generous soul found means to conciliate the duties of friendship with the passion of party spirit.

I had passed the evening of the 17th with Barras. The ill-disguised agitation of his courtiers, and some words which I caught *en passant*, taught me the secret of the night. I retired early, resolved not to show myself the next day, as I did not wish to lead any one to suppose by my presence that General Bonaparte approved of such unheard-of violence. I went however to Barras on the day after. As soon as he perceived me, he called me to his closet; and then assuming a threatening look and tone of voice, he said: "You have betrayed the Republic and your General. For the last six weeks, Government has received no private letters from him. Your opinions on what is going forward are known to us, and you have undoubtedly painted our conduct under the most odious colours. I declare to you, that last night the Directory deliberated whether you ought not to share the fate of the conspirators that are on the road to Guyenne. Out of consideration for General Bonaparte, you shall remain free; but I have just sent off my secretary to explain to him what has happened, and your conduct." I answered very coolly: "You have been deceived. I never betrayed any person! The events of the 18th

are calamitous. Nobody shall ever persuade me that Government has a right to punish representatives of the people without trial, and in contempt of the laws. I have not written any thing else for the last six weeks; and if you wish to ascertain the fact, here is the key of my bureau: have my papers seized; their examination will cover my false accusers with confusion." This moderate and firm reply, but especially my proposal, pacified him. He tried to begin an explanation, but I retired. When I returned home, I burned my correspondence: it might have exposed my General, and consequently I could not hesitate. When that was done, I sent off, as an express, an officer of the staff who was at Paris, to acquaint the General with all that had happened; and not wishing that my sudden departure should be attributed to fear, I remained eight days longer in town. I went, however, to General Augereau to inquire whether he had any commission to give me. Since he had been in Paris he was like a man beside himself. He spoke to me of the General-in-chief with a great deal of flippancy, and of the 18th of Fructidor with more enthusiasm than he would have done of the battle of Arcola. "Do you know," he

said, "that you deserve to be shot for your behaviour?—but you need not be uneasy, and you may rely on me." I thanked him with a smile; but I felt it would be useless to put his kindness to the proof, and the next day I set off for Italy.

CHAPTER XIV.

My return to Paris after the 18th Fructidor.—First idea of the Expedition to Egypt—Its motives—Its aim.—Mission of M. Pousseilgues to Malta.

I LEFT Paris on the 1st Vendemiaire, just as the Directory, the Ministers, and all the constituted authorities, were going to the Champ de Mars to celebrate the new year, according to the custom of the time. The President of the Government walked up to the altar of the country and made a speech, in which, among great praise bestowed on the armies, were frequently introduced threatening insinuations against the enemies of Government, and abuse against the Sovereigns at war with the Republic. It was under the canopy of Heaven, and in presence of the Supreme Being, (to use the then fashionable expression,) that those sermons were preached before the multitude, which never failed to be very numerous if the weather happened to be fine.

I was very anxious to be on the other side of the Alps, that I might know what the General-in-chief thought of my conduct. At the passage of Mont Cenis, I met an aide-de-camp of General Augereau, called Deverine, who was returning dismayed with the harsh reception he had met with from General Bonaparte, and who acquainted me with his misfortune. He had been sent to Italy by his general, a few days after the 18th Fructidor, to claim from the paymaster of the army 600,000 francs, which were not owing to him, and which he thought no one would dare to refuse him. The same officer was also the bearer of copies of Clarke's secret correspondence with Carnot, from the time of his entrance into Italy. The generals of the army to whom Augereau sent copies of those letters were very much abused in them by the military diplomatist, and the General-in-chief was even attacked in his private character. Enraged against Clarke, they thought fit to deliver into the hands of their chief these abusive letters, without dissembling their contempt for a man they had never seen in their ranks. General Bonaparte, having heard of the demand for money made on the paymaster of the army, ordered him not to

pay it; and having sent for the poor aide-de-camp, he gave him a severe reprimand, and sent him back to Paris as quick as he could. The young man was extremely grieved at his adventure, and bestowed many imprecations on Augereau for having exposed him by such a ridiculous message.

This little accident gave me some insight into General Bonaparte's disposition, and I hurried the more to rejoin him.

I was entering the long avenue leading to the castle of Passeriano, when I perceived Clarke, who stopped my carriage. The Directory had deprived him of his diplomatic mission, and dismissed him as a general on half-pay. "I am in the most wretched condition," he said to me, "but you may still be of service to me. Do not speak of the Directory's being incensed against me, and mention my dismissal as a natural consequence of the fall of Carnot. By that means General Bonaparte will keep me with him. He knows the secret of what I wrote against the generals; he'll silence them." Clarke was unfortunate. I had been long acquainted with him; so I gave him my word that I would serve him. The thing was not altogether very difficult: the General-in-chief

had a liking for him; the Directory forgot him, and did not insist on his leaving the army.

I had scarcely arrived at the castle, when General Bonaparte sent for me into the garden, and there continued questioning me during four hours. My correspondence had acquainted him with all the particulars of the event; but I was still obliged to describe the hesitations, fits of passion, and almost every gesture of the principal actors. His opinion had been long fixed respecting the different members of the Directory, and even the nature of the Government itself. "But," said he, "with such rude forms, why so much weakness? Why then so much temerity when firmness would have been sufficient? There was cowardice in not daring to put Pichegru on his trial. His treason was obvious, and the witnesses more than sufficient to convict him. At best, if the High Court had acquitted him, he would nevertheless have been dishonoured in the face of the army and all France. Force is good when one cannot do otherwise; but when one is free to choose, justice is better." Then, according to custom, he continued for a long while walking about in silence. At last he added, on taking leave of me: "All things

well considered, this Revolution will prove a vigorous stroke to the nation." When he returned to the castle, he sent for Botteau, the secretary to Barras; had a long conversation with him, and sent him back, in the course of the night.

A few days afterwards, Bernadotte returned from Paris. I soon perceived that he had represented events under a more favourable light for Government than I had; but through all the particulars he mentioned, his numerous animadversions on the War Department, and his conjectures on the renewal of hostilities, General Bonaparte had no difficulty in penetrating his ambition and his designs. The Directory had loaded him with praises; the Ministry of the War Department had been promised him; and when, a short time after, the General-in-chief learned the nomination of General Augereau to the command of the Army of the Rhine, he felt that with so weak a companion, and so ambitious a minister, it would be impossible for him to advance freely, and to obtain glorious results. Peace was consequently resolved on in his mind. I am far from doubting that considerations of a more elevated nature, and especially the wish to give peace to

France, then sinking under the burthen of her sacrifices, swayed his resolution ; but most certainly the choice of those two men contributed greatly to fix it.

During the long unoccupied days that the diplomatic debates afforded him, the General-in-chief used to pass a part of his evenings with the learned Monge, whom he had summoned near his person. Among the varied and instructive conversations which delighted the General-in-chief, the plan of conquering Egypt, so often presented to the Ministry in the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. was discussed. The General, who always went to the bottom of every thing, wished to read all that had been written on the subject. Monge, having held for some time the portfolio of the Marine Department, was enabled to procure him quickly all the most interesting papers. The measures that had been proposed appeared faulty to the General-in-chief; but the fertility of his mind made him discover the advantages he might derive from his position, to lay down a plan easier of execution and better in its result. It is probable that the idea was at that very moment communicated to the Directory; for, soon after, the first germs of its execution be-

gan secretly to develope themselves. M. Pousseilgues, late Chief Clerk of the Treasury, was at that time Secretary of the French Legation at Genoa. This gentleman had several relations, merchants, at Malta. He was called to the head-quarters, and from thence he went to Malta. His mission was to sound the disposition of the Government, and of the French knights, to get well acquainted with the spirit of the people, and to ascertain what were the means of subsistence, or the obstacles to be expected. Finally, he was to do his utmost to send to the head-quarters some of the Knights of Malta whom Bonaparte might have known at the military school. This mission was executed with great secrecy and intelligence; and during Pousseilgues' absence, secret efforts in furtherance of the object advanced rapidly. To lead curiosity astray, the General spoke of a journey he proposed to make after the peace was concluded. He said he intended to go to Germany and the North of Europe with his wife, Monge, Generals Berthier and Marmont. I was destined to accompany Eugene Beauharnais, who at that time was no more than seventeen years of age. General Bonaparte diverted himself with set-

ting up a plan of studies and observations, of which we were to give an account at the different places where we were to meet. That plan was the more reasonable, as General Bonaparte could scarcely live at rest in France, if peace lasted any time. He would not have been able to avoid the clashing of the different factions, and would perhaps have been forced to take part in the measures they would have attempted, with a view to triumph. The Directory was afraid of him; his glory was annoying; his influence over the enemy could not fail to be immense. On the other hand, he was too young to have a place in the Directory, and the idea of being the minister of Barras and La Reveillere Lépaux was not to be borne.

All these reflections determined him to make peace, notwithstanding the contrary orders of the Directory. Misunderstanding and dissatisfaction showed themselves in all the letters he addressed to the Government. His unpublished correspondence contains three of those letters, in which his ill-humour is displayed with a degree of energy and pride that made the Directory tremble, and was the source of the hatred which in course of time brought on the 18th Brumaire. The Directory did not wish

to sacrifice Venice to Austria; General Bonaparte wanted to retain Mantua; and as his instructions did not prescribe absolutely that he should not abandon Venice, he took upon himself to sign, on the 4th Vendemiaire, (25th September,) the treaty of Passeriano, well convinced that Government would not dare to express discontent openly; and that France, rejoiced at peace, would overrule with her applause the rumours of the General's enemies. According to our calculations, the courier of the Directory was to arrive at Passeriano the very day fixed for the signature. Bonaparte was reckoning with me the distance the courier had to go, and the hour he might arrive; and he candidly acknowledged the perplexity he would be in, if he received from Government an order not to go any farther. Recollecting afterwards with disgust the slow march of Moreau in Germany, a few months before, while he was at Leoben; and the appointment of Augereau to the command of the Rhine army, instead of Desaix, whom he had recommended in the most pressing manner, he added, in a tone of much ill-humour, "I see very well that they are preparing defeats for me. That man (meaning Augereau) is incapable of conceiving an extensive plan.

He will get beaten, or will not advance at all; all the Austrian forces will then fall upon me, and my beloved Italy will be the grave of the French army." He then questioned me as to the disposition of that part of France through which I had travelled, and I assured him that peace would be received with enthusiasm; that the people would bestow blessings on him, and that public happiness would be his work.

At last, on the 27th of Vendemiaire, the ministers of Austria were called to Passeriano, and the secretaries of the two Legations made copies of the treaty. That business lasted the whole day. The General was delightfully merry. No more discussions! He remained a part of the day in his saloon, and would not even have the candles lighted when it grew dark. We sat talking and telling one another ghost stories, like a family living in an old castle. At last, at about ten o'clock at night, he was told that all was ready. He ran to his closet, cheerfully signed the document, and at midnight General Berthier, the bearer of the treaty, was on the road to Paris. Twelve hours afterwards, the courier of the Directory arrived. The orders were positive; and if they had come to hand the day before, the treaty would not

have been signed. The next day the General-in-chief wrote to the Directory, expressing his wish to leave Italy, and to come to France to enjoy a little repose; but it was absolutely necessary first to organize the Cisalpine Republic; to take prudential measures against the Pope and the King of Naples, who showed the most hostile intentions. A squadron, with troops, had been sent to Corfu, Zante, and Cephalonia, to take possession of these Venetian islands, which had been given to France by the Treaty of Campo Formio, and the General did not think fit to leave Italy before he received accounts of their organizations.

In the mean while, M. Pousseilgues was beginning to give the required information respecting the disposition of the public mind at Malta. He had succeeded in sending to the General, M. N***, his former schoolfellow at the military school, and who had been for several years a knight in the island. From his report, and the letters of M. Pousseilgues, it appeared that the Knights of the French tongue, receiving neither money nor reward from their relations, and reduced to the most miserable shifts to live, would not stand much upon their fidelity to the Order; and that they

would have no objection to leave the island, provided they got leave to return to France; that the Grand Master Hompesch, a man devoid of strength of mind, would probably make no use of the means of defence he possessed in his military position, and the land and sea forces he had at his disposal. The persons who surrounded him had an influence over him, so much the more pernicious on account of the desire of both the English and the Russians to gain possession of the island. The Russian consul was a bold and active man, who frightened the Government by his threats, and spread disorder and terror in the minds of every one. It was therefore of great consequence to General Bonaparte to take a resolution and show himself before the island with an imposing force, that might decide the Grand Master in favour of France. He resolved at last to leave Italy. He addressed a proclamation to the army, and left it under the command of General Kilmaine.

CHAPTER XV.

Departure of General Bonaparte for Rastadt.—Murder of the Plenipotentiaries.

Bonaparte crossed Switzerland, and went to Rastadt: his travelling companions were, Generals Marmont, Duroc, myself, his secretary Bourrienne, and Ivan his physician. The only place at which he stopped was Geneva, where the Directory was already beginning, by underhand manœuvres, to augment the number of its adherents, who were one day to effect the union of that Republic with France. Carnot had sought refuge in that city, and General Bonaparte privately sent him advice to leave it as soon as possible, so as to prevent a persecution he was not able to prevent.

M. Necker was then living on his estate at Coppet, near Geneva. He still looked upon himself as a great man, and flattered himself

that the Conqueror of Italy would pay him a visit. I do not know what was at that time General Bonaparte's opinion of the financial talents of the late Minister of Louis XVI.; but I am sure he had but little esteem for his personal character, and had positively declared his disapprobation of the Sovereign's choice of a minister for France. We had a great desire to go with him and see the seat that Voltaire had celebrated in the latter part of his life; but the General-in-chief had also a grudge against Voltaire. He therefore thought fit not to make either of the two pilgrimages. We crossed Switzerland without stopping any where. However, his carriage having broken down at a league from Morat, we travelled that part of the way on foot. Though it was no more than seven o'clock in the morning, the road was covered with people, and especially women, who had passed the night there, to get a peep at the Conqueror of Italy. When we arrived near the bone-house, where lie deposited the remains of the Burgundian soldiers killed in the famous battle of Morat, we found a General d'Erlac, of the celebrated family of that name, who was waiting for the General-in-chief, in the expectation that he

would stop to see the monument. General Bonaparte not being in military uniform, the stranger, without knowing him, gave him all the particulars he could wish respecting the victory of the Swiss. After he had examined the military position, he only said, "Charles the Bold must have been a great madman!" This reflection, uttered in a firm tone, apprised M. d'Erlac that he was in the presence of the hero he had so much wished to see. A respectful bow, and a compliment expressed with emotion, were the only homage he was enabled to pay him, for the General proceeded on his journey.

Two days afterwards we passed through Offenbach, the head-quarters of Augereau, the General-in-chief of the Rhine army. General Bonaparte stopped before his door, and sending him word that he was there, but in too great a hurry to get out of his carriage, he added, that he wished to see him for one moment. The lieutenant of the General-in-chief had however already begun to forget him, and his only answer was, that he was dressing. This unpoliteness was but ill repaired the next day, when he sent his aide-de-camp. Augereau's hatred of General Bonaparte augmented in propor-

tion with his wrongs, and only ended with his life.

By the Treaty of Campo Formio it was agreed that a congress should assemble at Rastadt to treat of peace between the Empire and the French Republic. The choice of the place recalled to memory the celebrated period of 1707, when the Castle of Rastadt united on its walls the Duke de Villars and Prince Eugène, of Savoy. This time the Emperor did not think fit to be represented by one of his warriors. They had all of them been beaten by the French. Count Metternich represented the Roman Emperor, and Count Latorbach, the King of Bohemia and Hungary. Count Cobentzel came there with other negociators, who had signed the Treaty of Campo Formio. On the side of France there was M. Treilhard, late member of the Convention, who not only had voted for the death of the King, but who had even boasted at the time that it was he who had persuaded the Duke of Orleans to give the same vote. He was a very learned lawyer, and a man of rigid character. The criminal code was composed by him. He was far from being eloquent, and had not even an easy style of elocution. He was accom-

panied by M. Bonnier d'Arco, a harsh man, of a violent, and frequently untractable humour. These two plenipotentiaries were all but pleasing to the diplomatists covered with stars, and whose ancient names were preceded by their high-sounding titles. The contrast was singular; for the two ambassadors of the Republic never wore any but round hats, and their shoes were fastened with strings; but the other nations were obliged to submit to the French Republic, and the railleries to which these two gentlemen were exposed were never expressed in their presence. The General-in-chief had no desire to remain at Rastadt. The obscure discussions of the negociation, and the artful finesse of the German chancery, would have been a sad recompense for the fatigue he had suffered in the army, and a still sadder one for his victories. Nothing therefore took place but mere form. Only one remarkable circumstance happened during his short stay. The King of Sweden, in his quality of the Grand Duke of Pomerania, had sent to the Congress of Rastadt Count Fersen, formerly celebrated at the Court of France, and who had acted so conspicuous a part in the famous journey to Varennes. The hatred of his Sovereign for

France was a well-known fact, and the Count could not be agreeable. He happened to express the fatal wish of his being presented to the General. When he was in his presence, the latter said to him, "How could you expect, Sir, you could be able to serve the interests of Sweden,—you who are only known by your affection for a government justly proscribed in France, and by your useless exertions for its re-establishment?" M. de Fersen replied by a few words, which we did not hear. General Berthier, who was present, wishing to relieve him, recalled to his memory that they had fought together in America. By that means the ambassador retired a little less perplexed, and the next day he left Rastadt, whither he did not return until some time after.

Two days after this scene General Bonaparte set off for Paris, leaving me at the Congress with M. Perret, Secretary of the Legation at Campo Formio. "I cannot take you with me to Paris," he said; "the Directory has not yet forgot your conduct on the 18th Fructidor, and this is not the fit moment for justifying yourself. I shall make you amends for this hereafter. Remain here. Write me all you hear

of the diplomatic gossip. You will not easily find again the same opportunity of gaining instruction. I leave with you some of my servants, for I want people to think I shall soon come back."

His intention was not, however, to return to Rastadt. The difficulties brought in by the insinuations of M. de Thougeat every moment impeded the negociations. After three months' debates, nothing was agreed on as to the manner of concluding. The deputies of the powers of the second order in Germany, a great many members of the immediate nobility, and the numerous and rich holders of livings, sought support from the King of Prussia, who had neither the will nor the power to protect them. Convinced of the hatred of the Emperor, and of his resolution to sacrifice them, the greater number amongst them sought another support by secret negociations with the minister of France.

My position had become very difficult. I was detested by the members of the Directory, and consequently mistrusted by the plenipotentiaries of the Republic. I could not mention the real motive that kept me at Rastadt. My presence at the Congress was displeasing to

Messrs. Treilhard and Bonnier; and the ministers of Germany, obliged by their position to offer a kind reception to the French who resided with them, looked upon me as their representative; and finding it less painful to have a connection with an officer who enjoyed the confidence of General Bonaparte, they bestowed on me alone the attention they ought to have divided amongst us, and left nothing but cold ceremony for the others. Consequently, I was continually in company with Count Cobentzel and the family of Metternich. But I took care to acquaint General Bonaparte with my new position. He approved of it, recommending me, however, to act with due discretion. I shall not repeat the particulars of what took place during five months in this small German town. Diplomatic prattle, debates, generally without result, grand dinners, and ennui, would by no means interest the reader. However, he may possibly be glad to know what I have since learned respecting the murder of the plenipotentiaries of the Republic. These particulars were communicated to me by the Prince of Leiningen, and the Count of Solms Laubach, with whom I was very intimate. They

were at Rastadt on their own business, and showed in that catastrophe much courage and devotion for our unfortunate ministers.

These ministers had eagerly taken advantage of the secret proceedings of the ministers of the second and third rank and several members of the nobility of Germany. In hopes of being spared if the war broke out again, they promised to side with France. These secret dealings could not escape me, as, by the situation of my apartments in the castle, I frequently met the Secretaries of Legation of the small Princes of Germany sneaking in at Messrs. Treilhard and Bonnier's lodgings, which were not very distant from mine. When M. Roberjot came instead of M. Treilhard, those manœuvres grew still more frequent. He had filled several diplomatic missions; and his manners were more polite and attractive than those of his colleagues. Count Lehrbach, a man of determined character, full of energy, and a sworn enemy of France, was undoubtedly soon acquainted with the disposition of the hidden foes of Austria. The more the negociations advanced, the more evident it appeared that the peace would not be of long standing; and the war was already secretly resolved, when

the news came that General Bonaparte had embarked for the East, with some of the most able French generals, and thirty thousand of the best troops of the Republic. Count Lehrbach left Rastadt a short time before the commencement of hostilities, and it can scarcely be doubted but that it was he who induced the Austrian Cabinet to resolve to arrest the ministers of France.

A regiment of hussars of Szeckler, a sort of pandiers, recruited on the frontiers of Turkey, already surrounded Rastadt, when the French ministers received an order to leave the place. The Baden commander of the town had in vain advised them to set off in the morning, that they might cross the Rhine before nightfall. Their preparations caused delay; they were encumbered with papers they wished to keep, and they were besides convinced that their sacred character of ambassadors would shelter them from insult. The day was far advanced when they departed. At a few leagues from Rastadt they were stopped and murdered. I am persuaded that the Austrian Government did not give an order for murdering them, but only for seizing their papers; while the soldiers, finding a great deal of mo-

ney about them, urged by avarice, and probably intoxicated, thought the best way would be to stifle their complaints by murdering them.

I arrived at Paris about a month before our departure for Toulon.

CHAPTER XVI.

Preparations and departure of the Egyptian Expedition.—Malta.—I am sent to Corfu and Janina.—Return to Egypt.

I SHALL speak hereafter of my marriage with Mademoiselle Emilie Beauharnais. The preparations of the Eastern expedition had been made very secretly. The Directory had not even entrusted to their clerks the task of copying the various orders that were to be transcribed, and the secret had been so well kept that England in no way suspected our design, nor could take any means to prevent it. Fourteen ships of the line were assembled at Toulon. Each ship took only half the necessary number of seamen; the rest of the crews was composed of all the regiments of the army. Admiral Brueys commanded the fleet; and the officers who served under his orders, all full of ardour, had most of them already acquired reputation as clever men.

Besides the fleet of Toulon, troops who were embarked at Genoa, Ajaccio, and Cività Vecchia, had received orders to join the fleet before its arrival at Malta. I embarked on board the frigate Artemisa, which was a sort of aide-de-camp to the Admiral. The flotilla of General Desaix not having come to the rendezvous, the Artemisa was sent on discovery. General Murat joined us; and when we were not far from Malta, he obliged the captain to give him a boat, that he might go down to the outward defences of Valetta. This was an act of imprudence: he was also guilty of another, which I shall mention, because it gives an idea of the character of that general. While cruising before Malta, the only man-of-war the Order possessed came up to us, wanting to get into the port. Murat made a signal for her to steer leeward of our frigate. This was contrary to custom: but the captain of the Maltese ship being taken unawares, and intimidated at sight of the tricoloured flag, obeyed the signal without hesitation; on his arrival he spread the alarm; and the city, which we might have taken by surprise, was in a state of defence when we landed.

On the 10th of June the fleet at last ap-

peared in sight of Malta. The aspect of so large a fleet, with four hundred transports and a formidable army, threw the Grand Master and his council into the greatest dismay, and spread confusion among the knights and inhabitants of the island. The disorder augmented, and a French knight had already been murdered by the populace of the city, when the General-in-chief sent his aide-de-camp Junot, to summon the Grand Master to open the gates. The answer being that the Government was resolved to defend the place, a part of the army landed, attacked all the small forts which defended the shore, took possession of them, and soon after invested the town. The fortifications of Valetta consist of a ditch dug in the rock, the dimensions of which make an attack extremely difficult. It was quite impossible to open the trenches, as all the island together could not have procured us wood, nor even earth enough to establish our batteries and shelter us from the fire of the fortress. Fortunately, the Grand Master was seized with fear. The Russian Consul had already required that the island should be delivered over to some Russian troops who were expected. The Grand Master, fancying that the Order of Malta

was irretrievably lost, and forgetting that from one moment to another an English fleet might arrive and deliver him, resolved to sign a capitulation with General Bonaparte. The treaty was soon concluded; and, two days after our arrival, the army was master of the city and forts, and the fleet at anchor in the fine harbour of Valetta. General Caffarelli, on examining more minutely the fortifications, said to the General-in-chief — "It is very lucky for us that there were people in the place to open the gates for us; for if it had been deserted, the army would never have got in, notwithstanding all our exertions." Next day the Grand Master and all his officers went on board of a brig, and I received orders to conduct them, with the frigate Artemisa, to the extremity of the Adriatic Gulf, that they might not fall into the hands of the Barbary corsairs, who would have considered them glorious trophies. Two days after our departure we met a Ragusan vessel, from whom we learned that she had seen in the morning an English fleet steering towards Malta. Fortunately the army and its chief were already gone off. Our great fleet, with our four hundred transports, sailed during the night along the north coast of

Candia, while Nelson was waiting for it on the south.

It was long discussed in the fleet what would have been the result if Nelson had met us. The military officers, and especially those who were on board the ships of the line, were convinced that we should have beaten the English fleet: General Bonaparte supported that opinion by all the authority his name could add to it. I must however acknowledge that I never shared it. Four hundred transports, the captains of which were but in a small part Frenchmen, and which extended along all points of the horizon, would quickly have been dispersed by the English frigates. In spite of all our exertions, we should have experienced great losses. The Egyptian expedition would no more have been practicable; but the army might have thrown itself on the coast of Sicily, and have made itself master of that island. The cowardice of the Grand Master, and the wretched defence of the Knights of Malta, were a stroke of fortune that seemed to protect the destiny of the General-in-chief.

I had received an order to inspect the fortifications of Corfu, and the magazines with which that city was provided.* From thence

* See Appendix, No. I.

I was to go and acquaint Ali, the Pacha of Janina, with the conquest of Egypt, and try to persuade him, that as we remained friends with the Grand Seignior, it was his interest not to break with France. My mission was difficult and dangerous. We knew Ali Pacha for a man incapable of keeping faith. He was then on a good understanding with the troops dispersed through the Ionian Islands, and the coast of that part of Greece over which he had the command; but it was certain he would abandon us and become our enemy as soon as his policy might show him any advantage on the other side. When I arrived at Corfu I met General Chabot, who asked me whether I was the bearer of rich presents for Ali Pacha, and of a great deal of money to pave my way; for he added, "These are the best arguments you can make use of with him." These were precisely the things General Bonaparte had forgot. "But," said he, "you need not be uneasy: the Pacha is on the Danube, fighting, much against his will, at Udin, with Paswan Ogla." This account took a great burden off my mind. I hastened to execute the other part of my mission, and got to Egypt.

CHAPTER XVII.

Interview with Admiral Brueys on board the Orient.—My arrival at Cairo.—Mourad Bey.—His intrepidity and firmness.—Oppressive government of the Mamelukes.—Battle of Salahieh.—The General receives the news of the loss of the battle of Aboukir.

At a few leagues from Aboukir, whither I had received orders to go, the frigate I was on board of was chased by an English vessel that came to reconnoitre the fleet. This happened on the 21st of July. I went on board the Orient to see Admiral Brueys, the commander of the fleet. I had not expected to find the fleet moored in the roads of Aboukir. The following is word for word what the Admiral said to me. "When General Bonaparte left Alexandria to penetrate into the Desert, he gave me the choice either to enter the old port of Alexandria, or to go with the fleet to Corfu, after having landed all the goods and

provisions of the army. Since that moment I have received no account whatever from the army, nor its leader. I have sounded the passes of the old port; but it can only be entered with a north-west wind, and by boats: this has taken up much time, and the * * * is the only ship that has as yet been able to get into the port. It is quite impossible for me to leave the coast of Egypt before I receive accounts from the army. Can I set off and enter a port of Europe, without having any satisfactory news to give France and her Government? If, what I scarcely think possible, General Bonaparte were to find in the country insurmountable obstacles, and if he were obliged to re-embark, would it not be a criminal act on my part to deprive him of the only means of retreat he has left at my disposal? I have seen to-day an English vessel for the first time since I have been here. Most probably I shall be attacked to-morrow or the day after. I shall send for the vessel that is in the old port. If you follow my advice, you will remain with us. We have sanguine hopes of success, and you will enjoy the satisfaction of carrying to your general the intelligence of a glorious victory. As I could neither enter the old port of

Alexandria, nor go away, I have taken up a sort of military position here. I have been forced to moor the ships; because, having left Toulon with half-crews, I have not men enough to fight sailing." To this, Admiral Gantheaume added: "We are at some distance from the small island you see yonder, because the ground there will not hold our anchors, and it would be dangerous to run nearer to the shore; but we are defended from that side by a formidable battery."

After my conversation with the Admiral, I went during the night, alone, over that immense ship, which carried 130 guns. I did not meet a single person upon deck; it appeared to me as if I were in the Church of Nôtre Dame. A circumstance that made the solitude still more singular was, that, before our landing, there had been 2145 persons on board, and at that moment there were not above 600. The more I examined that vast floating citadel, the less inclined I felt to take part in the battle. In fact, I was not a sea-officer, and my duty was to join my general. There would be no want of messengers to bring him intelligence of a victory, whilst I should reap much blame and very little pity, if by some disaster

or other I were to be taken prisoner or killed. I went therefore to the Admiral, and said to him: "After mature consideration, I am resolved to continue my journey. I must give an account of my mission, and the position wherein I found you." He gave me a boat to carry me to Rosetta; but I soon repented the step I had taken. The swell occasioned by the meeting of the Nile with the sea was then very strong, and a violent tempest added to the danger that threatened us. A vessel laden with provisions had just been totally lost; another much larger, which was still struggling, was kind enough to throw us a rope, that we might fasten the boat to her, and avoid running out to sea, where we might go to the bottom, or split upon the breakers. We remained seventeen hours in that situation, when at last the sea growing a little less boisterous, I proposed getting forward at a quick rate, so as to gain the mouth of the Nile. The sailors were not much pleased at my plan; but I was seconded by the ensign, who commanded the boat, and who was a young man full of energy and intrepidity. The first billow nearly submerged us. One more effort was necessary; and while the sailors, pale as death, continued

rowing with vigour, one of my travelling companions, an officer in the *guides*, fell on his knees and began the Lord's Prayer, of which he did not omit a single word. When the danger was over, his courage returned, and, ashamed of an act he could not himself comprehend, he whispered to me: "I am now thirty-eight years old, and from my sixth year I never said a prayer in my life. I cannot conceive how I recollected that one; and I do declare that at the present moment I should not be able to repeat a single word of it." This officer was nevertheless one of the bravest of the Egyptian army. I think he died a general of brigade in Spain.

At Rosetta I found that the commander, Bidon Julien, knew no more about the army than Admiral Brueys did. "I am however easy," he said to me. "The inhabitants are perplexed, and that is a sure sign that we are victorious. You have nothing to fear on the Nile: I shall give you an armed vessel to carry you to Cairo, of which place the army must by this time have taken possession." The day after I embarked on the Nile I met Arrighi, (now Duke of Padua,) who had come from Cairo, and was conveying to the Admi-

ral an account of our victories, with the reiterated order to go to Corfu. When I told the General-in-chief that the fleet was still at Aboukir, he showed signs of great ill-humour; and fearing that Arrighi might encounter difficulties in his way, and not join the Admiral quick enough, he sent off that very night his aide-de-camp, Julien, with fresh orders. The unfortunate youth went down the Nile in a *djerme*, escorted by a dozen soldiers. His want of experience was the cause of his death. Having entered the branch of Alexandria, he thought he might rest for the night; but the Arabs murdered him and his escort. In him General Bonaparte lost one of the best officers of his staff, and I a most excellent friend.

The English were above a fortnight without showing themselves; and Arrighi found the Admiral, who was convinced that they had counted the number of his ships, and did not dare to engage. It was not until the first of August that Nelson appeared off Alexandria with fourteen ships of the line, and several frigates. The particulars of the battle, at which however I was not present, are too well known to require my repeating them here.

Although but a few days had elapsed since

the arrival of the General-in-chief in Cairo, he had been preceded, as he was everywhere else, by such strict orders and excellent administration, that the soldiers, and in general all the French, were accustomed to walk through the metropolis and its environs without feeling the slightest uneasiness. The city of Cairo presented a curious spectacle to the Europeans who saw it for the first time. I had landed at Boulack on the Nile, at a great distance from the square of El Bekir, where General Bonaparte lived. The narrow streets of the city were filled with camels fastened to one another in long rows, carrying all sorts of goods on their backs, and led by a single man. The inhabitants passed through the small vacant spaces with slow gravity, and with their pipes in their mouths; while our soldiers, mounted on donkeys, galloped cheerfully, sliding between the camels and bursting into roars of laughter. A shocking dust and an offensive smell of mummies suffocated us. Here and there, a few grave Mussulmans, seated on their mules, opened themselves a passage by the aid of their stick-bearers, who struck all that opposed them, and even the men who did not rise at their approach. Beggars, carefully hiding

their faces, and little inclined to discover what ours show, pestered the passers by with their singular cries, and seemed to be soliciting alms with angry imprecations.

Mourad Bey, after the battle of the Pyramids, had sought refuge in Upper Egypt. He had still with him several thousand Mamelukes. His influence over the people was considerable; and as it might prove dangerous, the General-in-chief, while he was preparing against him the expedition entrusted to Desaix, tried to gain him over by secret negociations. His legitimate wife and his whole harem remained at Cairo. Bonaparte sent Eugene Beauharnais to the wife with his compliments, and the assurance that she had nothing to fear. She received Eugene politely, and in return for the presents the General-in-chief had sent her, she gave him her husband's beautiful shawl, and some of his arms. But the respect shown to the wife of Mourad Bey had no effect on that chief. The vigour and talent of General Desaix, and the courage of our troops, who more than once forced him to retire to the Oasis, and reduced his followers to a few faithful friends, could not persuade that intrepid leader to lend an ear to any arrangement whatever; and

it was not until after two years' conflict and adversity that he at last consented to come to an understanding with the head of the French army; but at that time General Bonaparte had already left Egypt.

It had been supposed that in so fruitful a country all the wealth of the East would be accumulated. Instead of that, we found misery everywhere. The Government of the Mamelukes was devoid of either common sense or moderation. Besides the *miri* and another tax which the people of Egypt were obliged to pay to the Grand Seignior, they were loaded with imposts, which the caprice and tyranny of the subordinate officers were perpetually inventing. The Beys, who were the chiefs of the Mamelukes, the officers quartered in the different provinces, and even the private horsemen who were sent to maintain order in the villages, thought themselves entitled to impose and levy taxes more or less heavy. The *fellah*, or peasant, groaned under the load of these numerous exactions; and if he was unfornate enough to have children of either sex that drew the attention of the leaders, they were taken away from him to satisfy their brutal lust.

One of the first measures of the General-in-chief was to set the people secure in regard to their property; to make them comprehend the plain and judicious system of taxation about to be established, and to acquaint them that for the arbitrary laws to which they were subject under the Mamelukes, would be substituted, in each province, divans composed of the most reputable men, to judge their disputes. These various declarations soon dissipated alarm; and we had, in fact, no cause to complain of the people during the first six months of our stay in the country.

The Arab tribes were still, however, very dangerous. We had succeeded in making peace with some of them; but several others, more numerous and better armed, continued frequently to interrupt our communications and plunder our convoys, by land as well as on the Nile. We were in consequence obliged to organize a system of pursuit, which was followed up with so much energy, that the tribes felt at last convinced that they must either submit or retire to other deserts.

Mourad Bey, who was now in Upper Egypt, gave us no more cause of uneasiness; but Ibrahim Bey, next to Mourad the most powerful

leader of the Mamelukes, had gone forward to meet the caravan returning from Mecca; and under the pretence of defending it against the French army, he stopped it in its way, and plundered it. He afterwards returned to Egypt by the way of Salahieh, and proclaimed his intention of attacking this French army from that side. General Regnier, whom I accompanied on that short expedition, had not much trouble with the Arabs and Mamelukes of the vanguard; but he was conscious that his small division would soon be destroyed if no one came to his assistance. I went to acquaint the General-in-chief with this circumstance, who immediately flew to help him, at the head of some regiments of cavalry which we had succeeded in mounting with the horses we found in Lower Egypt. The Mamelukes were beaten at Salahieh, from which place the battle took its name. It was then that the General-in-chief learned the disaster of our fleet at Aboukir. The news was brought to him by an aide-de-camp of General Kleber. The officer's horse being unable to go any farther, he had written some particulars in an open letter, which I found in the hands of a peasant to whom he had entrusted it. I read the letter, and ad-

vancing towards the General-in-chief, I begged him to withdraw for a moment from the group of staff officers which surrounded him. I then gave him the note. When he had read it he said to me, "You know its contents; keep the secret." We returned to Belbeys, where we found breakfast on table. Every body was in good spirits, and particularly the troops, who had retaken from the Mamelukes the spoil of the caravan. They were going to sell the goods for almost nothing; but the General-in-chief forbade the officers to buy any of them there, and ordered the soldiers to dispose of them on their return to Cairo. All of a sudden, while breakfasting, the General-in-chief said to his guests: "It seems, you like this country: that is very lucky, for we have now no fleet to carry us back to Europe." He then acquainted them with the particulars of the battle of Aboukir, and they were listened to with as much earnestness as the General had related them. Every one soon appeared reconciled to the event, and nobody talked any more of it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ibrahim Bey retires to Syria.—Project of an expedition to Syria.—Revolt at Cairo.—Death of Col. Sulkowski, Aide-de-camp to the General-in-chief.—Mission of M. de Beauchamp.—The plague at Alexandria.—Expeditious mode of administering justice adopted by the Cadi at Cairo.

Ibrahim Bey had retired to Syria, and there was no doubt but he would organize in that country considerable bodies of irregular troops which would disturb our frontiers. The General-in-chief had also learned that the news of the invasion of Egypt had been received with great displeasure at Constantinople.

The English, enraged at the conquest of Malta, and sensible of the important consequences of the occupation of Egypt to their establishments in India, pressed the Turks to go to war. The General-in-chief had therefore reason to expect that he would not only be continually harassed by Ibrahim Bey, but

also that the English would make themselves masters of the ports of Syria. He took a resolution to be beforehand with them; but it was first of all necessary to know what might be the dispositions of the Pacha who commanded all Syria. The name of the Pacha for the time being, was Djezzar, a man of a very energetic character, who had maintained himself for several years in his post, in spite of the Sultan himself, and who enforced obedience by the terror his cruelties inspired. The General-in-chief sent to him a young Frenchman, just come home from Mascata with the Consul Beauchamp, and who was very well acquainted with the Arabic language. Djezzar sent an ambiguous answer, which served to convince General Bonaparte, that it would be necessary to support his declarations with an army. But a fatal incident occurred, which threatened the expedition with an indefinite delay. While perfect tranquillity seemed to prevail in Cairo and its outskirts, a rebellion, without any apparent cause, suddenly broke out at one of the gates of the city.

A number of wounded, who had been at the battle of Salahieh, and some invalids of the division of Regnier, filling above twenty

transports, were murdered, and the rebellion quickly spread through the city like wildfire. General Depuis, commander of the fortress, immediately mounted his horse, with all the men he could bring together; but he was assassinated, with several of his companions. To oppose the rebels any longer in the streets was not to be thought of. Means were however found to restrain them, though they had made themselves masters of one of the largest mosques in the town. It was then resolved to fire on them from the citadel. The bombs and howitzers made great havoc among them; after which, some battalions of infantry attacked the mosque, where all the rest were killed or taken prisoners. This rebellion lasted three days, and did not occasion any great loss to the army; but the General-in-chief lost one of his best aides-de-camp. Colonel Sulkowski had already been wounded at Alexandria, and also at the battle of Salahieh, and was not yet completely recovered, when, the General-in-chief wishing to send some officer to reconnoitre out of the city, he offered himself, pretending that it was his turn to march, and that his wound was entirely healed. Accompanied by fifteen guides, he was crossing

that part of the Desert that separates the town of Cairo from the citadel, when a troop of Arabs, that had concealed themselves behind a number of small hillocks, suddenly rushed upon him. He was killed, with the greatest part of his escort; for only two men returned to Cairo, where they brought the fatal tidings. I was not then in Cairo.* By order of the General-in-chief, I was accompanying General Andreossi on an expedition to the lake Mensale and Peluse. We were completely ignorant of what was going forward in the capital; and I was sailing leisurely up the Nile, when I learned that at Mansoura, or Lamansour, the hospital, containing our sick and wounded, with a detachment of soldiers, had been surprised, and all the men butchered without mercy. The rebellion of Cairo had reached the two banks of the river, and more particularly the branch of Damietta. Some revolted villages were burned to make an example. The General-in-chief was very desirous to know whether the inhabitants of Mansoura had retained any remembrance of their victorious resistance, when, under the reign of St. Louis, they had been so imprudently attacked by the Count d'Ar-

* See Appendix.

tois. But it appeared, from all inquiries, that these Egyptians were acquainted neither with the name of St. Louis, nor with the gallant actions that had illustrated their ancestors.

In the month of December 1798, the General-in-chief had not yet received any accounts from the Directory. The political object of the expedition had experienced great impediments by the loss of the fleet. It was no longer to be hoped we should ever be able to lead the army to India, the superiority of the English being now concentrated on the sea. All that remained therefore at present to be done was to profit by our situation, to bring back the Turks to their old sentiments of friendship for the French, and detach them from the English, or at least to prevent the two Emperors of Austria and Russia from concerting with each other the total dismembering of the Ottoman empire. The General-in-chief thought himself authorized to suppose that M. de Talleyrand, who had been appointed French Ambassador in Constantinople, had really departed for that metropolis, and had succeeded in maintaining his post there. In those circumstances it was important to correspond with him, and the best way appeared to be, to send M. Beauchamp

to Constantinople ; but it was necessary for him to escape the watchful eyes of the English cruisers. General Bonaparte contrived, for that purpose, the following plan. The Turkish caravella which had come over to bring the Sultan the yearly tribute from Egypt, was then riding at anchor in the port of Alexandria. The captain of that vessel was a man respected in his country, and he had with him his two sons. He received an order to carry M. Beauchamp to Constantinople, and to leave one of his sons in Alexandria as an hostage for the safe return of that gentleman to Egypt. The ostensible commission of the Consul was to require the release of all the Frenchmen who were detained in Syria, whether merchants or consular agents, and also of such military as had been made prisoners either in coming to Egypt or in returning to France. He was, in the course of his negociation with the Grand Vizier, to insinuate that France would abandon Egypt, and make a treaty of friendship with Turkey, if the latter consented to give up all her connexions with England ; in which case, the French troops would join those of the Sultan, either to put an end to the war with the two Emperors by one common treaty, or to

give him support, if peace should not take place.

Unfortunately, M. Beauchamp, was discovered by the English, and sent to the Seven Towers at Constantinople.

It was about this time that the plague began its ravages at Alexandria. I was ordered to accompany M. Beauchamp to that place, that I might superintend the preparations for his departure,* and make a report to the General-in-chief on the state of the fortifications there. When I arrived, I found General Marmont commanding the province and the whole sea-shore as far as Rosetta. "You arrive at an unfortunate moment," he said: "the plague has broken out yesterday among our troops. It appears that the order given on our arrival at Alexandria, to burn the clothes of the persons who had died of the contagion has been negligently executed. Some of the inhabitants have worn them again; and our troops being in close connexion with them, the contact has spread the plague among the French, and I have been assured that it cannot fail soon to break out also among the Turks. Yesterday four Frenchmen died; there are eight sick

* See Appendix.

to-day, who will probably be numbered with the dead to-morrow.

All possible precautions had already been taken by General Marmont: the troops were lodged under tents, and all communication betwixt them and the inhabitants was prohibited. The most rigorous orders had also been issued, forbidding the battalions to which the sick belonged, to hold any connexion with the others; but the carelessness of the soldiers destroyed all the good effects of these measures. They looked upon the plague as an enemy it was their duty to challenge; and the communication of the soldiers with each other continued, notwithstanding the severest discipline. My orders were to order Commissary Michaud from Rosetta to Alexandria: he came with a suite of ten persons, and lodged with us at General Marmont's. In the space of two days he was the only survivor of all those he had brought with him. One of his secretaries, named Renaud, left the hotel to go and sign some orders at the lodgings his master had taken in the city. The paper on which he wrote sufficed to communicate the disease to his blood. The next morning he sent word that he was not very well, and could not breakfast at the General's

table. We went immediately to see him. He was still up; but his features already bore all the marks of the fatal malady: his eye glared, his tongue faltered, he had a profuse cold perspiration, and pains in his limbs. The physician who was called to visit him, just appeared at the door of his room, with a thick long stick in his hand. After having looked at him for a moment, he ordered hot water to be placed before him, and retired without administering any other remedy. The unfortunate young man begged us to get him ink and paper, that he might write to his family. In the afternoon he expired in great agony; so that his illness did not last above fifteen hours.

The contagion soon assumed a most terrible aspect. All the physicians died successively; the overseers of the infirmaries went away, and it was no longer possible to enter the hospitals with impunity. We were obliged to take Turks to nurse the sick, and to pay a very great price for their services; while the superintendence over them was so relaxed, on account of the danger with which it was accompanied, that the most flagrant misconduct was not to be prevented. At General Marmont's lodgings we had been obliged to do without table-cloths

or sheets; all our clothes were fumigated; the out-door servants had no connexion with those of the interior. The carriage gateway was nailed up; while every thing that was brought to the house from out of doors, and even the meat, was thrown through a wicket into a tub of water. With a view to avoid the infection among us, we divided ourselves into two brigades; and during the night we pursued each other from room to room, throwing water in our faces, which was the only ammunition we possessed. Among the few soldiers who consented to nurse the sick, there was a gunner who had been in Constantinople, where he pretended that he had escaped the plague. According to his assertion, he possessed an infallible preservative against the infection, which was, to keep his face and hands perpetually moistened with water. But it was discovered that he washed his hands in oil. Indeed, it had been observed in Cairo, that the lamp-lighters never caught the plague. After remaining six weeks in the unfortunate city of Alexandria, I received from the General-in-chief an order to return to Cairo, that I might accompany him in his campaign to Syria.*

The Arabs of the province of Damanhour,

* See Appendix.

being well acquainted with the situation of our troops at Alexandria, took advantage of it to renew their depredations. I set off with an escort of thirty men, and two small cannons we had taken at Malta, and which General Marmont was kind enough to entrust to me, to increase my slender means of defence; but I was obliged, according to custom, to take under my protection a numerous caravan of peasants, women, and children, who profited by my departure to return to Damanhour and Ramanieh. We had scarcely advanced two leagues when the Arabs began to hover about our flanks. The French infantry, which a few months before had not even courage enough to fly before the Arabs, so soon accustomed themselves to dare them, that I had the greatest trouble to prevent them from strolling about the plain for the purpose of firing at these enemies. Two or three Arabs were dismounted, and then, to put them completely to the rout, I had only to fire my two cannons at them. On my arrival in Cairo, the General-in-chief had already gone off. He had left the place two days before, leaving me an order to traverse the city in all directions with the Police Aga, to know whether all was quiet. The

Aga was at that time a Greek, called Barthelemi. He was accompanied by his guards, the executioner and his servants. We walked with a solemn pace, and at the sight of the Aga all the pedlars in the streets, and those whose conscience was not quite clear, immediately disappeared. In the Rue du Petit Thouars, he stopped facing a coffee-house; and his stick-bearer, who walked before him, dragged along by force a man, to whom he addressed some questions. The poor fellow answered in great confusion. After reflecting for a moment, the Cadi slowly made a horizontal motion with his right-hand, and we gravely continued our walk. The gesture of the Cadi appeared singular to me. When we had got thirty steps farther, I turned round, and seeing a group of persons assembled before the coffee-house, I spurred my horse, and perceived with horror a mutilated corpse, and the executioner calmly putting a human head into his bag. "What's the meaning of this?" said I to the Cadi.—"Oh," answered he coolly, "that fellow had a share in the rebellion of Cairo, and escaped my vengeance." I insisted on his putting the whole affair regularly down in writing, to be communicated to the General-in-chief.

In all probability the unfortunate man was guilty; but I am convinced, that my presence, and the wish to give an example of severe justice, were the real causes of his death. For the rest, executions of this sort were not rare. The Cadi never went out but accompanied by the hangman. The smallest infraction of the police laws was punished by blows on the soles of the feet,—a punishment from which the women themselves were not exempted.

CHAPTER XIX.

The General's motives for his Expedition to Syria.—Regnier. —Kleber. — Bon. — Lannes. — Murat. — Departure of the Expedition.—Taking of El-Arisch.—Taking of Jaffa.— The General-in-chief's presence of mind.—The Army arrives before St. John of Acre.—Loss of the Flotilla conveying stores for the Siege.

BEFORE we enter Syria, I think it will be well to give an account of the General's motives for that expedition.

It was absolutely necessary to ensure the conquest of Egypt by that of Syria, and especially by the possession of the maritime places.

The two countries are dependent on each other, as well in regard to natural productions, as political connexion.

Egypt has no wood, and a part of Syria is covered with forests. The mutual exchanges extend even to many other productions. The Desert alone separates the two countries, and

the necessity of establishing one or two forts at the entrance of the Desert is indispensable for the possession of Egypt.

To these general considerations, at all times equally in force, must be added some particular circumstances which had just been created by policy.

In declaring war against France, the Sultan would launch out against us the whole armed population of Syria. The Pacha who commanded in that province, had a personal interest in showing himself our foe: he would effect his reconciliation with the Porte by the services he might render her; he would draw a great deal of money out of the English, and find war the means of subduing, or at least removing, Ibrahim Bey, whose presence in Syria was disagreeable to him, and caused him even some anxiety.

On the other hand, General Bonaparte wished to deprive the English of the means of communicating with and disembarking on an extent of coast eighty leagues in length. His intention was to make himself master of the maritime places, and fortify them. He had hopes of drawing over to his party a considerable portion of the inhabitants of Syria, espe-

cially the Druses and Maronists, schismatic Mussulmans,* whose manners are at variance with those of the Turks, and who have no other connexion with them but through the enormous taxes they are forced to pay, and the multifarious oppressions under which they labour. Finally, he expected by that means to force the Porte to explain herself openly; for he was not yet acquainted with the declaration of war made by the Turks against France. He placed at the head of the expedition General Regnier as commander of the vanguard, and Generals Kleber, Bon, and Lannes, and Murat for the cavalry.

He left in Egypt General Desaix vigorously pursuing Mourad Bey, and keeping in awe all the provinces of the Upper Nile as far as the Cataracts. General Dugua in Cairo commanded the Delta from Rosetta to Damietta. He had under his orders General Lanusse, whose courage and activity were sufficient to maintain peace in all those extensive provinces. The season was favourable for the expedition to Syria, which began in January 1799.

* Here Count Lavallette has made a little mistake. The *Maronists* are Christians, and not Mussulmans.—(*Note of the Translator.*)

The Desert, which divides Egypt from Syria, is eighty leagues in breadth. In that space of land is found the wells of Katisch, which were enclosed in a fort, that the army might not be without water. At two days' march beyond the wells is the fort of El-Arisch, which contains better water than Katisch, but of which the enemy had already made himself master. We were forced to besiege it, and it was bravely defended by 2000 Arnauts. They were however constrained to capitulate, after a vigorous attack of three days. In the treaty it was stipulated that they should go to Damascus; but the greater number among them threw themselves into Jaffa, of which place they augmented the garrison. We were obliged in consequence to besiege the town.* Jaffa

* When General Kleber left El-Arisch, to proceed to Kanjonnes, he was led astray by his guides, who threw him much too far to the right in the Desert. The General-in-chief followed him, not doubting that General Kleber had crossed the village: and he was going to enter it, escorted only by his staff and fifty guides, when two horsemen, who formed the vanguard, came back in full gallop, after having fired two pistols; and we discovered on the other side of the village the camp and cavalry of Abdallah Pasha, who appeared disposed to charge them. The army was two leagues behind. There was no possibility of standing against six hundred

was taken by storm a few days after the first attack, and the Arnauts who had capitulated at El-Arisch being found within its walls, were, according to the European custom, shot for having violated the treaty. I was not at that time with the General-in-chief, having joined him only the day after the taking of Jaffa.

From Jaffa the army marched to Caiffa; but the enemy had abandoned that place, though it possessed a fort and strong walls. We left there a small post, and continued our way to St. John of Acre, near which city we arrived on the evening of the 27th of March. While the tents were being pitched, the General-in-chief was surprised to hear at sea a tolerably brisk cannonading. I went by his orders to the shore, and soon perceived that the sound was becoming more distant, so that I feared it might be the announcement of some fatal event.

well-armed enemies, or of escaping if they had been pursued. Fortunately, the General, on this occasion, showed an instance of the admirable presence of mind he possessed. He ordered the commander of the detachment to draw up his men in a single line; the enemy thought them more numerous than they really were; and after some moments' deliberation he came to a resolution of raising his camp and retreating.

On entering Syria, General Bonaparte had given orders to Marmont to send him by some brig the ammunition he should want for the sieges of the Syrian towns. Captain Standley, who commanded the frigate which was at the head of the expedition, neglected to inquire whether we were masters of Jaffa, on the walls of which place we had left the Turkish flag flying, to draw in the enemy's ships, which might bring us provisions, and news from sea. Standley, persuaded we were not at Jaffa, went in to St. John of Acre; but Commodore Sir Sidney Smith, who was cruising before the port with a ship and a frigate, gave him the chase and took a part of his vessels. This was the cause of the cannonading we heard; and General Bonaparte was convinced, as well as myself, that the army had lost all its siege ammunition. The next day the army encamped to the north of St. John of Acre, and the General-in-chief stood during several hours on a height that commands St. John of Acre, at about half a league distant. The enemy, perceiving the staff, made trial of the skill of their gunners. The bombs fired with so much nicety, that one of them was buried in the ground, three paces from the General, between his two aides-de-camp, Merlin and

Beauharnais. Another fell and burst at two feet from the soil, in the midst of a group of soldiers who were lying down and preparing their breakfast. There were eleven of them, and not one survived an instant.

The town of St. John of Acre is situated on the point of a narrow slip of land, fortified towards the sea by batteries and a small light-house, and also protected by some pieces of cannon. On the land side it was enclosed by a high wall, divided by a tower on which some pieces of ordnance had been placed. The city was surrounded at a considerable distance by gardens, which being all enclosed with hedges of cactus, we had much trouble in repelling the riflemen who harassed us from behind them.

The traveller Volney, whom we had found so accurate in his description of Egypt, asserts that St. John of Acre is not surrounded with ditches. This assurance proved fatal to us in the beginning of the siege. Several officers of engineers confirmed us in our prepossession, and particularly Colonel Sampson, who was wounded in his hand while fighting in a muddy rivulet he supposed to have been the fosse of the town.

After we had fired ten days on the tower I have mentioned, it was pierced, and the breach appeared large enough to lodge some miners with an officer of the staff. The troops made a movement to rush to the foot of the town; but they were suddenly stopped by a ditch fifteen feet broad by ten or twelve deep, and lined with a good counterscarp. We were, in consequence, forced to establish a globe of compression to blow it up. The concussion took place, and young Mailly-Chateau-Renaud, an officer of the staff, received orders to enter the tower with four miners, to remain there during the night, and to pierce it, while the infantry endeavoured to make themselves masters of the ditch. The intrepid young officer and his men executed their orders; but the enemy opened so strong a fire on our troops, that they were forced to abandon the fosse. Mailly and his gunners were killed in the breach.

The aide-de-camp Duroc had been sent an hour before into the ditch, to discover the progress of the breach: a howitzer that burst, wounded him deeply in the thigh, and lamed him. The night falling in, we were constrained to give up the attack, and to wait until the

arrival of a larger supply of artillery should furnish us with the means of making breaches on all sides; but just at that moment the General-in-chief heard that all his ammunition, all his artillery, sent from Alexandria, had been captured by Sir Sidney Smith; while at the same time we learned the secret cause of the astonishing skill of the Turkish gunners.

When, a few years before the period I am speaking of, General Aubert Dubayet was sent by the French Government to Constantinople as ambassador, he obtained leave to take with him a company of light artillery, to teach the Turks those parts of gunnery they were still unacquainted with, and especially all that concerned the letting off of bombs. This company had since returned to France, and part of them were in the besieging army, but their pupils were in the fortress; so that Turkish bombardiers, instructed by French troops, were sending us our own projectiles, of which they possessed about eighteen hundred, with four mortars.

The trenches had not been regularly made, and the consequence of that neglect was, that the soldiers, not being sufficiently covered, fell victims to our precipitation. General Caffarelli,

commander of the engineers of the army, was himself struck by a bullet on his left elbow, and he lost his arm. He had already suffered the loss of a leg several years before, during the retreat of Jourdan.

The Turks are wonderfully good soldiers behind a wall: we had more than one instance of that during the whole siege of St. John of Acre. It was almost impossible for a Frenchman to show himself uncovered without being struck. The terrible fire of the besieged was supported by the batteries of Sir Sidney's ship Theseus, and his frigate.

The labours of the siege soon grew more complicated. Sir Sidney Smith had with him a Frenchman named Philippeaux, an emigrant, formerly a schoolfellow of General Bonaparte, and an officer of engineers. He raised two redoubts beyond the fosse, the batteries of which soon ranged along the branches of our trenches, and forced us to begin new works to change their direction.*

* I think I have mentioned, that among the persons sent to St. John of Acre to carry proposals of peace to Djezzar Pacha, was a young man, named Mailly de Chateau-Renaud, who had returned from Muscate with M. Beauchamp. This unfortunate young man was locked up in the lighthouse at Acre, with about four hundred Christians he had collected

The field-pieces being too weak to destroy the tower, we had recourse to mining; but while we were working with great activity and secrecy, we continued firing on the town. More than once we entertained the hope of gaining a footing in it and destroying it; but it was in vain that our grenadiers and sappers endeavoured several times to take possession of it. The part that looked towards the town continued to be occupied by the besieged, who never ceased throwing on our troops howitzers, grenades, and even bombs, which made the post exceedingly dangerous. Notwithstanding all our efforts, the two redoubts constructed by the enemy covered us with their fire every time our troops crossed the ditch to storm the tower. The officer of engineers, Philippeaux, soon guessed we were making mines, and applied himself to destroy those we were laying un-

on the coast of Syria. The day after the failure of the first storm, some soldiers who were in the trenches, mentioned to General Vial, then upon service, that on the sea-side might be seen a great many dead bodies rolled up like bales of rice or coffee. He went to look after them, and recognized poor young Chateau Renaud, who had been strangled during the night. Thus the two brothers, who, after a six years' absence, had met for a few hours at Cairo, were both killed at the same instant near St. John of Acre.

der the ditch. In consequence, on the 18th Germinal the enemy made a sortie with so much abruptness and violence, that a part of our trenches was destroyed. The enemy's columns were commanded by intelligent English officers, one of whom reached the entrance of the mine, where he was killed. The papers found on him informed us that his name was Captain Hatfield, and that he had been the first at the attack of the Cape of Good Hope. His fall caused some confusion among the troops he commanded, who soon after, being attacked with energy, hastily returned to the city, leaving a great many killed behind them.

CHAPTER XX.

Ibrahim Bey re-appears.—Battle of Gafarkala.—Battle of Mount Thabor.—The General-in-chief sleeps at Nazareth.—Respect of General Bonaparte for religious prejudices.—Death of the interpreter Venture.—Return to St. John of Acre.—Death of General Caffarelli.—Thirteenth Assault.—We penetrate into the town and are forced out again.—Fourteenth Assault.

While we were fighting under the walls of St. John of Acre, like the crusaders beyond the Jordan, Ibrahim Bey, the bearer of the orders of Djezzar Pacha, assembled all the Arabs of the mountains of Naplouse, and even of the environs of Damascus. The General-in-chief had taken the precaution to make himself master of the bridge of Jacoub and the port of Japhet. The banks of the lake of Tabarieh were constantly overrun by the cavalry of General Murat. General Junot had posted himself at Loubi, near Nazareth. He was soon attacked at a short distance from Gafarkala; and though

he had only with him a part of the 2nd regiment of light infantry, three companies of the 19th, and one hundred and fifty dragoons, he did not hesitate to dare the charge of above three thousand horsemen. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the enemy, he succeeded in reaching the heights of Nazareth without having been routed; and after eight hours of the most desperate fighting, he forced the enemy to a temporary retreat. This glorious defence made the General-in-chief feel the necessity of terminating, once for all, the annoyance of these dangerous enemies, whose plan was no less than to come and attack him under the walls of St. John of Acre. He sent General Kleber against them, and a few days afterwards he marched himself to the support of Junot and Kleber with the rest of his cavalry, the division of General Bon, and eight pieces of artillery. He directed his way towards Fouli. At nine o'clock in the morning he had reached the last heights, whence the prospect extends three leagues over the plain bounded by Mount Thabor. From thence we perceived the squares of General Kleber, presenting a black line, surrounded and pressed by an enormous mass of cavalry and infantry, which, at three leagues'

distance, had all the appearance of an ant-hill. Sometimes the French line disappeared, and we thought it destroyed; then it showed itself again, covered by its own fire, during some minutes. The General-in-chief began by throwing his cavalry on the heights to his right, where the camp of the Mamelukes had been established, and which we found deserted. He thus formed two squares of infantry, and made his arrangements so as to turn the enemy at a great distance. When he arrived at within half a league of General Kleber, he sent to him General Rampon, at the head of the 32nd half brigade; and as soon as that troop had begun to march, he made known his presence by firing a twelve-pounder. The effect was theatrical. At the same instant we saw General Kleber, quitting his defensive attitude, advancing upon the village of Fouli, of which he made himself master, and the enemy flying in all directions. But on one side the enemy found before him General Rampon, while General Vial had cut off his retreat to the mountains of Naplouse, and General Murat was waiting for him at the bridge of Jacoub. The guides on foot attacked him near Jenin; so that his only resource was to fly behind Mount Tha-

bor, from whence, during the night, he reached Elmekanieh, and further up the Jordan, where a great number were drowned in attempting to cross the river.

After the battle the General-in-chief went to sleep at Nazareth. This small place is situated a good way within the mountains, in a very picturesque situation, between two groves, one of sycamore and the other of date-trees: the chief part of the inhabitants are Christians. Before Bonaparte entered the village, he stopped near an ancient fountain, where a considerable number of cattle were drinking. The elders of the village stood there waiting for the General-in-chief: the whole scene recalled to memory the patriarchal times so beautifully described in the Bible. The French were received with great demonstrations of joy, and General Bonaparte went with his staff to pass the night at the convent of Nazareth.

This convent was evidently built in the time of the Crusades: the edifice is not very large. Next morning the General-in-chief asked the Superior to conduct him to the church, which resembles our village churches, and contains nothing remarkable but the chapel, which was once, they say, the bed-chamber of the Virgin

Mary. It is below the chief altar, and a few very broad steps descend to it. An altar fills the place of the bed; and being cut out of the rock, it is no more than seven feet in height. The Superior, who was a Spaniard, but spoke very good Italian, made us observe on the left side of the altar a pillar of black marble, the shaft of which touched the ceiling, while its basement was broken off some feet from the ground, which made it appear suspended. The Prior told us in the gravest manner possible, that when the Angel Gabriel came to announce to the Virgin her glorious and holy destination, he touched the pillar with his heel and broke it in two. We burst out a-laughing; but General Bonaparte, looking severely at us, made us resume our gravity. Along the cloisters were lying about thirty men who had been wounded on the preceding day; several of them had just expired, and these latter had nearly all received from the monks the last comforts of religion. This was probably done at the instigation of these pious cenobites; for, at that period, the French troops were very foreign to any religious feeling. Neither the aspect of the country wherein they fought, nor the names of most of those places which had been familiar to them

during their infancy, (nearly all of them being born between the years 1775 and 1780,) seemed capable of recalling to their memory the sentiments and recollections of their youth.

At Nazareth we lost a man who had been most useful to General Bonaparte and the army; namely, M. Venture, first interpreter to the General-in-chief. This old man had passed all his life in the East, and his wandering life had produced a strange mixture of nations in his family; his wife being a Greek, his daughter an Egyptian, and his son-in-law a Pole.* He was very much regretted, but his place was adequately filled up by M. Jaubert, his pupil, who, notwithstanding his numerous and perilous voyages, still lives for his friends and the sciences.

We returned to St. John of Acre, and on our

* I was present at Venture's departure from Paris. He travelled in the same coach with Colonel Sulkowski. His wife and daughter were bathed in tears, convinced by I know not what omen, that neither of them would come back. After an hour's grief they began to be comforted, when the two travellers suddenly re-appeared. Their coach had broken down near the barrier. I expected fresh lamentations; but, to my great astonishment, they felt the greatest joy at the accident that had occurred; and for the same reason their grief was so much stronger when they heard of their death.

arrival before the town the General-in-chief finally learned that Rear-Admiral Duperrie had put on shore at Jaffa three four-and-twenty and six eighteen pounders, and the necessary ammunition. The works of the mine were continued, and on the 5th Floreal it was decided to spring it. All the batteries began to play upon the enemy, in order to deceive him, and fire was set to the mine; but a vault that existed in the tower presented a line of slight resistance. One side only was destroyed: it remained, however, in a state of breach. This breach was as difficult to reach as it had been before. We were therefore obliged to begin battering afresh the curtain and the tower. The attack of the 6th was more murderous than the former, and still without success. Four hundred men remained during six hours in the breach that looked towards the ditch; the enemy, posted on the reverse, continued throwing incessantly burning projectiles into the midst of that mass of men who were unable to advance, and still would not consent to go down. At last the break of day rendered visible the most horrible disorder, and a position which could not possibly be maintained; we were again obliged to abandon the tower.

We had lost an enormous number of officers, especially among the engineers: General Caffarelli, who had the command of the engineers, showed some signs of recovery; but he every day asked why his comrades came no longer to see him. Though the utmost care was taken to conceal from him the fatal news of their death, grief and anxiety augmented his sufferings. He sometimes said to me, "It was I who seduced,—I who led on all those hopeful young men. Alas! that they should have fallen before such a wretched fortress?" Finally, the death of young Say, the chief of his staff, which could not be kept a secret from him, threw him into a deep melancholy, and he died soon after.

He was not regretted by the army alone. To extensive information, Caffarelli added great feeling and a mildness of disposition, that will make his memory dear to all those who knew him. He would certainly have acted a very important part under the Empire; for General Bonaparte had great esteem and conderation for him.

The army had already stormed the city twelve times, and withstood twenty-six sorties, when General Kleber and his division were

recalled to the camp. A new mine had been opened, and we were already on the point of charging it, when the enemy once more gave vent to it: notwithstanding all our efforts, he reached the branch; so that we were obliged to make our miners retire precipitately out of the mine, and stop it up by explosion. This circumstance was the more fatal, as by it we lost all hopes of making ourselves masters of the town by that means. We had to return to cannonading, which also speedily relaxed, the gunpowder we expected from Gaza not having arrived. On the next day, however, we received a sufficient quantity: the courage of the soldiers increased; and when they heard that the division of Kleber was coming, the whole camp went to meet it, with congratulations and prophecies that the honour of taking the town would belong to the new-comers. The batteries had destroyed a great part of the curtain, which presented a space wide enough to mount for an assault. The grenadiers of Kleber's division received that honourable though perilous commission; but just as they were descending into the ditch in order to cross it, the enemy opened on their flank a tremendous fire from the two sides. The grenadiers,

however penetrated into the town; but when there, they were fired upon from all the sides of a large square, and from the Palace of Djezzar. The difficulty of climbing up the breach prevented our soldiers from rushing easily into this new circle: the bravest among them were killed; the rest hesitated. It became necessary to lead the troops back into the trenches.

The General-in-chief could not resolve to order the fourteenth assault; but the grenadiers and most of the officers who had already been in the town, insisted in so pressing a manner for leave to go up once more, that the General-in-chief, after having got the breach widened, let them advance again. General Kleber placed himself on the reverse of the fosse, where, sword in hand, he animated his troops with his stentorian voice amidst the dead and the dying. On looking on that gigantic figure, a whole head taller than the rest of the soldiers, one might have taken him for one of the heroes of Homer. The noise and smoke of the cannon, —the cries of the soldiers,—the roaring of the Turks, — our troops rushing on the enemy, made our hearts beat with enthusiasm. Nobody doubted but the town would be taken; when suddenly the column stopped. General

Bonaparte had placed himself in the breach battery, to examine once more the movements of the army. He had fixed his glass between the fascines of the battery, when a ball from the town struck the superior fascine, and the General-in-chief fell into the arms of General Berthier. We thought him killed; but fortunately he had not been touched; his fall was only an effect of the commotion of the air. In vain General Berthier pressed him to retire: he received one of those harsh and dry replies, after which no one dared insist. While we were examining the singular absence of all motion on the part of the troops, a bullet entered the head of young Arrighi, who was standing between the General-in-chief and me. Some others were killed afterwards, General Bonaparte still refusing to retire. At last we learned what was the obstacle that prevented the troops from advancing. In the interval between the two assaults, the enemy had filled up a wide ditch with all sorts of inflammable matter, so that repeated and terrible explosions killed all those who came near it. It was too broad to be crossed: there were no means of turning it; and our soldiers stood before that insurmountable obstacle, enraged at not being able to advance, and still resolved not to go

back. Several generals were wounded, and a great number of officers and soldiers killed. We lost the General of division, Bon, the Adjutant-general Fouler, and Croisier, aide-de-camp to the General-in-chief.

To continue the siege would have been paying too dearly for the conquest of a city already ravaged by the plague. The disease had been brought to the camp by the second light demi-brigade that had caught it at Damietta. The army had also found it at Jaffa; and though it was not marked here by those terrible symptoms it had shown at Alexandria, and went under the name of a benign plague, it still swept away many victims, and would undoubtedly have cost us more men still, if we had taken St. John of Acre.

General Bonaparte felt convinced that that fever was really the plague; the Physician-in-chief, Desgenettes, alleged, on the contrary, that it was nothing more than a common fever. His opinion and arguments served to tranquillize the soldiers; but they had one bad effect,—that of disposing them to neglect the caution necessary in all contagious diseases. He wished, however, to add practical demonstration to his arguments by inoculating him-

self with the plague. In the middle of the hospital, and in the presence of all the sick, he plunged a lancet into the bubo of one of the patients, and pricked himself with it in his left side. This act, which was the more courageous, as he afterwards acknowledged that the disease had really all the characteristics of the plague, excited the admiration of the whole army, and insured to the physician lasting glory with posterity.

CHAPTER XXI.

The General-in-chief resolves to return to Egypt.—The wounded are sent away.—General Bonaparte's violence of temper.—Pretended poisoning of the wounded.—Return to Jaffa.—The infected.—Instance of humanity in the General.—Return to the Capital of Lower Egypt.—Judgment on the Syrian Campaign.—Landing of the Turks.—Battle of Aboukir.—Departure for Europe.—Arrival in Corsica.

THE General-in-chief formed the resolution of returning to Egypt. The favourable season for landing approached, and he had received advice that the English, united with the Turks, were to attempt one in Lower Egypt. Measures were immediately taken for sending away the sick, and provisioning El-Arisch and Catisch. All the posts were drawn back, and in the night of our departure the brigade that was on service in the trenches gradually evacuated the artillery, and only set off themselves the next day, protecting all they had before them,

and protected in their turn by the cavalry. The invalids, who were eighteen hundred in number, and who had all been wounded by fire-arms, were placed in the centre of the divisions to which they belonged; and as there were no means of transport, all the saddle horses, and even all the asses, which the soldiers had in use when they came to Syria, to carry water and provisions, served, on our return, to bear the wounded. But when they arrived at Jaffa, the soldiers, seeing before them the terrible Desert, and aware of what they must suffer in crossing it without water, began first to complain, and then broke out into mutiny. It was on this occasion that General Bonaparte gave up all his horses, without even keeping one for his private use. The master of his stables having had the imprudence to supplicate in favour of the beloved mare of the General, he put himself in such a passion, that for the first time in my life I saw him strike a man. In his rage he went up to him, and whipped him across the body.

I must here say a few words on an odious imputation made long since against General Bonaparte, — I mean, the pretended poisoning of the soldiers sick of the plague.

It is so contrary to truth that General Bonaparte proposed to poison the unfortunate men, that M. Larry, first surgeon to the army, never ceased to pronounce it an atrocious calumny; and he several times, in the last fifteen years, pressed M. Desgenettes to declare publicly with him the fact through the medium of the press. The latter, having been ill-used by the King's government, recoiled probably at the thought of a declaration which might make his situation still more painful. It is, besides, impossible to name any person to whom the proposal should have been made. Finally, the calumny was spread by the English while they were in Egypt, and propagated by a writing of Sir Robert Wilson, who was then extremely young, and who in maturer age has openly declared that he had been mistaken.*

When, in our return from St. John of Acre, we stopped at Jaffa, where the plague had ceased its ravages, I received from the General-in-chief an order to go through the numerous gardens that surround the town, and where a sort of Lazaretto had been established for the sick, that we might take along with us all that

* See the Memoirs of Bourrienne.—*(Note of the Translator.)*

were not too ill to follow the army. I found five or six poor soldiers lying beneath the trees: when they saw me, they cried out, "Pray, Commander, take us with you! We are still able to bear the march." I replied, "Try to get up; endeavour to walk." But all the symptoms of the plague were already evident. Not one of them could rise, and I was obliged to leave them, for no soldier would have lent them his aid. I went and made my report to General Bonaparte, who was walking on the sea-shore. He listened to me without stopping, and we came up to a young horseman, who asked also to be taken with us, and who succeeded in rising from the ground. The General, touched with compassion, ordered one of his guides to give his horse to the poor sick man. Neither the authority of the General, nor the fear of punishment, was sufficient to enforce obedience. The Colonel of the Guides was obliged to go up to him, and promise him in a whisper a great deal of money, which motive was the only one by which he was brought to a decision; and even then the Colonel was forced to use the greatest vigilance lest the sick man should be thrown from his horse. I believe he remained at El-Arisch, and I do

not know what became of him. As for the poor soldiers I mentioned, it is to be hoped they died in the course of the night, or at least the following day, so as to have escaped from the cruel death the Arabs prepared for all those who fell into their hands. I feel no remorse for my conduct on that occasion. All I had seen of the plague at Alexandria had convinced me that it is a fatal humanity that induces people to come in contact with the infected, when they are once arrived at the last stage of the disease. Nevertheless, I cannot think of those unfortunate men without pain; and if it had been possible to save them, I would have done it.

The army carried with it eighteen hundred wounded men. We had succeeded in constructing about twenty litters for the general officers, such as Lannes and Veaux, Duroc and Croisier: the two latter were aides-de-camp of the General-in-chief. Croisier died in the Desert. The infected that could not bear a long journey were deposited at El-Arisch, but placed without the fort, under the protection of a detachment of infantry that was to defend them against the attacks of the Arabs. Several of them recovered, and in particular I may name

young Captain Digeon, who commanded the breach battery during the whole siege: he was a most intrepid officer, and fortune spared him. He is now a lieutenant-general. We lost very few of our wounded while crossing the Desert, and the army made with great *éclat* its entrance into the capital of Egypt.

This Syrian campaign has been judged with great severity by our enemies; and during the reign of the Emperor it was not allowed to speak impartially of its result. It was undoubtedly indispensable to enter into Syria to repel Ibrahim Bey and the troops which Djezzar Pacha was preparing to launch against Egypt. The operations were conducted with great skill. The failure of St. John of Acre must only be attributed to some fatal circumstances independent of the General-in-chief; but we must not therefore conclude with General Berthier, that the French army really gained all the advantages it expected to reap in Syria. We lost in that province three thousand men, several skilful generals and hopeful officers; and we were obliged to abandon the towns we had taken. In quitting Syria, we left the country just as it was before we entered it. Barren victories must not be looked upon as real advantages; and if

General Bonaparte had remained in Egypt, he would undoubtedly have beaten the Grand Vizier when he came the following year to drive us out of Egypt, and repulsed the English, who had taken Aboukir. But most certainly he could not have begun the campaign of Syria over again, having no means of receiving supplies from France; so that he would with difficulty have been able to maintain himself some years longer in Egypt.

During the campaign of Syria, General Desaix had succeeded in keeping quiet possession of Upper Egypt, and reducing Mourad Bey to the condition of a fugitive. Lower Egypt had been the scene of many troubles, occasioned by a sort of fanatic who styled himself the Angel El Mahadé; but General Lanusse pursued him with so much vigour, that he soon destroyed the troops he had collected.

The landing season was fast approaching. The General-in-chief did not wish to leave Cairo. He therefore resumed the administration of the country: he busied himself with filling up the vacant places in the army and completing the corps. He had posted himself with a part of his cavalry near the Pyramids, waiting for the accounts General Desaix would

transmit him respecting Mourad Bey, whom that general was pursuing in his last entrenchment, and who, it was supposed, would throw himself into the Oases that are situated at a short distance from the Pyramids.

It is a well-known fact that the great Pyramid had been opened several centuries ago by the Arabs. General Bonaparte resolved to visit the interior of that structure with Messrs. Monge, Berthollet, and Duroc. I only mention this circumstance because his name has been written in the great gallery leading to the chamber called the King's Chamber. He had scarcely come out of the Pyramid, when an express sent off by General Marmont, who commanded at Alexandria, brought him tidings of the landing of a Turkish army at Aboukir, where they had made themselves masters of the great redoubt and of the fort, after having massacred our soldiers that defended them. The attack was quite unexpected, and the Turkish army was so numerous, that General Marmont had not thought fit to march against them at the head of his garrison, for fear he might not be able to prevent their disembarking, and might moreover endanger the city of Alexandria, the fortifications of which were not yet

completed, and which besides contained all the resources we possessed in artillery and ammunition.

It was to be expected that after the enemy had taken the fort, he would spread about the country and attack either Alexandria or Rosetta. Instead of that, he fortified himself in the peninsula of Aboukir, evidently waiting for Mourad Bey, with whose desperate condition he was not yet acquainted.

General Bonaparte resolved, therefore, to march rapidly against him. The distance from the Pyramid to Aboukir is more than eighty leagues. On the fourth day the army arrived at Alexandria; on the 7th of Thermidor it was assembled within a league of Aboukir, under the orders of the Division-Generals Lannes and Lanusse, and Murat for the cavalry. The enemy was retrenched in front of Aboukir, on the sandy hillocks of which he had made redoubts, and under the protection of the English gunboats. His force consisted of about seventeen thousand men, with twelve pieces of cannon. The General quickly made his dispositions, and ordered General Dastaneg to attack the enemy's left, which he put to flight after a long resistance. The Turks fled towards the village of

Aboukir; but a part of the cavalry, that was in the centre, pursued them, sabred and drove them into the sea. The right of the enemy was attacked with equal vigour. The division of Lannes made themselves masters of the redoubt, which being turned by a squadron of cavalry, the Turks had no other resource left but to throw themselves into the sea. It was a horrible sight to contemplate nearly ten thousand men of whom nothing was to be seen but their heads covered with turbans, and who were seeking in vain to reach the English fleet anchored at more than half a league from the shore. Two thousand men had sought a refuge on the strand, at the foot of a rock that covered them. It was impossible to make them comprehend that they might surrender by laying down their arms. We were obliged to kill them all to a man, but they sold dearly their lives. General Murat was wounded by a bullet in his head; Guibert, Aide-de-camp to the General-in-chief, was killed, and the corps of engineers, that had already suffered so severely, lost Colonel Cretin, who had succeeded to the post of General Caffarelli. Wounded by two bullets, the Colonel was lying before the door of a house in the village occupied by the Turks.

Eight persons had already been killed or wounded in seeking to get him away. Bertrand, who was at that time a major of engineers, devoted himself to save his commander: he rushed into the house, followed by twenty sappers, and succeeded in killing every one of the Turks; but he was severely wounded, and Colonel Cretin did not survive the injuries he had suffered.

After the victory was gained, the fort of Aboukir still remained to be taken. General Lannes, who was not yet recovered from the wounds he had received at St. John of Acre, got the command of the troops that were to invest the place. I was with him. The day after the departure of the General-in-chief, I accompanied General Lannes on a visit to the posts, when a furious sortie of Turkish troops surprised our advanced posts, and the unfortunate General received a bullet in his leg. It was the eighth wound he got from fire-arms.

Fortunately the enemy had no water in the fort of Aboukir, so that he surrendered four days after the battle.

During the short stay of the General-in-chief at Aboukir, he had some communications with Sir Sidney Smith, by the medium of his secre-

tary. We had not received for a long time any news from Europe, and the English Commodore took a malicious pleasure in acquainting us, by the newspapers, of the situation of the Republic. We learned that the whole South of Italy was evacuated, that war was waging on the frontiers of Piedmont, and that France was in the most desperate condition. General Bonaparte took great care not to let the army know these dismal accounts; but, from that moment, he resolved to return to Europe, convinced that he alone was capable of repairing the evils the bad government of the Directory had accumulated on the country.

After the surrender of the fort of Aboukir, the defence of which had only lasted four days, General Bonaparte went back to Cairo; but not before he had given secret orders to General Gantheaume, who commanded the marine at Alexandria, to arm and provision the two frigates Muiron and Carrère. He then spread the report that he was going to travel to Upper Egypt, but that he would perhaps first take a trip in the Delta. The news of his intended journey put everybody on the alert, in the expectation of receiving his praises. He spent a fortnight in regulating once more the

administration of Egypt, provisioning its strong places, and writing to the Grand Vizier; and when all his measures were duly taken, he went down the Nile again, after having appointed General Kleber to meet him near Alexandria, that he might deliver over the command into his hands; but that general not having arrived in time, his despatches were sent to him; and, at ten o'clock at night, the General-in-chief, accompanied by his staff, and leaving his horses on the shore, embarked on board of the Muiron. He took with him Generals Berthier and Gantheaume, Messrs. Monge and Berthollet, his aides-de-camp, Eugene Beauharnais, Duroc, Merlin, and his private secretary. In the frigate Carrère went Generals Lannes and Murat, both wounded, Marmont, Messrs. Denon, Castas, and Parseval-Grandmaison. The scientific commission had been for some months in Upper Egypt.

Our passage presented many difficulties. The secretary of Sir Sidney Smith, in a conversation with me, had allowed the observation to escape, that there was a great advantage in blockading out of sight. We were therefore to expect that we should find the English Commodore in our way. In that case, the frigate Carrère

had received orders to engage, so as to give the Muiron time to escape. But both the frigates were Venetian-built ships, and very bad sailers; it became therefore necessary to make use of some stratagem to avoid being seen. Admiral Gantheaume thought the best way would be to run for thirty days, along the flat shores of Africa, where no ships reconnoitre, and to make short tacks of half a league, without ever standing far out to sea. The time appeared very long to us all; for it would have been imprudent to keep a light at night, so that we were obliged to go to bed with the sun. Our days were spent in reading, or discussing various topics; the inexhaustible information of our two learned travelling companions filled up our time in a very agreeable manner. Plutarch frequently came to our assistance; and sometimes, during our long evenings, the General-in-chief would tell us ghost stories, in which he was very clever. The situation of France, and the future state of the country, were often the subjects of his reflections. He never mentioned the government of the Directory but with a degree of severity that savoured of contempt. In the mean while his conversation never betrayed what he intended to do;

though some words that escaped him, some musings, and some indirect insinuations, gave a wide scope to our surmises. His administration in Egypt had been pure, his operations full of genius; but was that enough to clear him in the eyes of a government that feared him, and was far from wishing well to him? He would be obliged to make war; but could he submit to the plans of a government deprived of military knowledge, that might place him in an awkward situation, and give his rivals means of success, which they would refuse to allow him? These different ideas made him very thoughtful.

At last the east wind began to blow in a constant manner. We passed Cape Bone during the night, and we arrived speedily at Ajaccio. This little town is the birthplace of the General-in-chief: he had left it eight years before, when he was only a captain of artillery. At the sight of this place his heart was deeply affected. Coming from Egypt, where the plague still prevailed, it was impossible for us to enter the port. The inhabitants, surprised to see the Admiral's flag hoisted on the mainmast, rushed towards the shore; but when they learned that their illustrious countryman was

on board, his old friends and relations threw themselves into a number of boats, came on board the frigate, and broke through the quarantine. There was however no great danger, for after forty-four days' navigation we had not one sick person on board. Among the crowd that was bustling round the state cabin there was an old woman dressed in black, who continually held up her hands to the General, saying, "*Caro figlio!*" without being able to attract his notice. At last he perceived her, and cried out "*Madre!*"—It was his nurse, who is still living at the moment I write this.

The General-in-chief learned here, though in a confused manner, what had happened in France during his absence. Italy was lost, and Massena continued fighting like a lion in Switzerland. In the interior the confusion had been very great. Treilhard and Merlin were no longer members of the Directory; their places were occupied by the lawyer Gohier and General Moulin. On hearing the latter name, the General-in-chief turned to Berthier and said, "Who is this General Moulin?"—"I never heard his name mentioned before," answered Berthier. General Bonaparte put the same question to all of us, and received the same

answer. That man's nomination caused him to reflect deeply. Astonished not to see any of the authorities from the land, he soon learned that the members of the municipality, and those of the departmental directory, had sent each other to prison. The commissary of the Government, a stranger to the country, was sole master in that state of confusion. The cabinet revolution had soon become known at Ajaccio, and the different parties found it the most natural thing in the world to persecute one another.

CHAPTER XXII.

General Bonaparte re-establishes some order at Ajaccio.—He lands at Fréjus.—Enthusiasm of the population.—His arrival at Lyons and Paris.—State of public affairs.—The Directory give General Bonaparte a dinner in the Church of St. Sulpice.—Conspiracy to overthrow the Directory.—The General presents himself before the Council of the Elders.—Both the Councils are transferred to St. Cloud.—The Council of Five Hundred assemble in the Conservatory.—General Bonaparte and Sieyes.—Resolutions of the former.—General tumult.—Bonaparte gives an order to drive the members out of the House.—The Constitution of the Third Year is abolished.—Three Consuls: Bonaparte, Cambacérès, and Lebrun.

It was necessary to re-establish some order in the midst of so much anarchy. In consequence, the General-in-chief went to his own house, sent for the magistrates, whom he delivered out of prison, exhorted them to peace and concord, and the next morning the two frigates left the port, sailing in the direction of the Isles of Hyères. The whole of the first

day our navigation was very favourable. We perceived already the hills of Provence, and our joy at returning to our dear country was carried to its highest pitch, when the sailor who was on the look-out said that he espied two large ships in the west. They could be no other than enemy's ships, and soon several discharges of cannon seemed to indicate that they had discovered us. The General-in-chief called a council, and the universal opinion,—even that of the Admiral,—was, that General Bonaparte had nothing else to do than to throw himself into the post-boat that accompanied us and return to Ajaccio. He was indignant at such advice. "Do you think," said he, "that I can consent to run away like a coward, when fortune has never ceased to favour me? Let us continue our course. My destiny is not to be taken and die here." So we went on; but instead of steering, as we had done till then, in the direction of the Isles of Hyères, we resolved to go to Fréjus. The General-in-chief had judged rightly. The enemy, whom we distinguished with facility, because they were under the setting sun, could not perceive us, because we were in the shade. After standing on the whole night, the two frigates reached

the roads of Fréjus. The Sanitary establishment was situated at about a quarter of a league from the town. An officer of the frigate went towards the shore in a boat. We distinguished him perfectly well. Some men came to meet him; but after a few minutes we perceived a great confusion: some people ran towards the town, and soon after the strand was covered with an immense multitude of persons. The boats were filled, and as at Ajaccio, a number of men rushed on board of the ship through the port-holes. The cries of "Long live Bonaparte!" resounded all over the country. A white horse was brought for him, and he went to the house of a brother of the Abbé Sieyes, who lived at Fréjus. The sentiments that animated the whole population were expressed in a manner that did not leave even the shadow of a doubt. "You alone can save France," was the universal cry. "She 'll perish but for you: it is Heaven that sent you; seize the reins of government!" His journey to Lyons was a triumphal march. We arrived in that city at seven o'clock in the morning. His having landed was already known, and his arrival wished for with an ardour impossible to describe. Lyons was still

famous for its antipathy to the Republican government, and we imagined that the General would not stop; but to our great astonishment he declared that he intended to spend the remainder of the day there. He received all the authorities and most distinguished citizens; without explaining himself, however, on the direct insinuations that were made to him for him to place himself at the head of the government, but receiving with a cold severity the republicans that had organized a constitutional club, and who came to congratulate him. He had been invited to go to the theatre of the Celestins, where a piece and a song had been prepared for the occasion. He chose one of the boxes on a level with the pit; and Duroc having, by his order, placed himself in the front of the box, the call for Bonaparte grew so violent and so unanimous, that the General-in-chief was obliged to change places with him during the whole representation.

Towards midnight he set off, and passed through the Bourbonnais, wishing to avoid Mâcon, where the republican club had exasperated the aristocratic classes. From the very first day of his arrival at Paris, the General-in-chief applied himself to avoid the eyes of the multi-

tude, who were so desirous of seeing him, and expressing their enthusiasm. His interview with the Directory was cold and unceremonious. The members that composed it at that time were Barras, General Moulin, and Gohier, who shared the same sentiments; Sieyes and Roger Ducos were in the opposition. It was said at that time that the two latter, despairing of being able to maintain the Republican system, and wishing to prevent at any rate the re-establishment of the Bourbons in France, had cast their eyes on a prince of the House of Spain, whose power would have been circumscribed in such narrow limits, that Liberty and all the principles of the Revolution would have been in safety. Whatever may be the truth of that anecdote, it is however certain that these two Directors, when they explained to General Bonaparte the disposition of the people's minds, and the impossibility of continuing any longer under the directorial form of Government, entreated him to put himself at the head of an insurrection that might overthrow it. A feeling of affection that the General had preserved for Barras persuaded him to make some indirect overtures to that Director to draw him into his party. Barras refused, either because

he had entered into secret engagements with the House of Bourbon, or rather by a want of enlightened views, and by the republican sentiments he could not decide to give up.

It became therefore necessary to do without him, and, moreover, to take a speedy resolution. France was oppressed by the expenses of the war, and disgusted with a violent government, which, perceiving that its enemies were augmented from day to day, and wishing to place in the same predicament the disaffected, that its administration created, with its inveterate enemies of the aristocratic classes and the families of the emigrants, loaded all indiscriminately with the same rigour. The fear of the influence of the emigrants, and of a return to a monarchical system, made the Directors lean towards those rigorous measures that had caused the success of the Committee of Public Welfare, and most of their acts bore the marks of these measures. Their partisans, that were no longer to be found any where else than among a part of the public officers, were perpetually exciting their anxiety on the spirit of the army; and General Bonaparte, in particular, inspired them with alarms that could not fail soon to produce a violent attack against him. These partisans

of the Directory, formed, nevertheless, everywhere a minority, and especially in the two councils; but their activity and their audacious spirit compensated for the smallness of their numbers. The General-in-chief arrived on the 26th of Vendemiaire; the conspiracy that was to overturn the Directory was arranged and decided in the first days of Brumaire, and several members of the two Councils had been entrusted with the secret. Government wishing, however, to show General Bonaparte a public testimony of satisfaction, resolved to give him a splendid dinner. It was decided that the board should be spread on the nave of the church of Saint Sulpice. Arrangements were made to bring together the two Councils and all the high officers of the State. The General-in-chief went there with a few generals and with his staff. An immense table in the form of a horse-shoe filled the whole church. The General-in-chief sat next to the President of the Directory. He trusted so little to the good faith of the Government, that he ordered a loaf of bread and half a bottle of wine to be brought there for his private use. I had not been previously informed of that circumstance, and I only learned it when Duroc asked me in the

church for those two articles of provision which were fetched from the General's coach. I never witnessed a more silent assembly, nor one where the guests showed less confidence and cheerfulness. Scarcely any one addressed his neighbour, and those who were in the secret of the plot, preferred not to speak rather than to risk dangerous conversation with neighbours who might differ in opinion with them. The toasts that were given were received without enthusiasm, even the one meant for General Bonaparte, so deeply were the minds of every one prepossessed with their own private thoughts. After having sat for about half an hour, the General got up, walked slowly round the tables, addressed a few words to the guests, escaped by a side door, and was back in his own lodgings before any one had observed his absence.

The most celebrated general officers of the army were at the time nearly all at Paris, Moreau, Macdonald, Bournonville, generals-in-chief, had entered into the plot. Augereau, member of the Council of Five Hundred, had not been made acquainted with it, nor Bernadotte. The opinions of the latter were rather violent; and a feeling of jealousy, the cause of

which was not extremely honourable to them, had rendered them both enemies of General Bonaparte. His having formerly commanded in Paris, insured him the friendship of all the officers of the staff; whilst the colonels of the regiments that held garrison in the metropolis were all equally devoted to his person.

Notwithstanding the precautions that had been taken to keep the whole affair a secret, it had however spread among the higher classes, and almost all the military residing in Paris. The three members of the Directory learned it also; and then for the first time the force of public opinion made them start back before the measures they might so easily have taken to annihilate the conspiracy. It would undoubtedly have been sufficient to have apprehended the General during the night; but then what would they have done with him? How would they have made out any charge against him? Where would they have found judges? The General-in-chief was so sensible of his real situation, that he took no precaution whatever for his personal security. He was surrounded by nobody but his aides-de-camp; he seldom went out, and worked principally with Roedeur, in whom he had placed his chief confidence.

On the 16th of Brumaire there was so little appearance of the plot bursting the following day, that Eugene and I passed the evening at a ball, where he remained a part of the night, and I left at midnight because that was the hour when my duty began. The next morning at six o'clock the sixty officers on duty in the quarter were assembled in the court-yard of the General's house in the Rue de la Victoire. The General explained to them in a forcible manner the desperate situation of the Republic, and asked of them a testimony of devotion to his person, with an oath of allegiance to the two chambers. He then mounted his horse and flew to the Carrousel, where he found Sebastiani at the head of his regiment, the fifth dragoons. On entering the Tuileries, he also found the guards of the Directory, whom their colonel had brought to remain at the disposal of the Council of the Elders. The Minister of the War Department had, nevertheless, two days beforehand strictly prohibited the chiefs of the different corps from making the slightest movement without his orders, under pain of death. But besides the little esteem and confidence which that minister (Dubois de Crancé) inspired, the troops were delighted on find-

ing themselves placed under the command of General Bonaparte. Their enthusiasm was so great, that they would not have hesitated a moment to fire on the Directory if they had received an order to that effect.

General Bonaparte presented himself at the bar of the Elders, where M. le Mercier was in the chair. He there received the decree by which he was appointed General-in-chief of the troops of the first division, and an order to march next day to St. Cloud, where the two Councils were to hold their sitting. In fact, the following day the majority of the two Councils assembled in the Palace of St. Cloud. The General had required M. Gohier, President of the Directory, to tender his resignation; but he refused; and, as a lawyer, the reason he gave was, that the order was contrary to the Constitution. His wife remained with Madame Bonaparte, and they were obliged to work upon her alarm to obtain her husband's submission.

The Council of Elders, not being very numerous, had been easily accommodated in one of the large apartments; bnt the Council of Five Hundred, which was to sit in the Conservatory, had not yet been able to assemble, because the preparations were not com-

pleted. In consequence, the sitting did not open till three o'clock. Lucien Bonaparte was in the chair. Great excitement prevailed; the friends of the Directory seemed to be more numerous than the day before. They all showed themselves indignant at a measure which, bearing all the characteristics of a *coup d'état*, presented besides what they called *liberticide violence*, and an odious violation of the Constitution. Scarcely had the debates begun, when one of the members proposed that each individually should mount the tribune, and swear allegiance to the Constitution of the Year III. The General had given me orders to remain in the hall, and bring him every five minutes a report of what was going forward. The ceremony of the oath was undoubtedly meant to gain time and prolong the sitting until night should fall in. In the space of five minutes, no more than three oaths were taken; so that it was evident more than five hours would elapse before the ceremony was terminated. I acquainted General Bonaparte with the circumstance, and found him walking with much agitation in an apartment that had no other furniture than two arm-chairs. Sieyes was alone with him, sitting next to the chimney,

before a burning fagot which he was poking with a stick, for there was not even a pair of tongs. After having listened to what I had to say, General Bonaparte turned abruptly to Sieyes and observed: "Now, you see what they are doing."—"Oh! oh!" answered the other coolly: "to swear to a part of the Constitution may be right; but to the whole Constitution,—that is too much!"

I retired to the adjoining apartment, where I found about thirty officers of the Staff, and General Berthier in the midst of them. All their faces were lengthened; and they looked gloomy. When I told General Berthier what was going forward at the Five Hundred, he grew pale and heaved a sigh. But all of a sudden the folding-door opened, and General Bonaparte appeared, beating the floor with his whip and exclaiming: "This must have an end!" They all rushed out, and we soon found ourselves at the entrance of the court-yard, where a regiment of infantry, just arrived from Paris, were ranged in line of battle. He assembled the officers, harangued them for a few minutes; and then, turning his horse's head, he galloped back to the foot of the great staircase, which he rapidly ascended, and presented

himself at the bar of the Council of the Elders. The speech he made there was faithfully reported in the papers of the time; but his agitation of mind was carried to such a pitch, that he hesitated, and his words were uttered with the utmost disorder. When he arrived at that part of his speech where he mentioned that a great plot had been formed against Liberty, one of the members of the Council said coolly to him: "General, you must reveal that plot." Instead of answering him, the General continued still in a little confusion; but at last recovering his presence of mind, he went on with a firmer voice, and finished his speech. One part of the Council had shared his emotion; the other, on the contrary, enjoyed his confusion; and as the Council was to deliberate on what he had said, he withdrew. But, instead of returning to the place he had come from, he went to the Council of Five Hundred. In the vestibule he found the grenadiers, who took up arms. The noise they made alarmed the Assembly; and when Bonaparte presented himself, a great number of members rushed forward to meet him with angry cries, among which one might have distinguished the word *dictator*. He was so pressed between the deputies, his staff, and the

grenadiers, who had rushed to the door of the apartment, that I thought for a moment he would be smothered. He could neither advance nor go back. At last those who had accompanied him felt that it was necessary to open a passage for him, and they succeeded, though not without violent efforts. He then went down again to the court-yard, mounted his horse, and remaining at the foot of the staircase, he sent an order for the President to come to him, which the latter did as soon as he could escape. In the mean while the confusion in the Assembly was carried to the highest pitch: several members rushing towards the windows which opened into the court-yard, pointed to him and cried out: "Down with the Dictator!—let him be outlawed!" At that moment, M. de Talleyrand, Arnaud the poet, and some other persons with whom I was talking, suddenly turned as pale as death: they all fled except those I have named. The terrible word of outlaw *(hors la loi)* still possessed all its magic force; and if a general of some reputation had put himself at the head of the troops of the interior, it would be difficult to guess what might have happened. But the General took a resolution, and gave Murat orders to clear the hall.

Murat placed Colonel Dujardin at the head of a detachment of grenadiers, who crossed the hall at a quick pace. When the Colonel was at the end of the hall, he turned round towards the members who filled the benches; but these getting out by the windows, disappeared, and laid down their costume, which consisted of a sort of Roman toga with a square cap.

When General Bonaparte entered the hall of the Council of Five Hundred, one of the grenadiers who had followed him received a thrust from a dagger, which penetrated his coat, and which in all probability had been meant for the General. The grenadier was rewarded, and I think died a captain. The deputy marked out as the assassin was a Corsican, called Arena: he perished a short time after, being implicated in the conspiracy of which Coracchi and Topineau Lebrun were at the head, and the object of which was to assassinate the First Consul at the Opera, in the midst of the confusion they intended to create by letting off squibs. Having left France a few days after, the 18th Brumaire, I could obtain no particulars of the affair.

Immediately after the expulsion of the deputies, the members of the two Councils, who had been appointed to consult on the measures that were to be taken, met; and on the 19th the city of Paris, and soon after all the rest of France, learned that General Bonaparte had been created First Consul, and that Messrs. Cambacérès and Lebrun were to be Second and Third Consuls with him.* The former had been a magistrate in the Parliament of Aix. He was celebrated for his thorough information and his conciliating temper. He had sat in the Convention, and his mitigated vote in the King's trial gave the true measure of the weakness of his disposition. The Third Consul, M. Lebrun, was said to have written the beautiful ordinances of Chancellor Maupeon, whose Secretary he had been. He was a very well-informed man, and published two remarkable translations, one of the Iliad, and the other of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered. He had the reputation

* Count Lavallette's memory has again betrayed him in this instance:—the first three Consuls were Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Roger Ducos. Cambacérès and Lebrun succeeded to the two latter a short time afterwards.—(*Note of the Translator.*

of being a great financier. The discernment of the First Consul in appointing him was universally applauded.

The Minister of Police at that period was M. Fouché, subsequently Duke of Otranto. On the 17th Brumaire he had pledged his word to General Bonaparte to serve him unreservedly; but on the 18th, as I was walking up and down the apartments of St. Cloud, I met one of my old schoolfellows, named Thurot, whom I had not seen since I left college. He told me that he was Secretary-general of the Police; and as I questioned him rather in a pressing manner, he confessed that his master had sent him to St. Cloud to witness the event, and that we must succeed at any cost, as he was well enough acquainted with his patron to know that he would make us pay our failure dearly. In truth, we learned since, that the Minister had taken measures to have us apprehended, and perhaps shot, if the undertaking at St. Cloud had not completely succeeded. The Emperor learned that circumstance; and knowing his own strength, he used sometimes to joke with his Minister about it.

Although I had not kept up my connexions

with the family of Metternich, the First Consul, hoping to press the Austrians so closely, that peace would be the consequence of the first campaign, sent me to Saxony with secret powers to sign an armistice, in case the events of the war should incline the Austrians that way.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Toulon, 28 Floreal, Year VI.

The General of Division, chief of the General Staff of the Army, orders Citizen Lavallette, Captain, Aide-de-camp to the General-in-chief, to go on board the frigate Artemisa, and to sail with the expedition.

Alex. Berthier.

No. II.

TO CITIZEN LAVALLETTE, AIDE-DE-CAMP.

Head-quarters at Malta, 29 Prairial, Year VI.

The Artemisa, Citizen, has orders to anchor off the coast of Albania, to give you the means of conferring with Ali Pacha.

You are to deliver to him the enclosed letter, the contents of which only mention that he is to believe all you say to him, and call an interpreter whom he can trust, so that you may hold a private conversation with him. You are to give the said letter into his own hands, and you will take care that he reads it himself.

Afterwards you are to tell him that having conquered Malta, and being at present in those seas with thirty ships and fifty thousand men, I shall of course enter into communication with him, and that I wish to know whether I may rely upon him.

That I wish he would send to me by the frigate a man of note in whom he places confidence. That considering the service he has rendered to the Republic, his personal qualities, courage, and gallantry, if he trust me, and consents to second me, I am able to increase considerably his glory and his fortune.

You are to make general inquiries respecting the political and military situation of the different states of those regions.

You are to write down whatever Ali Pacha says to you, and re-embark in the frigate to return and make me a report on the result of your mission.

When you pass by Corfu you must see General Chabot, and tell him to send us wood, and issue a proclamation to the inhabitants of Corcyra and other islands, directing them to send to the squadron, wine, dried raisins, and other objects, for which they shall be liberally paid. BONAPARTE.

No. III.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALLETTE.

Head-quarters, Cairo, 22 Frimaire, Year VII.

You must set off on board the djerme La Venitienne, with Citizen Beauchamp, to go to Alexandria. You

must inspect the situation of the fortifications, magazines, and of every ship of our squadron.

You must deliver the sabre you receive herewith to Rear-Admiral Perée.

You must inspect the fort of Rosetta.

You must endeavour to get from Alexandria to Rosetta my travelling carriage and the carriage I brought from Malta. At Rosetta you will embark them on a djerme for Boulac.

You are not to come back until you have seen Citizen Beauchamp under weigh. BONAPARTE.

No. IV.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALLETTE.

Head-quarters, Cairo, 18 Nivose, Year VII.

I HAVE received your letters of 28 and 1 Nivose: stay at Alexandria until the caravella be gone, and set off immediately after. GENERAL BONAPARTE.

No. V.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALLETTE.

Head-quarters, Cairo, 18 Vendemiaire, Year VII.

YOU must set off this day, Citizen, on board the little Cisalpine; taking with you the cange La Corcyre, and the canoe the Rhone.

You are to conduct the convoy bound to Salahieh to Mit-Kamas, where it will be placed under the orders of General Murat, who is to send it farther up.

You are then to continue your passage with the armed vessels, and go to Mansoura; there you will see General Dugua, and inquire what news he may have received either from Damietta or from Menzalé. You will go on to Damietta, take on board of the three vessels all the troops they are able to carry, and go with them to rejoin General Andreossi and newly man his flotilla. You will follow that General on his reconnoitring trip to Peluse.

You will write to me from Mansoura and from Damietta; and if there be any newly arrived vessels in the roads of Damietta, will question them and send me a report.

BONAPARTE.

No. VI.

REPORT ADDRESSED TO THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF ON MY JOURNEY TO PELUSE.

Cairo, 6 Brumaire.

I LEFT Boulac on the evening of the 18th Vendemiaire, on board of the canga La Corcyre, bound for Damietta, with the Cisalpine, and the canoes the Rhone and the Seine.

I sent General Vial before Mit-et-Koli, at the moment that village had been plundered for having murdered some Frenchmen. He had with him two hundred and fifty men of the 13th and 25th half brigade. No inhabitants were found in that village. The same circumstance took place in regard to two others which had been equally guilty. On returning to Damietta on the 23rd, the General stopped at Farescout, surrounded the village, and

required of the chiefs that they should deliver up to him the arms of their inhabitants. He obtained only eighteen muskets, and took two sheiks as hostages, who were sent off to Cairo. Farescout is the village the inhabitants of which are the most devoted to Hassan Toubar. It was there that the insurrection of the 24th Fructidor was decided.

I left Damietta on the 24th, and passed the night at the tower of Bogaz, the wind not having allowed me to go any farther. That tower contains a garrison of twenty or thirty men. The wall that has been raised round it shelters it against a surprise. But the cannons that defend it are ill-placed, and the platforms are not in a state to support them long.

On the 25th I went to Dibbé by land. The road from Bogaz to the mouth of the lake is eight leagues in length, and the soil a firm sand: the heaviest artillery may pass over it without danger.

Dibbé consists of about thirty fishermen's huts. Several inhabitants came to meet us, and brought us provisions.

Having the advantage of a fair wind, I arrived at Menzalé in twelve hours. This is a considerable place, containing about five thousand inhabitants. However, not more than one-fifth of them were there when I passed. Hassan Toubar was the owner of two houses there: he had taken every thing with him. We found nothing in them but some cattle and wretched furniture. Though the inhabitants trade on the lake, the boats are obliged to anchor at half a league distance, the lake not being

deep enough for them to approach nearer to Menzalé, which besides is not built on the shore. The anchoring place is unprotected, but possesses sweet water, which is brought to a small distance from it by the emptying of the canals of the Nile in the season of the inundation.

On the 27th, at six o'clock in the morning, I left Menzalé to join General Andreossi, to whom I brought water and provisions. I found him on the 28th at the mouth of Aroum Farregge.

He had with him fifteen barks; his troops consisted of a battalion of the 25th, and a detachment of the 2nd light infantry.

On the 29th, at four o'clock in the morning, I set off for Peluse with the General and a detachment of thirty men.

The distance from the mouth of Aroum Farregge to El Farameh is three leagues. This ruined town presented nothing remarkable. At three-quarters of a league from the sea we found an enormous quantity of dust and bricks, which are supposed to have been the fortress of Peluse. There is yet a wall standing, and some arches that have been examined. The ruins of the town extend to about three thousand paces. In all that space we found nothing but a few pillars of granite of large size, and a sort of a tower partly in ruins.

On our return we observed, at eighteen hundred toises from Peluse, an edifice which is thought to be a ruined mosque. Nothing, however, remains but the brick walls and a part of the arched roof. We saw there several cannons unfit for use, and granite balls.

On the 30th we left Aroum Farregge, and I separated from General Andreossi near Tanis.

I found on my arrival at Damietta the train of artillery designed for Salahieh. They were embarking it on the lake, and it was to go off the following day for Sann.

General Dugua had arrived the preceding day at Damietta. He told me that the government of that province was not yet organized, but that he was going to look after it.

General Barras complained of the difficulties he met with in the discharge of his duty. The Secretary they have given him is a young man, who understands nothing about the business; and the state of his health will not allow him to do all himself. He was unable to give me a very exact account of the property of Hassan Toubar. As soon as he shall have made the necessary inquiries on the subject, he will acquaint you with the result.

General Vial complains that he has not troops enough to guard Mansoura. He has not two thousand able men under his command, and twenty thousand peasants assemble every week in the market-place of that town.

I accompanied General Murat on his expedition to * * *, the inhabitants of which had the day before massacred some dragoons of the 14th, and stolen their horses. The village was surrounded at ten o'clock at night; and next morning the General sent into it two companies of grenadiers, who slaughtered more than one hundred peasants. In their houses were found two sheaths of dragoons' sabres, and some helmets.

LAVALLETTE.

No. VII.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALLETTE.

Head-quarters at Cairo, 27 Nivose, Year VII.

You will please, Citizen, to come back to Cairo as soon as possible. I have received your Report.

BONAPARTE.

No. VIII.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALLETTE.

Head-quarters at Cairo, 9 Pluviose, Year VII.

You will please, Citizen, to come to Cairo as soon as possible. I want you for the new campaign that is about to commence. BONAPARTE.

No. IX.

BONAPARTE, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF, TO CITIZEN LAVALLETTE.

Head-quarters at Cairo, 20 Pluviose, Year VII.

You must set off, Citizen, as soon as possible, to join me. You need not wait for the departure of the caravella. At your arrival at Cairo, you must remain three days there, to gain a perfect knowledge of the situation of affairs; and you must not depart until a favourable opportunity offers. BONAPARTE.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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